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MEXICO, THE LAND OF UNREST

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ON THE FORGOTTEN ROAD

(A CHRONICLE OF THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE WHICH HAPPENED IN THE YEAR 1212)

Mercure de France: 'C'est un œuvre remarquable . . . avec un humeur délicat et un sens historique très persuasif.'

Daily Telegraph: 'It is almost needless to say that in such clever hands as those of Mr. Baerlein this is by no means a tame or unamusing account of a great event. We follow these four through the long journey, entertained by their conversation and wit, and marvelling at the mediæval atmosphere. But it is to the touches of human nature, to the philosophic outlook and the naïve presentment of events that the story owes its very real charm.'

Truth: 'Told in old-world language, with such humour, imagination and poetic fancy as to make it very fascinating.'

Westminster Gazette: '. . . his extraordinarily interesting volume . . . as vivid and romantic an episode as heart of bookworm need desire. It is a delightful and refreshing book. Now and again a more serious note is finely struck, while the occasionally somewhat Rabelaisian humour predominates.'

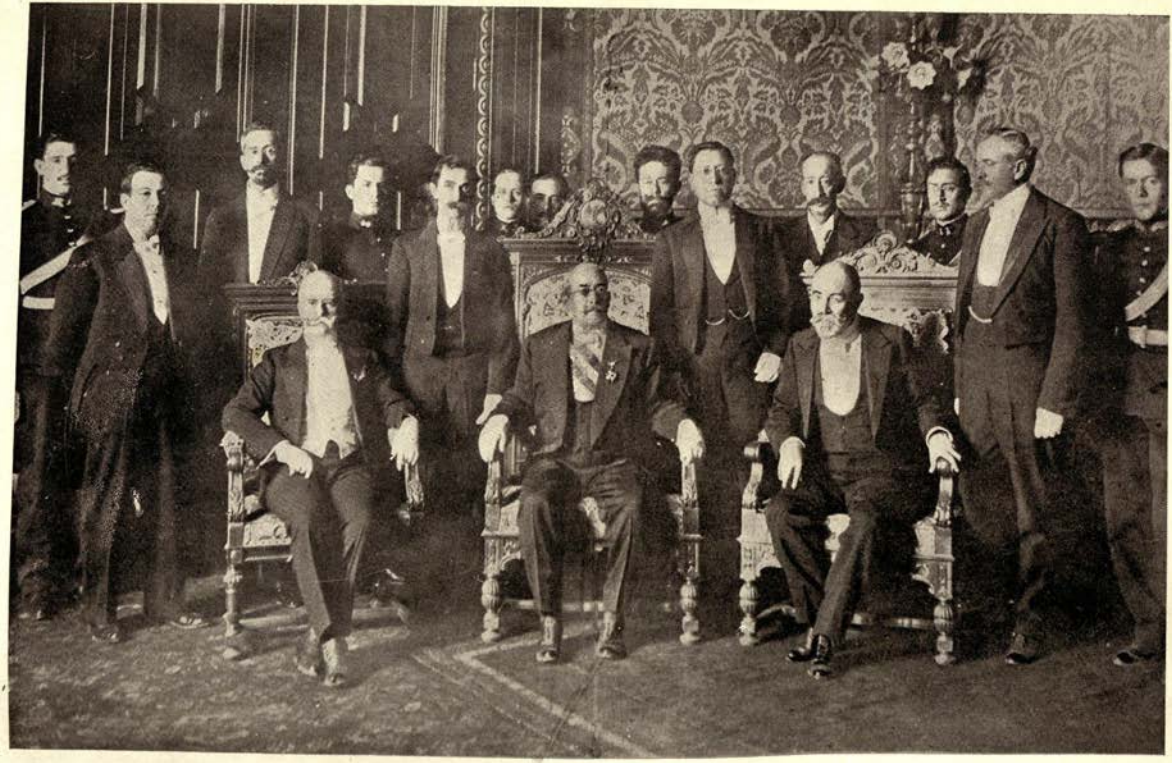
Standard: '. . . no mean accomplishment. It is delightful to find amongst the novels of the year a book that has been written with such excellent craft and with so reverent an appreciation of all that is honest in literature.'

Daily News: '. . . witty and ironical. Mr. Baerlein has evidently enjoyed telling this pathetically ironical story of adventure. . . . We congratulate Mr. Baerlein on having done a fine piece of work.'

English Review: 'A singular *tour de force*.'

Observer: 'One lays it down with regret.'

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.



Huerta's Cabinet.

On the right of the Provisional President is de la Barra (Foreign Affairs), on his left is Alberto Garcia Granados (Interior). The five prominent persons standing are, from the left of the picture to the right, Rodolfo Reyes, son of the late General (Justice), Toribio Esquivel Obregón (Finance), Mondragón (War), Vera Estañol (Public Instruction and Fine Arts), and Alberto Robles Gil (Trade).

MEXICO

THE LAND OF UNREST

BEING CHIEFLY AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT PRODUCED THE OUTBREAK IN 1910, TOGETHER WITH THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONS DOWN TO THIS DAY

:: BY HENRY BAERLEIN ::

Lately Special Correspondent of 'The Times' in Mexico
Author of 'On the Forgotten Road,' 'The Diwan of Abu'l Ala,' etc.

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SEE PAGE 178

VV-g-38

HERBERT AND DANIEL
95 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON
W.

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I HAVE to thank the Editors of the 'Revue de Paris,' the 'Revue Bleue,' the 'Fortnightly Review,' the 'Contemporary Review,' the 'English Review,' the 'Nation,' the 'Manchester Guardian,' the 'Outlook,' the 'Morning Post,' and the 'Westminster Gazette' for allowing me to print certain sections of this book.

DEDICATION

To L. Cranmer-Byng

It pleases you to say that I compose my books in order that I may sit down to write a dedication. Be that as it may, one does enjoy oneself to see the words come dancing from their inkpot, whence at other times they have to walk so slowly and, before they reach the paper, be subjected to a search so troublesome—to put it mildly. There is no great difference between their treatment and the practice usually followed with the workers of a precious mine who, coming out into the sunlight, are not only stripped, but fingered in their nostrils, hair and hollow teeth, so that they shall not take a lawless jewel. I am much afraid that we, who institute so rigorous a watch upon the words, will end by fleecing them of any jewel, any radiance, any trifling beauty which they somehow have acquired. Few are the inkpots that resemble precious mines. But those among us who are most mistakenly severe will feel that in the dedication it is possible to stand aside and let the words run as their nature urges them.

Our home—it has been said that only in the English language is there such a word, and yet I know not if the diffidence of other languages is less to be admired. It may not be so simple an idea, for I believe that we possess a home wherever in our thoughts we love to walk again. And on that island in the Baltic,

where the cherry-dealers look like pirates, where the cows are not supposed to give their milk till 6 p.m., where surely at his water-mill the bibulous ex-traveller continues to philosophise, where the lady of a wayside inn besought us to abide with her because she never had had English clients and it would be so delightful to assuage us every day with beefsteaks, where the fisher-maidens merely shake their heads if they do not desire to dance, where you can hardly find a cave or precipice without its legend, where the woods give beauty even to the sea—there, on that island, you and I have got a home.

Perhaps the moments of our friendship that I cherish most are those, and they are numerous, when we have been at Folly Mill among your growing trees in Essex. A tenderness invades your face, a sort of gloating is upon your eye which has at other times a pensiveness or else a sudden, choking merriment—I say you gloat as you bend down to touch the little trees. This poplar has increased, you say, beyond all recognition, and that graceful ash exhibits five more leaves at least. And you are happy, if the rabbit and the frost have done no damage. If they have you call down curses on the venerable head of Lakin, your eccentric gamekeeper.

It was otherwise as we were trudging down the long, grey road when night had fallen on our Scandinavian island. You did not upbraid me, you did not protest, but now and then you groaned, for we had made a detour of some miles to see a whitewashed church that was not even romanesque. We came by woods of silver birch and lovely mountain ash and fir, but you declined to look at them. Your equanimity was not restored until, at our hotel, we came into the presence of Miss Grete and her grizzled father,

who was out of Potsdam and combined the functions of a colliery director—I am quoting from his card—with those of a lieutenant of militia in reserve. Apparently he was unable, whether in the one capacity or in the other, to appreciate the works of Heine, and we had to be extremely strenuous before his pretty daughter wavered from the faith of Potsdam. 'People who go out into another land to write, they are—they——' cried the parent. He was flushed with indignation.

'Do you think,' asked Grete very nicely, 'that you will be coming back through Potsdam?'

We declared that nothing could prevent us.

'Glad to see you!' roared the Prussian. 'As for Heine——'

'Dear papa!' She put a Bismarck-herring on his plate.

'And if,' I ventured, 'if I write a book about this island?'

He did not reply.

The book is still unwritten, and for fear that it will never be produced I give you this one of a distant country. There the trees are more gigantic than upon the Danish island. Everything (save man) is more magnificent, and in these pages it has been deplorably reduced. Go through them as you go through your plantations.

H. B.

PREFACE

MEXICO may have been thought a blessed country in that during the administration of Porfirio Diaz she appeared to have no history—commercial progress and the arts of peace not being usually thought historical. One heard of Mexico as of a land where all was tranquil, and where the regenerate inhabitants had been persuaded by the greatest of the Mexicans to keep the law, his law. A few who studied Mexico more closely came to the conclusion that the President was mortal, and that after his decease some things would happen. But they were rebuked for being pessimistic and ungenerous and blind. The smouldering discontent lay not five fathoms out of sight. . . . As long as possible the partisans of Don Porfirio, the native and the foreign ones, endeavoured to waylay the truth (Chapter I), even as the President had in the old days (Chapter II), and in our own time (Chapter III) suppressed the men who really knew him. The abuses of the legal system were so flagrant (Chapter IV), the semi-independence of the States was so ignored (Chapter V) by Don Porfirio, whereas the men he sent into the States were in their turn such despots (Chapter VI), and the economical conditions of the whole Republic so unsatisfactory (Chapter VII), that the discontent was gathering everywhere, and as an instance we may look (Chapter VIII) on Yucatan. If Mexicans had not been so long-suffering, so contradictory (Chapter IX), the Revolution would have come

far sooner. When it finally burst out (**CHAPTER X**) it devastated the Republic, and although the President resisted to the last, he and his party had to go. The conquerors did not alone bring certain progress with them, but the promise of a progress more pronounced. The partisans of Don Porfirio resisted while they could, in every way, those who were fighting for the Constitution and those others who were trying to record events, and though one is disposed to think about one's private ant-hill as a range of craggy mountains, I will quote the words of a New York review [1] :—

> 'Few persons understand,' it said, 'how rigorous is the censorship in Mexico and how ample are the official facilities for suppressing such news dispatches as happen to displease the authorities. Modern Mexico is known to the outside world mainly through volumes officially inspired. . . . Even so well-equipped and so competent a journalist as the correspondent of the London 'Times' has complained of the difficulty of transmitting news from Mexico after it has been laboriously gathered.'

Diaz having fallen, you may urge that it becomes unnecessary to describe the Mexico of Diaz. Why stir up the muddy water ? Yet it does not seem excessive to devote nine chapters to some phases of a state of things which lasted many years. . . . Chapter XII is devoted to the tragedy which culminated in Madero's death and to a brief consideration of what is to come.

And the Mexicans ? I have been asked a thousand times. Well, they are childish. One could very properly explain that with a population so much mixed—pure Spanish, Spanish-Indian and a score

[1] 'Current Literature,' April, 1911.

of different Indian races—it is hardly possible to generalise, but if you want a comprehensive picture I should say that they are childish. Have you ever seen a boy tear up a living beetle and a moment later say that yonder ripples of the olive tree are like his mother's hand when he is lying in his bed? So are the Mexicans. I fancy that a number of the miscreants who, owing to a mere misunderstanding, massacred three hundred Chinamen in Torreon not long since—some were cut into small pieces, some beheaded, some were tied to horses by their queues and dragged along the streets, while others had their arms or legs attached to different horses and were torn asunder, some were stood up naked in the market gardens of the neighbourhood and given over as so many targets to the drunken marksmen, thirteen Chinese employés of Yee Hop's General Store were haled into the street and killed with knives, two hundred Chinamen were sheltered in the city gaol, but all their money was appropriated and such articles of clothing as the warders fancied; one brave girl had nine of them concealed, and calmly she denied their presence even when her father had gone out to argue with the mob and had been shot for being on the Chinese side—a number of these miscreants, I fancy, are on other days delightful citizens.[1] And when they wish to do a brutal deed they often go about it in a way that we should smile at. Irabien, a friend of mine in Yucatan, had as a nursemaid a good Indian who was nearly used to being flogged and otherwise maltreated and was finally abandoned by

[1] 'The Mexicans are descended on the one side,' says Mr. Cunninghame Graham, 'from the most bloodthirsty race of Indians that the Spanish conquerors came across, and on the other side from the very fiercest elements of the Spanish race itself—elements which had just emerged from eight hundred years of warfare with the Moors.'

her husband; he made off into the country of the hostile Indians of Quintana Roo; but one day, being captured, he was carried back into his former master's *hacienda*, and this master, wishing at all hazards to increase the population of the farm, commanded that the wife should come back instantly. She would not go. The master had sufficient influence, and six-and-twenty soldiers came to fetch her. Irabien put up a barricade, the soldiers looked at it and marched away, and nothing more was done. . . . The chapters in the second portion of this book are sketches of the Mexican from several points of view. They are intended to assist a trifle towards an understanding of this people. Only Chapter XVII is concerned with General Diaz, and although it is, so far as I know, accurate in every fact, it has not been included in the first part as the form of it is fanciful. The other chapters are mere disconnected fragments.

All men are liars, and it easily may be that portions of this book will not be credited. I make, however, no claim to be free from insularity, because in writing of conditions in the Mexican Republic I have sometimes held them up against our own, and not so much because these are perfection as that everything is relative, and we compare with what is most familiar. At the same time it has been impossible to be as wholly insular as certain critics have demanded on the part of other writers. I do not at every mention of a deed or of a thought in Mexico request the reader to remember that we are considering not England, but another country. Thus, in reference to General Diaz, it appears to be superfluous for me to say continually that his methods at the start were justified; the country was in chaos and the treasury was bare,

the Constitution could not be regarded, and in fact one does not censure him, one praises him, for his un-English statesmanship. And when we blame it is not owing to the lapse from our ideal, but from what should have been his. A system tantamount to martial law was still applied to the community which had progressed, and in the last ten or a dozen years the autocrat was in the centre of a most corrupt and most oppressive oligarchy.

. . . . . .

Before this book was published it was necessary for me to obtain an explanation of the conduct of 'The Times' towards me while I was in Yucatan. This explanation, which came out in the proceedings before Mr. Justice Darling, will be found on page 41. I am very sorry that in my account of Mexico's grievances I have been compelled, in one chapter, to refer to some of my own.

With regard to the above proceedings, it may be thought, since 'The Times,' in spite of their admissions, were not found guilty of libel, that I would do well, if I am dissatisfied, either to bear it in silence or go to the Court of Appeal, which certainly is a most protracted and may be a most costly affair. It may be thought that in a book which deals with Mexico and incidentally with the laughable and horrible judicial methods of Porfirio Diaz, now in exile, one should make no reference to the majesty of British law. There are certain countries—Macedonia, Mexico, Finland, and Armenia—where the inhabitant is treated in a way that rouses the exasperation of the British public. Sometimes they have even called upon their Government to intervene.

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NOTE.—The lower illustration facing p. 91 and that which faces p. 93 were obtained after two hours of midnight persuasion of a grocer in Tuxtepec; that facing p. 181 was given me by a gracious and learned leper in Yucatan; the articles whose photographs face pp. 205 and 373 were gifts to me from the Merida Chamber of Agriculture. For the lower illustration facing p. 285 I have to thank the Mexican Railway, while the National Railway of Mexico has been good enough to lend me five of the views, and three of the others were provided by Señor del Paso, of the Mexican Financial Agency. The two beautiful photographs facing p. 383 are by Dr. H. A. Palmer, late of Guadalajara, and are copyright in the United States. The remaining illustrations are either taken from Mexican newspapers or are snapshots of mine.

PART I

MEXICO IN REVOLUTION

MEXICO
THE LAND OF UNREST

CHAPTER I

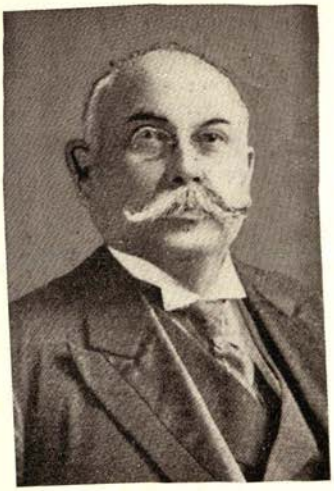
COMO TAPABOCA

Injustice is no less than high treason against heaven.
MARCUS AURELIUS.

AN expedition which the second Philip is supposed to have equipped with the munificence of 20,000 ducats—seeing that his court physician, Doctor Francisco Hernandez, was the leader of it—travelled through the province of New Spain, made drawings of the plants and animals, collected medicines and tested them in hospitals. This expedition, which was scarcely recognised by Philip, carried back to Spain in 1577 some eighteen volumes, all but one containing text and illustrations of the natural history, while the eighteenth volume was devoted to the Indians' customs and antiquities. Hernandez wrote in Latin; he translated portions into Spanish, and the natives, under his direction, started rendering this book into the Aztec language. All the copies that were left in Mexico have disappeared. In Spain the volumes were, with every honour, placed upon the shelves of the Escorial. They were not published, to be sure, but they were 'beautifully bound in blue leather, they were gilded and supplied with silver clasps and

corners, heavily and excellently worked.' And in the great fire of the 7th and 8th of June, 1671, they perished. . . . An enlightened doctor in the Mexican Republic, who had given me much information and had promised me much more, did not return. Two barristers, who proved their every word, did not return; they had been flung, I ascertained, into the prison, as they wished to exercise the suffrage. A lieutenant who was very earnest, and had given me some stirring facts, did not return. For all I know he had been sent to join his comrades, two lieutenants who admired the Minister of War, Bernardo Reyes, and who gave their votes for him to be Vice-President. So they were shipped off to the Territory of Quintana Roo,[1] where both of them died instantly, the climate

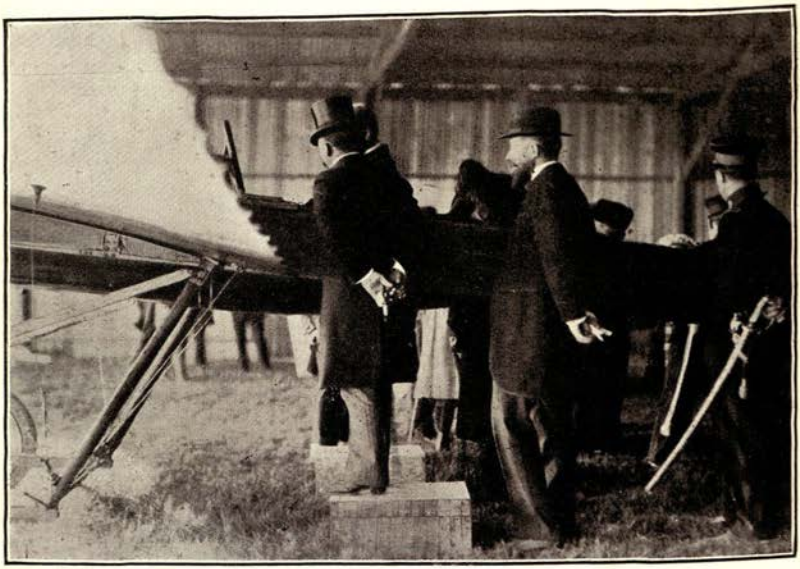
[1] General Ignacio Bravo, dear old friend of Don Porfirio and ruler of the Territory of Quintana Roo, is well enough described, perhaps, by the photographer. But seeing that he is our neighbour, for the Territory is contiguous with British Honduras, we may like to have some further details. 'He was in the Maya campaign,' says a Yucatecan merchant, 'and one of the generals of Mr. Diaz's confidence—the most despotic and cruel man that ever came to this world. He treated all his soldiers in the campaign in the most—how do you call that?—most fearful manner, and the prisoners, the Indian prisoners, that he had during the campaign were many a time set to fire alive. Two of the Yucatecan soldiers that went to the campaign had a fight with the hands, and when the *cabo*, what you call sergeant, went to separate them, one without having any intention struck him with the hand. Bravo knew about this thing, called the soldiers to explain what had happened. The man that struck the *cabo* told General Bravo what had happened, and that he had asked the *cabo's* pardon. General Bravo told that man to clean his shoes and ordered the other two to go out, the *cabo* and the other soldier; and whilst he was cleaning his shoes Mr. Bravo took his pistol and shot him in the back and killed him. You will know at least a hundred more acts of this kind done by this man.' . . . Of course the population of Quintana Roo is not absorbingly devoted to the peaceful arts, but when Great Britain undertook to stop the private importation of material of war, the predecessor of Ignacio Bravo was inducing many of them to believe that, after all, the Government of Mexico was not implacable, and that within the limits of the Territory there was room enough for Mexican and Maya. Bravo put the clock back with a vengeance, back beyond the thirteenth century when a certain Spanish Viceroy, Carlos Francisco de Croix, Marquis de Croix, proclaimed that 'the people of this country have to learn, now once for



Don Enrique Muñoz Aristegui.

See p. 21

General Ignacio Bravo.



Madero before his ascent with Mr. Dyott.

It is believed that no other chief of a state has travelled in an aeroplane.

See p. 18

being noxious, and an illness called by Mexicans 'lead-poisoning' quite prevalent. Such were certain of the risks they ran who wanted to make known what they considered to be truth. Not that the truth was always hateful to the Government in Mexico, but they were even as police in many of the States who are relieved when criminals do not walk straight into their arms. Let truth go past upon the other side. . . . Thus, if I have suppressed the names of most of my informants, I shall run the risk of being met with disbelief. And they would, in the days of Don Porfirio, have run the risk of something even more unpleasant. You may say that this is plausible, but does not guarantee the truthfulness of my informants. We will talk of that.

all, that they were born to hold their tongues and to obey. Let them not venture to discuss, or have opinions in, political affairs.' Bravo punishes the Maya and the Mexican, his officers and privates, those among his army who have come there in the usual course of things, and those who have been shipped for their political opinions, and he punishes the native and the foreign merchant. Being angry with the colonel in command of the 8th battalion, he announced that all the men would be converted into beasts of burden, and with 46 kilos. on their backs he made them march from Peto down to Santa Cruz, which is a distance of some 40 leagues, and the battalion had to be renewed. Ignacio Bravo is the civil and the military chief, he is the superintendent of education and of health, and he receives the corresponding salaries. But how shall one man serve four masters? When as military leader he has sometimes made a swift advance he has forgotten that he is the Chairman of the Board of Health, and with his men provided only with two spoonfuls of *atolé* during four-and-twenty hours, it has been necessary for them, so that they could keep alive, to eat the mules which had not been so fortunate. But when he marched with five battalions (of 600 men apiece) there died each day some forty, and he buried them in such a fashion that it was not difficult for hungry dogs to excavate their bodies. When it pleases Bravo to dispatch his men to Okop he is neither acting as the military nor as the hygienic officer, because to occupy this low ground, which is dominated by a mountain range, is unstrategical, and from the Lake of Okop rise such deadly emanations that the men are very quickly killed. It must be said of him, however, that he does not fear to die; he walks alone, his head bent down as if in this way to avoid saluting, and with four or five companions he will ride along the lonely forest paths, and he will ride upon that 18-inch gauge railway to the coast. His wounded soldiers he sends usually overland to

The writer of a book on California need only have a picture of the vegetable products, and behold! he may advance with great impunity whatever social and political and economic lies that please him. So thoroughly has he bewildered the poor reader that the criticisms of this individual will be suspended and the toll-bar will be lifted up and quite a horde of miscellaneous statements can be hurried through. No doubt that with a set of monstrous photographs from Mexico it would be possible for me to strike your judgment, as the saying goes, all of a heap, and the remainder of this book would meet with credit. Certain inmates of the country would object, and you would naturally say that they are interested parties, either for a patriotic or financial motive. I shall not, however, set to work in this way. I shall beg you to preserve your faculties of criticism and to weigh the value of my evidence. And I shall not attempt to make this evidence seem better than it is. So many paths invited me, I ran down one and then

Peto, five of them escorted by an able-bodied man, and sometimes they are not assassinated by the intervening Indians. If, however, he himself obtains possession of these Indian foes he burns them all alive, his second in command—Blanquete—kicking back into the bonfire anyone who manages to writhe beyond its reach. The Territory's wholesale commerce is made over chiefly to the son of Don Ignacio, who likes to give concessions for the retail trade to Turkish pedlars that will bow to his caprices. He insisted on two Chinese merchants being shot because they had neglected a formality —the payment of a fee, or something of the kind.

One would imagine that this warrior would fall with Diaz, but the last I heard of him was that he had produced a bad impression in the capital of the Republic. He had been commanded to remain there while his actions in the Territory were investigated. Then he disappeared and sent a message to the Minister of Gobernacion to inform him that he had repaired to his Quintana Roo, and that he had resumed possession of his former office. It was apprehended that he meant to take up arms against the Government, and 'as it is well known,' observed El Pais, 'that the insalubrious climate causes eighty men to perish out of every hundred who go thither,' a campaign was contemplated with abhorrence.

another, and I had no time to look at every bush. For instance, when the priests of Yucatan obliged me to consider them I did not follow the advice of a religious Yucateco and examine each one very closely. What I did was to select at hazard several parishes, and in them to compare the doctor and the lawyer, if there was one, and the priest. I gathered many tales about the priests, but none did I believe till my religious friend acknowledged it was true. The Mexicans, he said, have from the time of Don Benito Juarez had an education that is secular, which predisposes them to scurrilous remarks about the clergy. I could not have found an arbitrator friendlier to them than is my friend, and I have printed nothing on this topic nor permitted anything which he rejected to assist in moulding my opinions. Thus at many points I had recourse to those who would be anxious to persuade me to fling overboard that special information. As I say, it was at many points, because I had to mourn the loss of such a multitude of stories that I could not bring myself to let them all be tested so severely, and it therefore may be false about the barbers of Campeche, that they shave, or rather the apprentices shave, any beggar free of charge on Saturdays, if he is blind. . . . So far as humanly was feasible, the statements of this book have been subjected to a stern and cold examination. It is not for me to swear that in these pages there is no fierce sarcasm, like that of Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 'Diaz,' she says, 'has never shown favouritism. His warmest friends hold no office.' She refers, one may presume, to General Ignacio Martinez, who was wont to ride with Diaz every Sunday, and who does not hold an office for the reason that the President commanded his assassination. Then she tells us that

among the decorations of Porfirio there was the Cross and Star of Constancy of the First Order. Likewise, with the best will in the world, I may have fallen into errors quite as serious as those of Mrs. Alec Tweedie. 'Madero, who has laid him low,' she says, 'was a man more or less put into office by Diaz himself.'[1] Several of my statements will seem as remarkable as this, but Mexico is a surprising country; and I have been on the watch. A statement, after all, need not be true because it happens to be dull.

In Mexico it was not difficult to gather information —printed, written, whispered—for the people who were on the side of the authorities, and also those who sided with the angels, had a lot to tell you. Books appear to be completely favourable or completely the reverse. It is a fault; but when I studied Yucatecan priests and asked continually for the name of one who had some merit, I was told of Father Gongora; and when I asked again, then I was told of Father Gongora; and when I asked again, then I was told of Father Gongora. So with my book; it would be more artistic and it would be more convincing if I could have put more sunlight in the gloom.[2] Ap-

[1] Perhaps this is a printer's error, and instead of 'office' she wrote 'prison.' Otherwise, as Don Francisco I. Madero never held an office, I can scarcely understand what Mrs. Tweedie means. And she does not seem to be one of those gay and sweeping writers who refuse to condescend to details, for she talks of Señor Landa's 'handsome spouse Sofia,' and concerning Limantour, she talks about his 'lovely teeth.'

[2] 'He is incongruous, injudicious, crude, and rather hysterical,' said an American reader of my MS.; 'there is an absence of charm'; while his description of a lynching party would, I have no doubt, be charming. 'The invincible animus is so exceedingly obvious.' And if this gentleman had been a Mexican official under Don Porfirio, I think it very probable my animus would have been roused. There was a frigid, callous and inhuman school in the United States which utterly declined to credit even such abuses as the Government of Mexico admitted. 'He is unconvincing.' Woe is me.

parently the most repulsive circumstances can, if treated properly, dissolve into the mist. Another of these ladies, an American, Mrs. Marie Robinson-Wright, who has for years unflinchingly attended to the Mexican and such Republics, says about Campeche that :

> wild beasts and hostile Indians are not the greatest perils in that tropic forest. Terrible tales are told of enormous serpents which hurl themselves from the trees with the force of a catapult, by one twist of their sinuous coils crushing the life out of a man on horseback, and swallowing smaller animals in the twinkling of an eye. Even worse than the giant boa is the small *vibora de sangre*, whose bite causes the blood of man or beast to ooze through the pores of the skin until the veins are empty and the victim dies of exhaustion. There are also tiny vipers, the exact colour of the leaves under which they lurk, whose sting is certain death. . . . And yet life is almost ideal, and invariably the stranger in Southern Mexico is astonished at the magnificence in which the wealthy planters live.

But I have not sufficient Gongora for all occasions.

A facile mode of gaining credit is to spill discredit on the others, but if people gave themselves the trouble of composing books on modern Mexico or on the President, I am compelled in courtesy to read them. And if there be only few by living writers in the English language that I think altogether admirable—the works of Saville, Maudslay, Lumholtz and Flandrau—I do not wish to insinuate that I give a more truthful picture than the rest. Godoy's book, I can say at once, is ludicrous. He is the man whom Don Porfirio had sent as Minister to Cuba, and to demonstrate that he was a diplomatist he dipped his pen in undiluted treacle. What he will do now I know not, but so long as Mexico submitted to the old

régime we had the sickly thought that if the President delayed to send him as Ambassador to Washington he surely would continue writing. There is a large interval between this personage and Mr. James Creelman, who is well known for his interview with Don Porfirio and now has given us a book. I understand that in the States he has a reputation for unswerving accuracy, and to judge him by the standard of Godoy would be an outrage. Find two or three mistakes when you are reading him at random and it will be serious. In Yucatan he did not hear the truth about the exiled Yaquis (he was handicapped, because in all the week or ten days that he stopped there it is scarcely probable that he met any Yaqui at a banquet); and in Mexico he clearly suffered from the handicap of a prodigious sleep, so that his observations could not start before the dawn, and never did he hear the raucous church-bells. 'The church,' he says, 'is silent save within her own walls.' And I think that Mr. Creelman is much handicapped by an excessive courtesy. 'I have so many friends,' quoth Don Porfirio, and Mr. Creelman simply reproduces this remark. Another handicap is one that always is attached to illustrated interviews—one has to go to press a long time previous to publication. 'Except the Yaquis and some of the Mayas,' said Porfirio Diaz in December, 1907, 'the Indians are gentle and they are grateful.' The interview appeared in March, 1908, and I suppose the printer set it up before the 26th of January, and declined to let the massacre of Orizaba be the pretext for corrections.

So much then for the authorities who had the Government's approval. On the other side is Mr. Turner's 'Barbarous Mexico,' which I would sooner,

in the sultriness of Tonalá[1] that I am undergoing, be invited to confirm than to deny. Don Joaquin Péon, a Yucatecan *hacendado*, wrote a letter to the 'New York Times' wherein he undertook to ridicule the Yucatecan part. Some slips one does discover certainly—the Yaqui couples were divided in the first years of the importation, those who subsequently came to Yucatan found that their purchasers had gained some culture or had culture thrust upon them; also in the *haciendas* people are not kept away from the physician any more than valuable mules are kept from the veterinary surgeon; also Mr. Turner's artist gave the people Mexican instead of Yucatecan costumes. But the worst[2] of Mr. Turner is—I quote

[1] The saying is that when a native dies he takes his blanket with him.

[2] I should not have mentioned the labours of Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., if it were not for a review he wrote in a financial paper of Mr. Turner's book, reviling it. The two-volume book of Mr. Martin could, I think, have been written by a careful man in Sussex; what was needed was a good collection of official papers from Mexico and from a few capitalists. It is quite an interesting book, just as a directory of Sussex would have been. With regard to Mr. Turner, he says that some of the statements are as ignorant as they are inaccurate. But later on he says that the prison system of Mexico is of a 'much more lenient and humane nature than that of any country in either the New or the Old World.' Most people will submit that Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., had better not diverge from his directorial work if he is going to make such statements that are of appalling ignorance and strikingly inaccurate. And yet believing, with the sage, that it is better to sit than to stand, does he regard complacently the long rooms in San Juan de Ulua in which men sit all day in darkness? As you enter through the only door (there are no windows) you see two long rows of eyes that glitter; well, he may believe that it is much to be preferred, more lenient and humane in fact, to cause a man to lie down than to sit, and thus he may approve the floggings which have this result; he may believe that it is better to be sleeping than awake—if so he will approve the slumber brought about by those who have the privilege of selling drink to their companions; finally, he may believe it is better to be dead than living—and if so, I follow him when he insinuates that in the Old World we are not so lenient and humane as to shoot dead our Abelardo Anconas or cremate alive our Emilio Ordoñezes or put prisoners, one after another, into the non-disinfected typhoid cells of Belem or the tuberculosis cells of San Juan de Ulua, where the lot of the 'political' in Don Porfirio's

a gentleman who did not wish to be but was a Governor in Mexico—the worst of Mr. Turner is that he is pretty full of truth. His book does not pretend to be descriptive of the whole of Mexico, but merely of those parts which are most infamous. Don Joaquin draws an attractive picture of the lifelong idyll in the *haciendas*, but he does not yet completely dominate our language, and when he describes the land on which the Indian is allowed to plant his beans and so forth, he refers to it as of an inexhaustible fertility, whereas he means the opposite, or else has an imagination of that same calibre. The book which Mr. de Fornaro wrote on 'Diaz, Czar of Mexico,' was formally denounced as an immoral thing, and was forbidden the Republic. Mr. Carlo de Fornaro is a British subject, born in India of Italian parentage, but he acquired his immorality when he was brought to Mexico to serve as the art editor of 'El Diario,' a

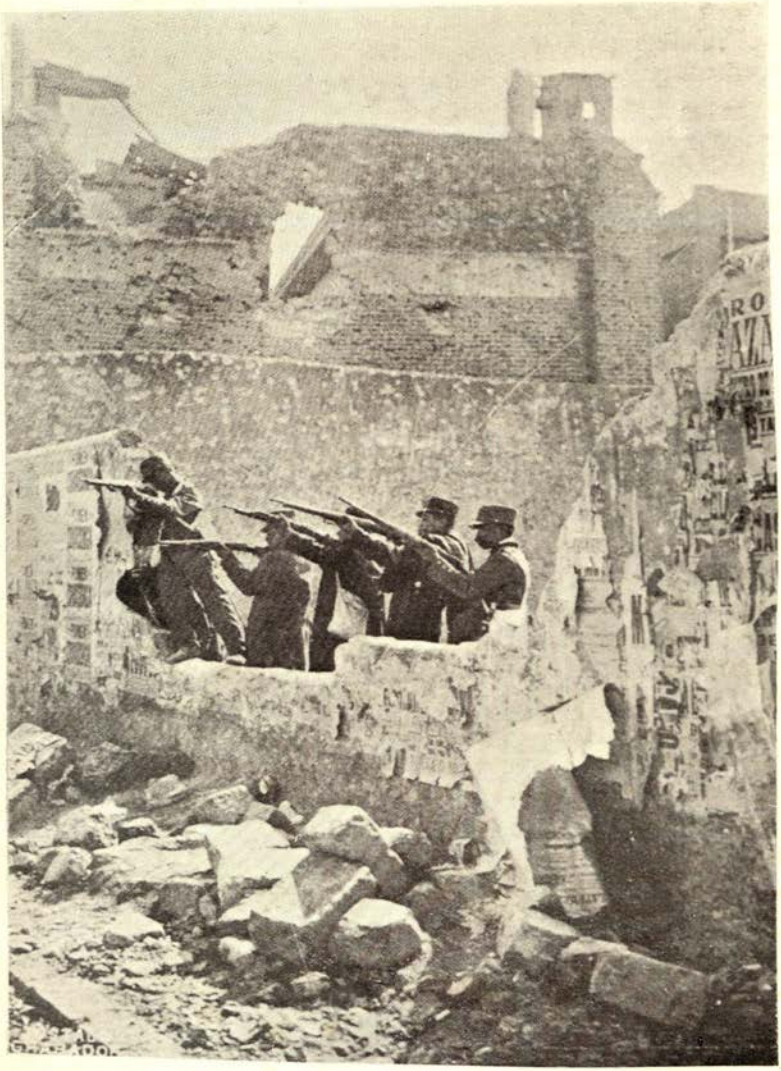
day included all these items. Under the Maderist Government poor Mexico (if not Mr. Percy F. Martin) was emerging out of darkness and it seemed as if one's reference to such horrible iniquities need nevermore be couched in the present tense. If Mr. Percy Martin, F.R.G.S., will take the trouble to ask, as I have asked, British employers of labour in the State of Sonora, he will hear that there are no workers as good as the Yaquis. 'It may be news to Mr. Turner,' he says, 'to learn that the Yaquis are, and always have been, a wild horde of savages, absolutely untractable and unmanageable. For years the Mexican Government has been endeavouring to pacify them and to make them more friendly; all efforts, however, have been unavailing, and the tribes remain absolutely unsubdued.' Yes, I believe this will be news to Mr. Turner. The savages were those who sent the Yaquis into exile and secured their fertile lands. One word is true in Mr. Martin's sentence, for the Yaquis cannot be subdued. From Guaymas to San Blas a boat was taking between 500 and 600 of them, under barbarous conditions, into exile. Before they reached San Blas six women had jumped overboard. Mr. Percy F. Martin says that Mr. Turner almost conveys the idea that he has some personal grievance to ventilate. That is what they always say, those writers who lack personality. And it appears to me that it is to the credit of a man if he does not regard the natives' plight as in a theatre you watch a play—impersonally. . . . In Mr. Martin's favour, on the other hand, it may be supposed that he is ignorant of the true facts of the case.

very reputable organ. He was there enabled to absorb much information on the government of Don Porfirio, of course less moral than one could desire. This was, however, not the reason why in the United States—he having gone there for the publication of his book—they thrust him into prison for a year, with a supply of ink and paper. He had libelled Don Porfirio, they said. Perhaps the next book, which I understand he wrote in prison, will be suave; but an Italian artist, even if he should be born in India, cannot be expected to control his pen. He has much more of unembroidered truth than has, for instance, Mrs. Tweedie, since that virtue finds its way into the office of a journal much more easily than to the dinner-parties and sublime receptions which claimed all too many of that lady's nights. 'Unknown Mexico' and 'New Trails in Mexico,' by Carl Lumholtz, which deal with Indians of the west and north-west, are two books I cannot praise without presumption. 'Viva Mexico,' by Charles Flandrau, portrays the common round of life in a remote plantation of the State of Veracruz; its varied pictures of the natives and the settlers are not less delightful on account of being true. Those who wish for an authoritative guide to the antiquities of Mexico can place themselves with every confidence in Mr. Marshall Saville's care. This profound and brilliant scientist, Professor at Columbia University of American Archæology, is much respected by his fellow-students, as one may see, for example, in the pages of Carl Lumholtz. Although Marshall Saville was not born till 1867, he has made his sixteen expeditions into Mexico, spent several years amid the ruins of Honduras and of Guatemala, has begun to publish monumental works on the antiquities of

Ecuador and of Columbia: only one of these important volumes is in the library of the British Museum. Probably the best guide that we have among us to the antiquities of Southern Mexico, is Mr. A. P. Maudslay, an Englishman. His reputation is among the learned.

He who wrote about Porfirian Mexico could sometimes gather facts inside the office of a newspaper. Many of them had arrived by post, because the telegrams were stripped and dressed again by legal bandits on the road. These gentry had so much to do that, though the papers oftentimes protested, they refused to hurry: a telegram, say from Chihuahua,[1] came into the capital, to that revising office; there blue pencils set to work and india-rubber also, loyal officers were brought to life again, the wounded were in flawless health and the insurgents died. The telegrams on other subjects likewise underwent revision, the fair copy was transmitted to the editor; but once at least—it was in February, 1911—the original, with the corrections scrawled across it, was delivered. And as Mexico was then emerging out of barbarism, it was going to be presented by the editor to a museum. Telegrams in cypher were forbidden, and it would be tantalising to have news you may not publish. So the facts arrived by letter, though the envelope was often steamed and then, according to the paper, they were printed or withheld. There was not nearly so much freedom then as in the days of Maximilian or Benito Juarez. The subsidised Press was bad, the Press that wanted to be subsidised was worse—they treated many facts as if they were insurgents. And the independent papers published at their peril. When the revolution

[1] Pronounced: Chee-wa-wa.



Felicista soldiers firing from the ruins of Belem Prison,
February, 1913.

started in 1910, I believe that during ten days half a dozen papers were suppressed in the capital alone, and not merely were they suppressed, but the editors were thrown into Belem, with such haste that there was no time for a trial. Now Belem—I weigh my words—is the most noxious prison in the world.[1] When they wanted to give punishment to a policeman he was sent there to perform a little cleansing; if you bribed a man to let you pay a visit you were bound to wear such garments as you would not mind destroying afterwards. The slime of ages and the pestilential vapours darken every cell. Two hundred prisoners could be there—I will not say comfortably; as a rule it held between 4000 and 5000—and if it were not for murder and the everlasting typhus one could hardly have existed. But even Belem did not always put a muzzle on the truth. How often this occurred, though, I could judge when I contrasted what I saw in print with that which editors had told me. There was least divergence, that is over any length of time, with 'El Pais,' the organ of the Church. In Mexico, despite the strictest legislation, there is hardly any limit to the power of the clergy, and when 'El Pais' spoke out the truth about the prison and the Revolution it was safer far than all the other independent sheets. To say that, when the Revolution started, these brought punishment upon themselves by virulence of language is beside the point—an article which caused the death of 'El

[1] An authoress, Dolores Jimenez y Muro, spent several months in Belem because she walked in the procession of the 11th September (*vide* page 216) carrying a flag. In Belem certain warders made an effort to assault her. With the captives, male and female, who were unprovided with a pen or other means of vengeance, they accomplished their desires by using marihuana, the deadly native drug. The head of the establishment was authorised to add long months to any sentence on the information of the warders.

Paladin' and the inevitable Belem for its editor, a gentleman who had for fifteen years preached brotherhood among the Mexicans, was positively statesmanlike—and are they not provoked, good God? One day the Government determined that it could not tolerate 'El Pais' any longer, and they closed the office several hours before a new machine was to be blessed by the Archbishop, for the circulation had gone up so greatly that the old equipment could not cope with it. The editor was wanted, but as every house of Catholics which had a secret room entreated him to be their guest he stayed inside the capital and he would never have been found. The reptile Press anticipated that they would inherit the fine circulation of their foe; some days elapsed and 'El Pais' was in the field again, amid rejoicings of the Catholics and of the Liberals and of the creditors. So swiftly did the circulation rise, that in the briefest time the Buenos Ayres 'Prensa' was the only Spanish journal in America which was not beaten. The chief creditors of 'El Pais' are Messrs. Goetschel, Jews from France, whose stock is registered under the names of five priests. . . . A journalist less prosperous was Filomeno Mata,[1] who assisted Diaz in the days of Tuxtepec; he had been thirty times in Belem, where he kept a bed. Another one has been in the profession half a century, and Don Porfirio's friend. But growing old, he seemed to have become too independent. His paper was suppressed, he made a personal appeal to Don Porfirio, was promised

[1] 'The hardships of the last imprisonment,' says a local journal, 'were too great for a man so far advanced in years.' He died, aged 64, at Veracruz, on 2nd July, 1911. This indomitable worker for the cause of Mexican freedom had at least survived the tyranny of Diaz. He who suffered many cruelties and hardships from the Government was now shown every honour, and was buried at the Government's expense.

justice, and the next day had a visit from the Procurator of the Republic, who explained, *while weeping*, that he had his orders which he could not disobey. One might suppose that from this source I should receive embittered information. But the victim is a Mexican Montaigne.

However much I came to be prejudiced in favour of those who were against the Government and most of the authorities, I do not think that I accepted anything of any moment till I, being fallible, had satisfied myself it was more right than wrong. The Government would have been much astonished had they known some of my sources; neither these nor private people could I name, with one or two exceptions; such was the Republic under Diaz. . . . I am quite aware that Mexicans incline to one extreme [1] or to the other, but if I go on protesting that I never was unduly credulous, I shall protest too much. Perhaps it is advisable to give some illustration of the method which I followed when in Yucatan. 'The Times' had asked me to devote an article—the sixth one of the series—to the native question, and as there had been a good deal written on the Mayas and their Yaqui comrades, it was necessary that I should go down to Yucatan. The British Minister, whose constant kindness to me I shall not forget—he placed his knowledge and his library at

[1] But often their exaggerated statements are the children of their courtesy. I think they seldom sign a book or photograph for you, but they apply to you the epithet 'distinguido.' And when two or three newspapers called me the 'redactor,' or the 'redactor-corresponsal' of 'The Times,' I paid no attention to the obvious absurdity which called me, as I thought, the 'editor' or the 'editor-correspondent' of 'The Times.' Apparently, though, this expression means nothing more than a member of the editorial, as opposed to the advertising, side of a paper, and one of the London editors subpœnaed by 'The Times' had asked us to ask him this question in the witness-box. But unfortunately he was never put into the box.

my disposal—had cherished the intention of a visit, since the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society was quite reluctant to accept his view of the conditions, as he had embodied them in a dispatch to Sir Edward Grey. But just about this time Sir Reginald (then Mr.) Tower was promoted from the diplomatic stagnation of Mexico to Buenos Ayres. And he certainly escaped a world of trouble, for if he had travelled to the hot peninsula he would have been accompanied by Don Olegario Molina, the then Minister of Fomento [Board of Trade], ex-Governor of Yucatan. Don Olegario, a man who has not only made himself but all his family, down to the nephews and the sons-in-law of cousins, is a stranger to fatigue, and Sir Reginald would have found it difficult to get away from him. I, on the other hand, was only called upon to get away from ordinary people, those to whom Don Olegario had given me benignant introductions,[1] wherein it was stated that my sentiments would surely not be those

[1] Such letters are not always of assistance in Yucatan, as the English aviator, Mr. Dyott, found in 1912 when some of the influential people to whom he had introductions took to bombarding him with cocoa-nuts. His contract said that he must fly at Merida, but Barbachano the impresario acknowledged that the neighbourhood is ill adapted for such exercises on account of rocks and cactus. It was settled, therefore, that the flying should be at Progreso by the sea. The contract also said that Mr. Dyott would not be required to give the show if there should be a wind exceeding 15 miles per hour; he pointed out to the Governor that the speed was nearly 45, and that a neighbouring windmill would not be revolving if the wind were less than 20. The Governor assured him that there was no wind at all, and in the meantime sent two soldiers to prevent the windmill going round. The aviator did not wish to disappoint the numerous spectators, most of whom had come the 30 miles from Merida. He started making preparations, and while he was thus engaged the mob and the committee pelted him with cocoa-nuts. The contract also said that when his aeroplane was ready to ascend he should be paid by Barbachano. This would not have happened if the situation had not been explained to the spectators, who were so desirous that a man should fly in such a gale that they insisted on the impresario fulfilling this part of the contract. Mr. Dyott then made several good flights,

of the conspirators who lately had been travelling through Yucatan, to gratify the Yellow Press. 'Oh! the ex-Governor's farm is the worst of all. They flog them to death, and of course, you see, the people on the farm only have the owner of the farm to be their judge.'[1] Thus in the charming, moonlit colonnades of Merida spoke one who is a British Honduranean but can boast a language of his own, whereas Don Olegario pours out mellifluent and soothing periods of King's English. Those deep colonnades had made me think about Don Olegario, whose hand upon my shoulder had been gentle as the moonlight. When he used to beam upon me at the Board of Trade, this fatherly old man could not prevent his eyes from blessing me. 'If,' so said the British Honduranean, 'I find your in a more close place, you'll be having enough from me.' There was an indiscreet policeman at our side, who angrily informed me that his duty made him be there. So we two went up to my hotel, and this is what he said

and everyone was satisfied save Barbachano, who came up with the police to the hotel that night in Merida—meanwhile Mr. Dyott had sent all the money out of Yucatan—and charged the aviator with a breach of contract on the ground that he had not flown by the town of Merida, but at Progreso. It is not allowed, apparently, to have a man arrested while he dines in Yucatan, and Mr. Dyott lingered at the table. During the next days, when he was in the Penitenciary, his food consisted of some oranges, and every afternoon at the same hour came Barbachano, asking if he would return a portion of the money or would fly again. At last the aviator said that he would fly, he was let out—the last train having gone down to Progreso it was thought that he could not escape—a special engine was in waiting, his intelligent mechanic had arranged as to the aeroplane, and in a little cargo boat they flew from Yucatan.

[1] This and kindred passages may give one the impression that I was too much addicted to those people who could speak a sort of English. But I cannot reproduce the words of those who spoke in Spanish. Nor is it the case that all the English-speaking Mexicans—whatever was the attitude of humble British sojourners from the West Indies—were the enemies of Don Porfirio's system, though they should have been, for they were usually men who had been educated here at Stonyhurst or in the United States.

about the *haciendas:* 'Those people can't come to the town' [they can, but with difficulty]; 'each farm has five or six policemen or more, so that the people can't get out. There is no justice for those people. When a man escapes from one of those farms they seek for him as if he did a criminal crime, and he is cruelly flogged and he has to work for the rest of his days. The slavery will never abolish here under no consideration; the slaves on the plantation, it is only the *encargado* who can read; so that they may not be wise, the child, when it is eight years old, begins to work for twelve cents a day.' Don Olegario, at all events, had not descended to such detail, but my midnight guest said something which exhibited his ignorance, if nothing worse. 'There was a good farm,' he said, 'Dr. Palomeque's, an old man, he treated the people very well.' We shall speak of Dr. Palomeque. But the Honduranean's knowledge was not limited to farms of henequén. 'When you go to Dzitas[1] and to the branch line of Espita, that part of the world only grows corn and beans; the people are half naked because they have no money to buy clothes, and the country is all prickly. They only get 1½ pesos a week.'

A custom which prevailed among the Persian monarchs was to fill the mouth of any laudatory poet with gold pieces, but when there succeeded to the throne a ruler who was economical or less addicted to that special sort of verse, he substituted treacle. So the poet's mouth was stopped, as he declaimed beside the saddle of his lord, it being usual to pave the royal progress through a town with poems. *Como Tapaboca* signifies in Spanish (*tapar* to stop up, *boca*=mouth) what is applied to-day in Spanish-

[1] For the pronunciation of Yucatan place-names see Glossary.

speaking countries to non-laudatory persons; in Porfirian Mexico it was both gold and treacle. But if you could not digest them other substances were brought to bear. . . . I went to Yucatan with no intention other than to look into the slavery, if it existed, but some various abuses forced themselves upon my notice. Half a year ago there had been trouble in the State, because at Valladolid the sensuous despotism of Don Luis de Regil, the *jefe*, could no longer be endured—the flabby, obstinate governor, Muñoz Aristegui, would not supersede him—and he was assassinated, with some others. During four days Valladolid, then the second town of Yucatan and afterwards a lifeless place, was in the rebels' power. Aristegui rushed twenty times a day to Mr. Blake, not knowing what to do. This Mr. Blake, the railway manager, an imperturbable and jovial Englishman not thirty years of age, had organised his service—after many obstacles—so that, unlike the Governor, he could at once learn what was happening in every part of Yucatan. Aristegui entreated, also, that he should advise him what to do, but the notorious general, who came post-haste to the Peninsula, ignored the local sovereignty, for, after having shot three of the rebels, he took with him one hundred and sixty other citizens up to the capital of the Republic. Such as had a satisfactory physique were put into the army, while the rest—untried—were given leave to pay their journey home; a batch of fifty others had been tried in Yucatan, had been found innocent, and were, on my arrival, in the Penitenciary. But all this, knowing Mexico a trifle, would not have induced me to investigate the Yucatecan wrongs more closely than the others. When I gradually came to do so, my proceedings irritated

not alone Aristegui, who strove for many afternoons to make me listen to the voice of reason, but the editor and owner of a journal, Don Ricardo Molina, with whose method I had little sympathy.[1] His uncle Olegario—of whom sufficient elsewhere—deprecated his ambitions to be Governor, but Don Ricardo persevered; he now and then addressed some callow youths—he was less popular than wise; in fact, he was above the average of his fellow-deputies—and every morning he addressed a number of Yucatecans, but the 'Diario Yucateco' did not circulate beyond 1100–1200 (including a large free list of officials and others), whereas the independent 'Revista de Merida,' at double the cost, had a circulation of 6000–7000. The 'Diario Yucateco' not only occupied Molina's time, but claimed an annual allowance of about £8000 (in view of the poor circulation), but Molina's wealth is quite considerable and the sacred cause of propaganda was upheld. Nor should I have complained if it had not attempted to increase its owner's popularity at the expense of me. Some who observed that for a week or two I spent a large part of my time with *hacendados* knew, by some inscrutable deduction, that I was an emissary from Porfirio Diaz, for which reason the Society of Workmen passed a resolution praying that I would hear both sides in the matter of the slavery. (This may seem quite superfluous, but they remembered Mr. Creelman.) Presently it grew to be an axiom that I was Don Francisco

[1] My lack of sympathy with those of Mr. Justice Darling may be thought to be less due to disapproval of his method than to his rigidly hostile summing up. But many of my friends had dreaded the jocular methods of Sir Charles Darling who, over and over again, laid himself open to being publicly rebuked. I had also dreaded the indignity of having fault found with my writings, and the still greater indignity of having them praised by a man whose attempts upon literature are so deplorable.

A British Musician.
In the band of Merida's penitenciary

Antonio Carillo. *See p* 44

In Merida's penitenciary.

The text, in broken Spanish, is a question put to the convict as to whether he is all complete, whether he is not being devoured, say by the cat o' nine tails. He replies that he has not been imprisoned in England.—From the *Diario Yucateco.*

I. Madero; he himself had been in those parts not so many months before—but no matter. And a third group had it that I was the secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society; for I was talking to a multitude of people on the labour question, some of whom diverged from one another, it appears, in politics. Then the 'Diario Yucateco' roundly swore that I was none of these things, but an evil spirit who had come in search of points, such black points as I would exclusively select. But though I stayed for many weeks and Don Ricardo persecuted me with zeal, he did not grow more popular—in fact, he fled upon the boat which carried me—yet he accomplished something; for my visit, thanks to him, was far from dull. So much, then, as an introduction to the mastiff-like and sallow Don Ricardo. In despite of all his opulence the 'Diario Yucateco' was not independent, for it had the privilege of the judicial notices and thus was indirectly subsidised.

The Penitenciary is something of a show-place, but when I was taken over it by the director, an assassin called Bolardo, and regaled with beer and with an admirable orchestra of murderers (these are the inmates who stay long enough to make it worth while that they shall receive instruction), I was not shown everything, and it was necessary for me to return at least three times before I had examined all the *bartolinas*. The director laughed good-naturedly at my attempts upon the Spanish language, for the dictionary he produced for me had no such word, but only *calabozo* (=cell). The prison had some *calabozos*, to be sure, and they were thirteen feet by nine, with a slab to sleep on, with two ventilators and an opening above the door. To make a long and

tedious story short, it finally transpired that *bartolinas* are constructed out of *calabozos*, by moving back the wooden door and taking out the bed and blocking one at least of the two ventilators; you could read for three or four hours in the middle of the day, and in these dungeons several suspects had been kept for sixty days, they being gentlemen of the first families who were accused of trying to upset the Government. Aristegui, the well-intentioned boot importer, cannot really be much blamed, for he was only the obedient servant of Don Olegario, and had been placed by him in charge of Yucatan, when Diaz, fearing the enormous influence of Olegario, brought him as Minister up to the capital of the Republic. Olegario continued thus to govern Yucatan, and poor Aristegui received the odium; he gave commands to the director, who was nothing loth, to keep these gentlemen in durance and permit no exercise whatever. (If it is immodest I am sorry, but I have to mention that when I had agitated for six weeks they were allowed one and a half hours' exercise per diem.) Bolardo was accustomed to make no distinction between those who had been sentenced and those others who, sometimes a year and sometimes longer, waited for a trial. He himself had slaughtered several of his charges: some by flogging, some by doing nothing. He was in the *alcaldía* (warders' room) one day, when Dr. Avila came in to ask permission to obtain a patent remedy for someone whose condition was alarming. 'Give him a spoonful of whatever you like,' said the director. 'I shall not spend money on such people.' When the doctor said that he could not have the responsibility, 'What does it matter?' cried Bolardo, and the invalid—a big, strong man of middle age called Cuitún—died in

two days. The 'Diario Yucateco' said that it was monstrous of me to search out these black points in the Penitenciary, forgetting that the Governor had begged me to go over it, and surely my acquaintance would have been too superficial if I had not stepped beyond the beer and orchestra. The journalists of Yucatan, if they did not offend the Government, were not admitted, and it seemed that the 'Diario Yucateco's' knowledge emanated from a curly-headed young reporter who had been incarcerated for a day or two because he tried, when he was drunk, to set fire to a circus. Now that I had started it was requisite to probe the subject.

Prisoners were flogged informally, as when Bolardo struck a student, Señor Arcobedo—one of the editors of 'Yucatan Nuevo'—for not rising as he entered. They were flogged as when Bolardo broke two sticks and broke the head of one Isidro Castillo, who had ventured to protest against the treatment which he suffered from a certain foreman. The director struck him in the presence of the other convicts, and as it was quite impossible to let him take his wound about the streets—two days alone divided him from liberty—Bolardo asked the *jefatura* for another month's imprisonment, because the man, he said, was so incorrigible; and a month inside a *bartolina* cured the wound. Sometimes the flogging was conducted with formality, as in the case of Manuel Fernandez Boo, a Spaniard. He had been to school, unluckily for him, with Primitivo Diaz, and they had foregathered in Havana, where Don Primitivo forged the tickets of the lottery and was imprisoned. Coming afterwards to Yucatan, they gave him command of the secret police; but Manuel Fernandez Boo was too loquacious and was locked up on a charge of

stealing. Then for three months he was set to quarry stones and turn a wheel; if he exhibited a trace of slackness he was flogged—informally. Near the beginning of each month Bolardo and a member of the Vigilance Committee and a Government representative walked round the prison (they are called the *Revista de Comisario*) to hear complaints about the food. But when he told them that he worked all day and died of hunger they refused to listen, and the furious Bolardo ordered that at four o'clock next morning he should have a hundred blows; the implement is the organ of a bull with a steel rod in it. The prison barber[1] occupied a cell precisely opposite. He saw the struggle, for the convict would not lie down prostrate, and the four men, after telephoning to Bolardo, beat him anyhow and anywhere and till they could no more and till he did not struggle. On the evening of that same day Bolardo suddenly snapped out that he must have the hundred blows; they told him that the punishment had been inflicted. 'I know nothing of it! Flog him now!' retorted the director, and another hundred blows were rained upon the almost lifeless body. There was scanty justice then in Yucatan, but the member of the Vigilance Committee, Pedro Reguera, a chemist, took an active part in the elections and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. As for Manuel Fernandez Boo, he vanished. Some say that he was deported to Quintana Roo, while others say he died upon the morrow of a flogging. Certainly Judge Solis, after having seen the man in prison, ordered that he should be liberated. And Benigno Fernandez

[1] This young man was charged with stealing a watch worth 10 pesos, whereas he said a comrade gave it him to sell. The comrade said the barber had advised the theft, and even so one thinks that three years and seven months' detention is excessive. During all this period he shaved 480 people a week and was unpaid.

Boo, a brother, who had served on board the Spanish Transatlantic boats and was a burly man, killed someone in a drunken brawl at Progreso, and lest he should slay the director of the Penitenciary, in vengeance of his brother, he was locked for three years in a cell, where he became demented. As he tried to hurl himself upon the man who brought his food, Bolardo punished him by giving only half the ordinary rations and removing his apparel, so that he was cold o' nights. He went on growing thinner till he died. No doubt Bolardo had been told that herrings, in the Gaelic phrase, 'live on the foam of their own tails,' and he desired to ascertain if some analagous capacity lay in a sailor. Another Spanish subject whom I visited, and who for three years out of the five had been a lunatic—his five years' isolation was a punishment for having made an effort to escape—was Daniel Blanco. He disturbed the neighbouring convicts by his intermittent, random shouts all through the day and night. But Don Rogelio Suarez, Spanish Vice-Consul and the son-in-law of the omnipotent Don Olegario, said he had looked at Blanco through the door and found him sane. A friend of mine in Yucatan, a Catalonian opera-singer, tried to move this consul to object at least when Spanish subjects were incorporated *nolens volens* in the army. 'But,' said Don Rogelio Suarez, twirling his moustachios and flashing his fine eyes and talking Spanish like a horse which prances, 'they have not inscribed themselves upon my list.' . . . These Penitenciary abominations were excused by the authorities, because the prison was too picturesque[1] a place

[1] There was an account of such a lively spot in 'El Pais,' of April 3, 1911. In Pachuca prison dwelt a convict, Pedro Elizalde, 'who enjoys great privileges, and because of his despotic conduct is without the approbation of his colleagues. One of the abuses which they

in other days: a series of small booths were set up in the *patio*, while you were more or less at liberty to go into the town and sleep with your señora. It so happened that one day I asked the Governor if there was commonly a doctor present when a man was flogged. He threw his hands up and entangled them in his gold pince-nez cord: 'Upon my honour as a *caballero*,' he exclaimed, 'there is no flogging!' And impressively he bent his heavy body over towards me and he placed a plump hand on my knee. They flog the inmates of the poor-house, where a vigorous young man (who entered on account of drunkenness) was made the foreman and entrusted with the task of flogging all the others: drunkards, disobedient folk, the aged and the mad. As for the Penitenciary,[1] I met a grave official of the custom-

have against him is that he exacts a contribution of from 3 to 5 pesos for the balls, which it is usual to celebrate in that establishment, and which are nothing less than orgies. As a certain number of the prisoners cannot pay, they are marked out as enemies by some of the officials. Elizalde lends the convicts money, with interest at 25 per cent, which is subtracted from the food allowance paid them by the Government. He also has the privilege of selling seeds, at any price he likes.'

[1] It compared unfavourably with San Juan de Ulua, and was only less notorious for being more remote. In 1893 Don Rafael Péon had trouble with the Indians, who were settled near his *hacienda*. They asserted that he was appropriating land of theirs, and in reply he ordered that they should be flogged. They waited for him with long knives [*machetes*] and one gun, which killed a Maya. Then the Government had five men shot, without a trial, and twenty-one were ordered to San Juan for a period of twenty-two years. It was illegal that they should be sent to Veracruz, but the authorities across the water took them in return for half a peso each per diem. One of them, called Justo Poot, became the private servant of the chief director, Colonel Hernandez, and was thus in a position to meet Yucatecans in the market-place, and send back word as to the treatment of the others. Terrible as San Juan was made for the politicals, it offered some amenities for the remaining convicts. Cigarettes could be procured and books, whereas the library inside the gaol of Merida was, to a great extent, in order to impress the tourist: it was founded at the instigation of a writer who for his political and social articles was punished with a term of four years' penal servitude. He gave some fifty of the books himself, and when he chanced to be

house who, in his capacity of prefect of the convicts (*presidente del presidio*), had seen perhaps a hundred floggings. His own penal servitude was owing to the fact that in the desolation of Campeche his chicle-workers fell upon him, and in self-defence he killed a man. Not thinking for a moment that he would be punished he came up to Merida, a wearisome long journey, and informed the Governor. He is an instance, by the way, of how they used to swindle at the Penitenciary: the rule was that one-third of what a man might earn was for his upkeep, and one-third was to be given him at the completion of his sentence, and one-third was to be sent out to his family—but often there was so much discount that the wife did not receive a cent, and, being unable to discover any other means of livelihood, was driven by the Government to immorality. The chicle-owner had 600 pesos in his pocket when he came, he earned some hundreds by his handiwork and owing to his post as prefect, but the treasurer (who subsequently was *jefe politico* of Cuernavaca) made off with the whole of it; and when the prefect was allowed to leave, the 'Diario Oficial' announced, in a bombastic paragraph, that as a recompense for his good work the good authorities had gratified him with no less a

again imprisoned he was not allowed to use the library. Cheap books were given by the Corporation of the city every year as prizes, and a few days afterwards Bolardo used to have them piled up in a patio and burned. As for the prisoners at Veracruz, when Olegario Molina entered into power he looked askance upon the annual sum which Yucatan was paying to San Juan de Ulua. So the twenty-one were carried back, and at the station made a fine show for their families and friends, because they had good clothes and books and trunks, which they had either earned or been regaled with, also cocoa-nuts and many knick-knacks they had carved for sale. Bolardo had the clothes and books and trunks and cocoa-nuts and knick-knacks burned to ashes in the Penitenciary. 'There might be epidemics,' he explained, 'at Veracruz.' And thinking that the convicts might be discontented, he put all of them for two years into *calabozos*, and deprived them of permission to receive their friends or families.

sum than 600 pesos. . . . Something has been said of the unhealthy life inside those *bartolinas*, and I learned from Dr. Vega, chief of the Sanitary Board, that he had made suggestions of reform in July, 1909. Tuberculosis might be the result of a prolonged imprisonment. And Dr. Vega did not know if anything had been effected. That, he said, was not his business, and the subject of tuberculosis made him restless. He declined to speak another word; he banged the poor report of 1909 upon the floor and read triumphantly in French a passage from a book which proved that cats-o'-nine-tails are administered to British convicts every day. The sanitary board of Merida permits a person with tuberculosis to expectorate in any tram, while they will only disinfect the last house he has lived in, when he is no longer dangerous. This Dr. Vega is the son of Colonel Rabia —or, as we might say, Colonel Fury; he was seldom called his proper name—and now the doctor thinks that he himself is unimpassioned. He had listened to me, so he told the 'Diario Yucateco,' with angelic patience.

One of the most urgent matters dealing with the Indian race, both on and off the *haciendas*, was their forcible enrolment in the army. This, of course, would not so often be the lot of those who had a master—he could buy them out or find a substitute—but now and then a puissant master would employ this arm against a servant. Five *domesticas* or women slaves incurred the wrath of Don Ricardo's aunt in Merida, their mistress. They were flogged and sent to one of the Molina farms, but in the night they ran away. The major-domo, Pablo Ruiz, was charged with having aided them, and, notwithstanding that he had a wife and family, was forthwith sent to

fight the rebels in Chihuahua. As a rule, the press-gang operates on those who are without protector: sixty-six unfortunates were shipped to Veracruz towards the end of January; some of them indeed were culprits and their lives were the reverse of edifying—one rare rogue would tell his victims that he was a member of the secret police force and had been conducting deep investigations; in this way the scamp extracted heavy sums of money. But a number of the sixty-six were men who had been charged with being complicated in the 1909 revolt, and they had been declared not guilty; yet, as the Governor told me, the police felt in their hearts that these men were not innocent. Some others had to go, nor say farewell to anyone, because of troubles with the boundary marks at Muna. They asserted that the Government had sold to several *hacendados* property which was not theirs to sell, and they tore up the boundary marks. Aristegui acknowledged to me that the ancient land books were in Seville; it was very complicated. But from what I knew of other parts of the Republic—in the central district of the State of Tamaulipas it did not avail the Indians that they had the tax receipts for five-and-twenty years, while only twenty are required by law; their lands were given by the Governor to a friend of his, the local deputy; and this is one example out of hundreds—it was not impossible that they had been despoiled at Muna. 'But apart from that,' said the *jefe politico* of Merida, another Molina, 'they were people of the vilest disposition.' This was not the case with Aniseto Tun, for instance, nor with Nicolas Romero; while the Muna representative of Government could tell me nothing more enormous about Pedro Segovia than that he was habitually drunk on Sundays. 'We have

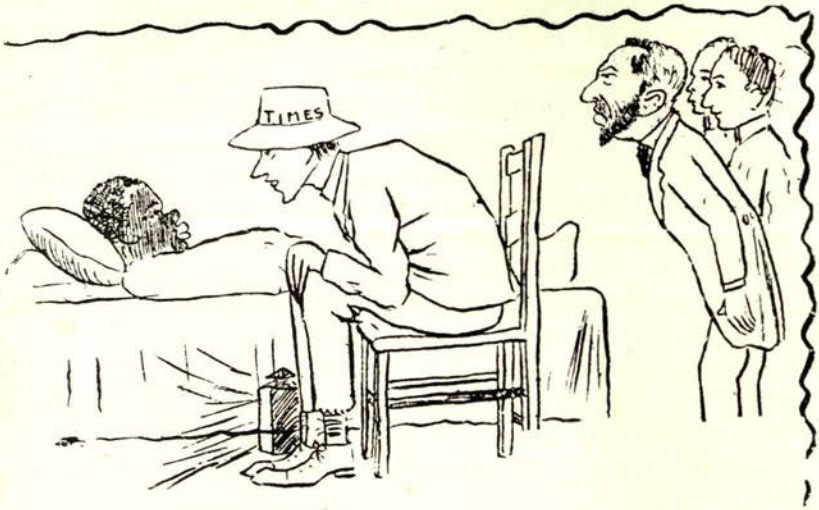
five balls in a vessel,' said the *jefe politico*, 'four white ones and a black one. If it is their destiny to pick a black ball——' But an *ex-jefe politico*, Don Augusto Péon, told me that, at any rate in his time, no white ball was ever used. 'They leave here,' said the *jefe*, 'with a medical certificate. The man who has a physical defect is not allowed to sail.' But when the sixty-six were carried to the capital of the Republic and again examined, Manuel and Pedro Jimenez, Moises Montero, Felipe Balám, Aniseto Tun and Mauro Solis were found unsuitable—one of them was incapacitated with a fistula, another had the most incurable disease: Montero was near sixty years of age—so they were stripped of uniforms, and in a climate far less tropic than the Yucatecan, were abandoned in their underclothing to their own devices. 'We do not know any of their names,' said Aristegui, 'for it is the Minister of War who has them. They are worthless Indians who may not have been convicted in so many words, but of their character the less you say the better.' And he was offended when I asked how soon the Yucatecan Government would bring them back—themselves they had no money. 'It is in the hands of the Minister of War, and doubtless,' said Aristegui, 'he will attend to it.' I ventured to remark that with the Revolution General Cosío had enough to cope with, and that if the men were not indemnified——. Aristegui jumped up and glared at me. 'Indemnified! What nonsense! I must ask you to depart.' If anyone endured a year or two of wrong imprisonment the utmost he could hope for was a paper '*dejando al Senor —— en buena opinion y fama*' (leaving Mr. —— with a good reputation). 'No! no! stop! I beg you,' said the Governor, 'to sit down. I really

cannot authorise the State to pay.' And ultimately they were brought back by a fund the public raised, and I will not insinuate that as a man, apart from being Governor, Aristegui refrained from helping these unfortunates. He had regaled, we know, a citizen who was set free from an erroneous imprisonment of many months with almost five pence (twenty centavos) of his private purse. 'I will admit you,' so he said, 'into a secret. We withhold the publication of their names——' 'Although,' said I, '——' 'Well, yes, the law demands it; but we are benevolent, we only send the evildoers, and we have to do this with a certain wariness. The public are so foolish.' It appeared to me that this might be the case with Dr. Betancourt, a relative of Olegario, because he clearly did not know what was a fistula. Aristegui snatched up his telephone and agitatedly demanded of the *jefatura* if this allegation could be verified. He mopped his brow. 'You must see Betancourt,' he said, and the 'Diario Yucateco' had the usual article describing how *el inglés de marras*—a somewhat contemptuous phrase—was nonplussed by the doctor. I did not succeed in meeting him, however, since he suffered during the remainder of my visit from a most insidious ailment that permitted him to go about his business—studying, maybe, the intricacies of a fistula—but would not let him undergo extraneous excitements.

In the meantime Mexico was in the throes of revolution, and the Government appeared to be most critically situated. It was not alone the fighting in Chihuahua and in other States, it was the disaffection which was palpably upon the increase. And I cabled Mr. Willert, correspondent of 'The Times' in Washington, to ask if I should send him

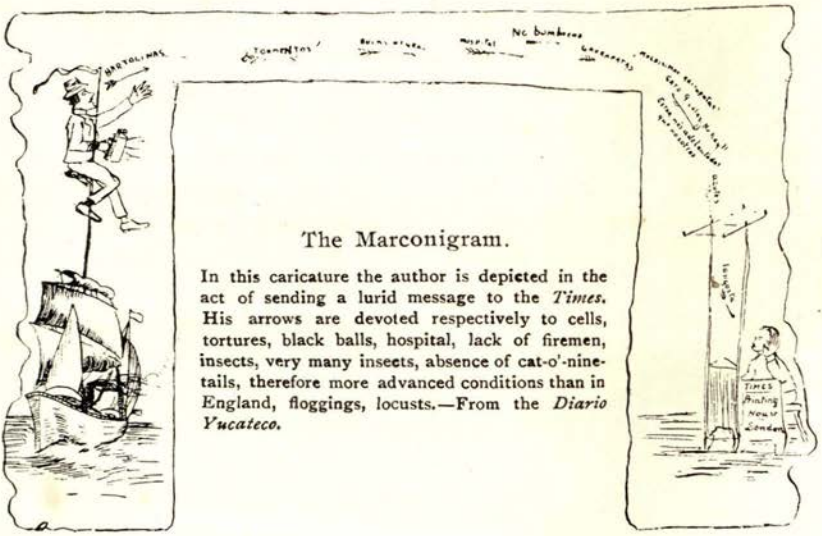
telegrams. All the dispatches I had, in November and December, forwarded about the Revolution went through him, in order to prevent us duplicating; and the cost from Mexico to Washington is relatively inconsiderable. On the next day (6th February) he cabled twice to tell me to take any steps to send news promptly, also that he had revived the old arrangement with the Western Union at El Paso on the frontier, which I was to use in case of accidents. He added that, as I requested, he had put himself into communication with the Director-General of Federal Telegraphs in Mexico City, begging that the Merida sub-office should be authorised to take my messages at press rates. Not a word came from the capital, and in collaboration with the Chief of Telegraphs in Merida I cabled his superior. The style was more than suave. All through the night there was no answer, and again I cabled (not so suavely) with the rather ludicrous addition of a fee of fifty centavos, due on every telegram which asks a favour from officials, even if it is to do their duty. He[1] replied that on the understanding I observed the guarantees, whatever those might be, permission would be given, and although I had not paid him for his answer he was out of courtesy replying in a telegram, but this indulgence was not to be taken as a precedent. When I had previously cabled from the capital 'via Galveston' there never was the slightest trouble and, although the Government flew in the face of solemn

[1] This Don Camilo Gonzalez was removed from office when the sun of Don Porfirio had set. 'But there has been down here at least,' so an American wrote recently to me from Yucatan, 'surprisingly little paying of old scores.' One may urge that this Gonzalez, for example, was but executing orders, but he might have followed in the footsteps of Saint Genest, now the patron saint of Spanish if not of all other shorthand writers: he refused to take down some abominable rescript of the Roman Emperor and felt the consequences.



A British Honduranean in Merida's Hospital.

The bearded gentleman is supposed to be Don Augusto Péon. The seated person is presumably the conventional type, in those parts, of an English correspondent.—From the *Diario Yucateco.*



The Marconigram.

In this caricature the author is depicted in the act of sending a lurid message to the *Times.* His arrows are devoted respectively to cells, tortures, black balls, hospital, lack of firemen, insects, very many insects, absence of cat-o'-nine-tails, therefore more advanced conditions than in England, floggings, locusts.—From the *Diario Yucateco.*

contracts and prevented messages from being sent for two days on the wire of the Associated Press, I did not hear of any interference with the American cable company. I sent a telegram, devoted chiefly to Chihuahua and containing information which the local papers had not been allowed to publish. They would have been forced by the authorities to give their correspondents' names. In five hours I was told that the authorities up in the capital declined to let my telegram go through.[1] This was a disconcerting business, and the message could not go until a Ward Line vessel—s.s. 'Esperanza'—stopped outside Progreso on the second day. The Revolution was not standing still, and with my telegram increased and modified I went out from the harbourless Progreso in a fishing boat. (I much regret I cannot here describe that voyage over perilous green rollers, while the captain plied his amiable Maya man with economic questions as to practices prevailing in the vessels of Quintana Roo.) The wireless operator chose the moment of my climbing up the side of the 'Esperanza' (which means 'hope') to cast off in a little steamer from the other side, because he wanted to see Merida, and, so he went, not asking leave of anyone. I wish that he had been as independent in transmitting my dispatch, for on the next day I was told a story of a broken motor, and the agent of the Ward Line seemed to place no limit on my simple faith. The British captain of a trading vessel took my message over to Mobile. The British Consul sent my envelope for Washington inside an envelope of his to some New England town—three hundred citi-

[1] 'Telegraphing,' said Don Porfirio in the Creelman interview, when he looked back upon the savage era which preceded him, 'telegraphing was a difficult thing in those days.'

zens of Merida (including foreign business people and the Chief of Telegraphs) had recently had all their letters opened at the magistrate's[1]—and my belated telegram went on the next boat to Havana.[2] He whose motor had been in the best of health conversed about it with a friend of mine, as they were also heading for Havana. The Marconi operator of another Ward Line vessel told me, four or five weeks later, that the captain had instructed him to send no message dealing with the politics of Mexico nor anything in cypher. It was necessary for the Ward Line—we need not discuss the reasons—to be on the best of

[1] When the Revolution was triumphant, one Manterola, postmaster of the Federal District, addressed a copious letter to the Press upon the subject of his honesty, the sole possession which he had to leave, he said, to his descendants. Letters had been seized, but that was in accordance with the law; he stigmatised as very foolish, very lazy good-for-nothings, his unintellectual subordinates.

[2] Thus my message went in triplicate to Washington, *en route* for England. 'He gave it to a mariner,' said Mr. Justice Darling contemptuously, 'and no doubt some day it will turn up in a bottle.' (Loud laughter.) 'Again they guffawed,' says 'Vanity Fair,' 'and again Mr. Baerlein (who was the plaintiff) did his duty. He laughed. . . . Mr. Baerlein is a great traveller. He has had his grit tried in odd corners of the world. . . . Platitudes are always untrue. The latest to be discredited is the one which asserts the rare adventurousness of the life led outside the dead spots which we tame folk call cities. Never will he forget the peril to be encountered in the mother of cities.' During a case against the editor of 'The Times' 'History of the South African War,' Mr. Justice Phillimore, on taking his seat, said that 'on reflection he thought that he ought to have checked laughter that was heard in the Court yesterday. There must be no laughter to-day' (January 27, 1911). I hope I am not doing Mr. Justice Darling an injustice, but I have searched in vain through the reports for anything resembling this. When I have been present in his Court he has been very willing to repeat, with an uplifted eyebrow, a facetious or a jocular remark which Counsel has not heard. 'What the dickens are you two fellows up to?' asks a Senior Counsel in 'Punch' (February 5, 1913). 'We're in old Dearie's Court to-day,' says one of the Juniors. 'Brilliant idea to wear masks and save facial strain.' . . . Of course it will be said that if I criticise this Judge I am no sportsman. Judges, save the very best, are not machines, the unimpassioned representatives of Justice, and if you should come before a man who has the general reputation of being a defendant's judge, it might have been your fortune to have Mr. Justice Grantham, who was looked on as inclined to take the plaintiff's view. It was your luck to be in Darling's Court; abide by that. When Mr. Justice Grantham died, after all

terms with Don Porfirio's Government. But this brave operator said that I could telegraph all night; he would defy the captain.

The 'Diario Yucateco' was exasperated; I remained in Yucatan. And Don Ricardo printed more absurdities, endeavouring in this way to be popular and expedite my going. But I had by this time gathered a good quantity of information on the life the natives lived. It seemed to me that in a property of Don Ricardo's at Acanceh their position was unenviable, since the agent of the farm and the *jefe politico* was one and the same person; when Aristegui was superseded this man was immediately removed from office. And it seemed to me that Dr. le Plongeon,

the efforts to remove him from the Bench had been in vain, the papers said that he had been our worst Judge. So there was a vacancy. And if you advocate that Mr. Justice Darling be removed, you have but slender chances of success. His jocularity may be deplorable, but he is not financially corrupt, and surely it is difficult to show that by his jokes he injures anyone. We are not in Central America, where judges, taking their departure, cheerfully agree that they have not been quite impeccable. 'While our judges,' says a writer in the 'Gentlewoman,' 'are free from those venal practices which have brought the Bench of other countries into disrepute, some of them are guilty of otherwise which sadly retard the course of justice, and detract considerably from the dignity of the law. I refer more particularly to the habit which a few of the judges have contracted of making a joke (sometimes funny, sometimes feeble) on every possible occasion. . . . It is as seductive as the drug habit—the more it is indulged in, the greater is the desire for it—and the judge in question is a hopeless Joe Miller.' This writer complains chiefly of the scandalous waste of most expensive time. But I suggest that if the legal improprieties of England, wholly different as they are in kind, work more subtly than do those of Nicaragua, then by so much is our greater civilisation a greater evil. I am told that I must refrain from wondering (in print) as to what Dante would have done with such a judge. But Max Beerbohm in his latest series of caricatures has one of which Sir Claude Phillips says that: 'Naughty, teasing Puck suddenly becomes a Juvenal, pitiless in satire, in the caricature On Circuit, which delineates Mr. Justice Darling in the act of handing the Black Cap to his marshal, with the instruction, "Oh, and get some bells sewn on this, will you?"' Meredith hoped to die with a racy French story on his lip, and perhaps the majority of those who are condemned to death do not deserve anything better than one of this judge's jokes. The caricature, says the 'Nation,' 'is an example of downright, public-spirited and honest personal satire.'

the French savant, would have been dismayed to hear about a property of Don Ricardo's called Ebnakan, for the doctor had located Eden in this hot peninsula, he found in Yucatan the grave of Abel and the shrivelled heart of the poor victim and the knife used in the deadly conflict. At Ebnakan a state of things existed which it is impracticable to repeat; much worse it was than in the army, where an officer would sometimes lock the door upon himself and a stripped soldier, whom he then would flog and hold in his left hand a pistol to be used at an emergency. A pitiable —and I proved it a veracious—document came into my possession, written by a carpenter who had been temporarily at Ebnakan. If I could but reproduce the simple, ungrammatical, detailed account of horrors!

Don Ricardo, at a cost of sixty dollars gold, dispatched a prepaid cable to Messrs. J. Henry Schroder and another, asking: 'Is Henry Baerlein truly your correspondent?' to 'The Times.' In large black letters in the middle of the front page of his journal he inserted the replies in English and exultingly appended a translation and his comments. The first answer said that I was not connected in any way with 'The Times,' except as an occasional contributor.[1]

[1] 'Por consiguente,' said the 'Diario Yucateco,' 'el Mister no es corresponsal del "Times," como se habia creido, sino un simple individuo, que por su cuenta y riesgo está recogiendo informaciones que podrá ó no comunicar á aquel periódico, del que es simple contribuyente de ocasión, como cualquier hijo de vecino.' 'Consequently he is not "The Times'" correspondent, as we were led to believe, but a simple individual who on his own account and at his own risk is gathering data which he may or may not communicate to that paper, of which he is merely an occasional correspondent, as any neighbour's son.' And it uttered a grave warning to its countrymen: 'Conviene, pues, que salgan del error quienes habian considerado al susodicho como todo un corresponsal del gran periódico.' 'Therefore, let those who considered him to be fully a correspondent of the great paper no longer harbour that delusion.' 'We are almost entirely without authentic news here,' Mr. Willert had written. 'Anything you can get through will be extremely valuable.'

Llamé al *Yaims* y no me oyo
Y pues sus puertas me cierra.
De lo que hago en esta tierra
No él responde sino yo *

* "The door is locked, the *Times* has ceased
To listen, it has washed its hand
Of me, what I do in this land
Does not concern it in the least."

—From the *Diario Yucateco.*

Messrs. Schroder, in obtaining this information from 'The Times' office, had told them that it was to be regarded as confidential; but the second answer, which after four days' consideration was sent by the Foreign Department of 'The Times,' said merely: 'Not member "Times" staff, only authorised submit articles.' Of this the first half was as accurate as possible and I believe it will remain so; but seeing that Mr. D. Disraeli Braham, the sender, acknowledged in cross-examination that he knew the second part of his answer might be dangerous[1] for me, he would have been acting more thoughtfully, I think, if he had either consulted me before replying or else added to his cable the words 'not to be published.' (This part of his cross-examination happens to be omitted from 'The Times' report of the case.) He should, I suggest, have remembered that when the authorities of a foreign country are exasperated against a correspondent of 'The Times' it may be simply owing to the latter's laudable zeal, and I do not doubt that this is why he was himself expelled from Russia. This cable caused me to bring an action for libel, but Mr. Justice Darling actually held that when the Mexican newspaper asked if I was 'truly your correspondent' they meant 'your own correspondent,' that is to say the resident correspondent, and if they had been told I was the 'special correspondent' they would not have understood the phrase! He did not look as if he expected anyone to laugh when he put forward this opinion. . . . And, with his rare humour, he seized one of my weapons with

[1] Everyone in Court, so far as I could ascertain, thought this a very damaging admission on the part of the witness, as surely it is. But not so Mr. Justice Darling. He gazed in his most frigid manner from the top of his two beautiful, white, nervous hands and never alluded to the admission in his summing-up.

which to wound me. 'The Times' had always spoken of me in their own columns as its 'special correspondent,' and why, he asked rather testily, why was I not satisfied with that? A judge, it is held [*Law Reports*, 14 *Q.B.D.* p. 108, *Smith* v. *Dark*], does not misdirect the jury if he gives expression to his opinion and not even, I presume, if it causes him to make heavier demands upon the plaintiff than did the defendant's counsel. But although one may demand of Yucatecans that they read 'The Times' and read it carefully—whether they will do so is a matter of opinion.

Mr. Moberly Bell's successor (a Mr. Nicholson, a 'Harmsworth' man) told me on my return to England that they had no idea that they were causing me unpleasantness, and also there was an impression in the office that I called myself in Yucatan the correspondent of 'The Times.' Yet when I was asked to do that article about the treatment of the Indians it had not been mentioned that I might secure facilities and find more open doors by posing as the correspondent of the 'Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.' I think they might have been less ready to play into Don Ricardo's hands. The paragraphs he now began to print were splendidly sarcastic, or they virtuously held me up to scorn as one who was exposed, the merest writer who was getting access into places as a correspondent of 'The Times' and who occasionally would perhaps send part of what he culled to London, seeing that he was permitted to submit. These paragraphs I subsequently showed to Mr. Nicholson, who scratched his head, observing he had no idea, etc. '"The Times" is very grateful for all the trouble you have taken,' so Mr. Willert wrote me in December from Washington. But now they took the opportunity

to ask me to refrain from corresponding,[1] and as day by day 'The Times' came out to Mexico with not a word about the Revolution very ugly things were said. I begged them, if they still were interested in the country, to dispatch another correspondent, as the Revolution would increase. 'Nobody here knows anything about the situation,' so Mr. Willert had written me from Washington, and apparently in London they did not want to know, because a long cable which by three routes I sent through Mr. Willert was ignored. 'The only thing that really matters,' Mr. Willert wrote me, 'is for them to get the news in London.' And this ignoring the fate of several articles I had already sent with reference to the Revolution. Correspondents have ere now been ruffled if a Government takes steps to silence them—'To diminish the effect of the triumph of the Revolution in the people's mind,' said Mr. James R. Garfield, an American ex-Minister of the Interior who lately had been travelling in Mexico, 'the Government,' he said, 'is concealing the news,' and in order that from any lurking resentment and from my too brief acquaintance with the country I might not be led to misinterpret what I saw and what I foresaw, I secured the very kind and highly competent revision of the British Minister. But Lon-

[1] The explanation which they gave before Mr. Justice Darling was that they felt uneasy about me. I had obtained the usual free passes on the Mexican Railways, and although they knew all about this in November and said no word—indeed, how could they, since I was also writing for other papers?—they explain that in February it was weighing on their mind and made them quite uneasy as to what I might be doing. After my abrupt dismissal, I sent a letter by three different routes to Mr. Willert, asking him to forward it to London. I pointed out not only the embarrassing but the perilous position in which they had placed me, and I said that as the Revolution would succeed they ought to send out someone else to Mexico. But from their evidence at the trial it appeared that they never had this letter.

don would not print. 'More hopeful outlook,' they announced on 12th March, because a New York correspondent told them that the Mexican insurgents, save the mere marauders, would 'lay down their arms, accept the amnesty and renew their allegiance.' But on the 19th of April they were bound to say, as said the 'New York Times,' that 'no peace is possible till Diaz retires.' Let us now go back a little. On the 12th March a telegram from Mr. Willert had these words: 'The state of affairs is conceded to be grave, but how grave none pretends to know. Rigorous censorship, the guerilla nature of the warfare, official reticence, ignorance of the details and personalities[1] of Mexican politics all militate against accuracy.' It seemed as if 'The Times'—'one of his [General Diaz'] oldest and firmest friends in the foreign Press' (I quote from 'Current Literature,' New York, April, 1911)—was averse from publishing unpalatable truth. 'Whatever the grievances and ambitions of the opponents of the Diaz Administration, their activities,' said 'The Times' on the 14th March, 'are regrettable inasmuch as they threaten the remarkably rising prosperity of the country's trade and industries, and it is therefore to be hoped that the United States Government's present demonstration or manœuvres at Galveston and on the Texas border will be accepted by the rebels as an indication that their proceedings are viewed with disfavour by Mexico's best customer.' So it would seem that in these days the grievances and ambitions of a people

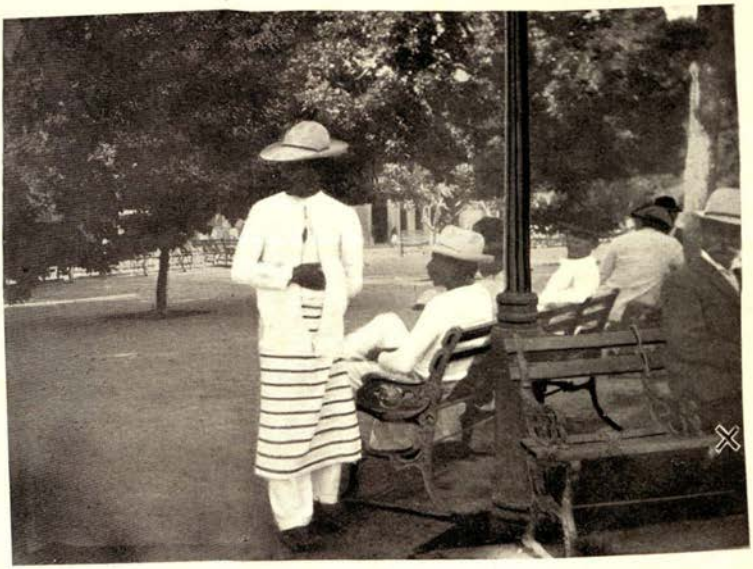
[1] This was no exaggeration on Mr. Willert's part. Indeed he was imperfectly acquainted with the Mexican Ambassador at Washington itself, for on March 27 there was a cable saying that Señor de la Barra belonged to an old and wealthy family. The facts are that he is the son of a foreigner, a Chilian, who conceived the good idea of taking horses up to San Francisco at the time of the great boom. On the way his boat was wrecked, and that is how he came to Mexico.

are not even worth considering. And if the opponents of the Diaz Administration were, as 'The Times' has since said, ninety per cent of the inhabitants, or if they were far fewer it is lamentable that these words should have been written. 'It is interesting,' they continue, 'to observe that the Ministry of Finance describes the movement as the work of certain restless spirits without prestige and without any support in public opinion and of a purely local character.' No doubt if a newspaper has to close the ordinary channel of information it is driven to collect the news where best it may. But this extraordinary channel was, to put it courteously, choked with lilies. '*Sin novedad*' (nothing new) the Under-Secretary of Finance had telegraphed to Limantour in Paris, when the Revolution was in full swing (cf. 'The Times' of 24th November, 1910) and if that is how he kept his chief informed——! They had indeed acknowledged it would be much better for the prestige of Porfirio Diaz both in Europe and America if those about him could resist the inclination to indulge in rhetoric about the country's freedom. 'It would be idle to deny,' they said, 'that the republic is Diaz and Diaz an autocrat.' But this was hardly news. Men looked at one another[1] and they marvelled and they spoke of the insidious Mexican diplomacy and of capitalists in Mexico and of investors who in London might be nibbling.

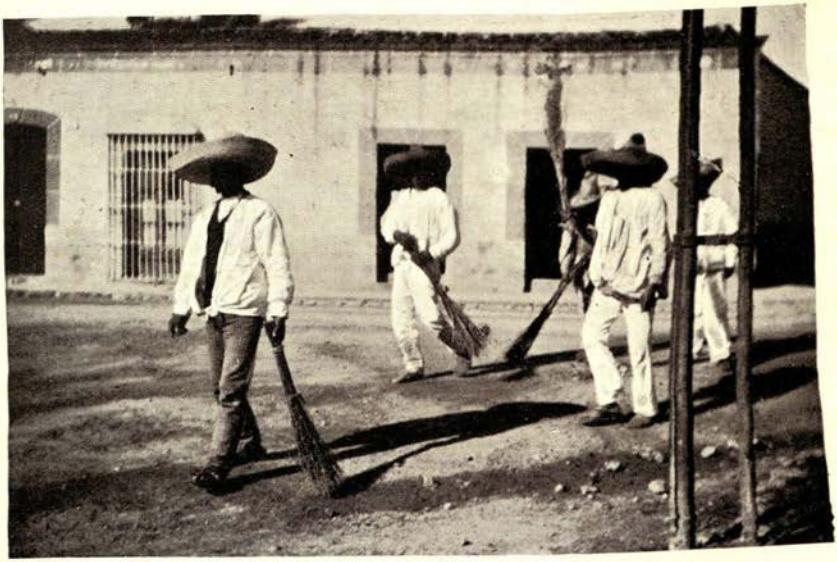
Then I was pursued by secret-service men, both competent and foolish ones, but Merida contained

[1] It is regrettable, I think, that in its many interesting and voluminous Supplements on Russia, Japan, Ireland or any other country, 'The Times' should fill up a certain portion with advertisements; because with the most thorough and sincere desire to speak the whole truth, there will be people always whose untutored minds believe that in the circumstances it is not so easy. There is a South American Supplement which appears monthly and includes Mexico.

about 700 (for a population of 50,000), so that all of them could not be brilliant. (For one's English conversation there was usually a Chinaman.) They received from thirty to one hundred and fifty pesos a month, while others—the most dangerous—were paid by piecework. Now and then I took a photograph: the *mestizo* (half-breed) standing by the bench is probably a thirty-peso man, but in the other view we have a celebrated villain, who was glad to let me photograph his stick. Antonio Carillo started his career by hunting runaways from *haciendas*, and at Ticul he attempted to assassinate with bombs. His talent, therefore, was not to be wasted in a little town, they summoned him to Merida, equipped him with a uniform and gave him captain's rank, because he was a dashing fellow. He was posted at the Santa Ana police-station. Later on he was discharged for having made it an assembling place for women and for wealthy youths, whom he exploited with a game of so-called chance. But he retains the privilege of keeping an immoral house which does not pay the legal tax, his fame as 'bravo' still abides with him, he is respected and will do whatever the authorities suggest, including murder. Yet, after all, these biographical particulars prove little as to his acumen in the secret service. Merida the beautiful was riddled with this kind of gentry—*la terre paraissait orgueilleuse de porter tant de braves!*—even private persons having retinues of silent feet, to know what happens and ingratiate themselves, maybe, with the authorities. Thus Avelino Montes, Olegario's son-in-law and partner, paid three thousand pesos monthly for his private service; and when Delio Moreno Canton, the candidate for Governmental honours, lay concealed, it was a Montes man who ran him down,



In Merida's beautiful plaza. *See p.* 44



Convicts sweeping the streets
of Cuernavaca, under a guard.

and Montes had the glory of informing Aristegui. . . . The manager of my hotel, a Frenchman, urged me to shake off the dust of Yucatan; he could not even guarantee that no untoward item would be lurking somewhere in a dish below his roof. 'The Times' had publicly disowned me, and I was no more protected than the journalist Abelardo Ancona, who was searched on entering the gaol, was interviewed from midnight until two o'clock by Olegario and at three o'clock he died—a shot resounded, and, although the explanation which they gave was suicide, a certain Villamil of the police, a dreadful person, was promoted and promoted. Those who took the management of these affairs were very thorough. When Fernando Sanchez, President of a committee of the workmen, occupied himself with politics he found the prison so unhealthy that he died the second day. The Government, invited to deliver up his body to impartial doctors, did not wish to cast aspersions on the Government's practitioners and Dr. Palomeque, the devoted servant of Don Olegario, was placed in charge. The whole internal system, which had turned a blackish red, he excavated and returned the shell to poor Fernando's relatives, informing them—to their astonishment—that death had taken place through heart disease. The relations argued that he never was afflicted by this malady, but, on the other hand, it is a fact that the internal organs will assume this colour if the action of the heart be stopped, say with potassium cyanide. But as the Frenchman's fears were groundless and I have survived there is no reason why I should approximate myself to Sanchez or Ancona. Yet I think that when we are inflated with the surfeit of our knowledge we should not forget that for a long time we were in another and maybe more blessed

state ; and I admit that for the student of psychology it is delicious if you feel a qualm or two about your boon-companion.

In the *haciendas* and the towns, with natives so addicted to the Church, it is a potent influence for good or evil which the Church possesses. Look you down, if so it pleases you, upon the natives who can apprehend so little of the Christian dogma—what the Tarahumares have, for instance, in north-western Mexico reposes chiefly in the words Señor San José and Maria Santissima ; for their Father Sun they have adopted the words Tata Dios (Father God) who is husband of the Mother Moon (the Virgin Mary)—but the missionary priests were useful and heroic in so many ways, their flock had such a healthy joy in its religion—even now they dance in places round the Christian emblems in a church at midnight with the zeal of bygone generations dancing round the bygone gods and for the selfsame purpose: to acquire material benefits and health. Contrast that picture with the Yucatecan church of Tecoh, which is often empty, since the people have refused to worship under a lascivious old man. That he should lead a patriarchal life, with children and with children's children all about him, would not so much scandalise[1] a people which is used to seeing priests come over with their mistresses from Spain ; but he does not observe a precept which was hanging until recently in a Campeche Church—the Bishop took it down because of the attention it attracted from the tourists—' While

[1] The Danish peasants, we are told by Von Raumer ('Geschichte der Hohenstauffen,' Pt. VI, page 180), made themselves the champions of the humble priests against the bishops when, in the year 1190, it was mooted as to whether concubines should be dispersed. If one allowed the priests to have their consorts, then, the peasants argued, they would be less anxious to abuse the wives and daughters of the peasantry.

in the confessional,' it said, 'the priest shall not solicit either sex.' The priest of Tecoh has the ministration of some *haciendas*; for example, at the one called Pixyah, when a girl would not confess before her marriage, they discovered why the priest excited in her such repugnance. He remains because he speaks the Maya language; if the careworn Austrian Archbishop could induce more estimable Yucatecans to enroll themselves in this profession he would clear the whole Augean stable.[1] As it is he cannot do without the Spanish importations—in his palace there is only one (a secretary) who is not from Spain—and these are sometimes moral, seldom have they any application, and the Maya language with its very limited vocabulary is not often mastered. In the *haciendas* if there is a priest he is too frequently an agent of the *hacendado*, preaching as his mouthpiece on a special point of discipline and telling him what he has learned in the confessional. So they can scarcely be ignored when you are dealing with the Indian's life. As an example they are wretched: Father Mir of Tizimin believes, like certain Indians in some other parts of the Republic, that one should not tamely go into a shop and buy religious candles. The devoted Indian climbs into the tree-tops to collect what has been left there by the wild bees; sometimes for a lump not worth two pennies he will hew a cedar down which is worth twenty pesos. Father Mir blows out the lighted candles at the earliest opportunity, arranges them and sells them quickly to another devotee. The corner which he makes in candles, so that in the whole of Tizimin there is no

[1] The instances have been restricted to as small a number as appear to justify this accusation. 'From Mexico southwards,' says a writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine' (November, 1911), 'the disorders of the clergy, secular or regular, are notorious.'

other salesman, has been celebrated in a previous book on Yucatan. Him and the priest of Tecoh I have met, and they are not inspiring spectacles. The custom with this Mir is to bequeath his mistresses to the mestizo sacristans. A girl, whose mother was a member of the sisterhood of Saint Vincent of Paul, did not wish to marry one Antonio Puig, Mir's nephew and chief sacristan ; she was obliged to do so and to live in Mir's great house, which used to be a convent. But one night Antonio, after a terrific scene, removed his wife. A girl, Luisa Sosa, also was an inmate of the convent, and her husband, a good mason but a worthless man, allowed himself to be placated with one hundred and fifty pesos, after he had come back unexpectedly and witnessed his dishonour. Tizimin has now become quite anti-Catholic, since they have had this Mir for eighteen years, and his parishioners from time to time bombard him with French breakfast-rolls. But both the wealthy and the poor among them are continuously urged by thirty-two most earnest ladies of the sisterhood to give a contribution towards the upkeep of—a saint ! In Valladolid was a priest, by name Castillo, who raised up two families, the mothers being sisters ; but they quarrelled. And a gentleman (marked X), with whom I had been talking when I photographed the secret-service man, informed me how the priest of Tixkokob, by name Ancona, had declined to let him marry a most lovely girl, the grandchild of Ancona's sister. Though the girl was just as anxious to be married they were kept apart, and it was only by the kindness of old General Cantón, the Governor, that the man was ultimately sent to Tixkokob as stationmaster, and about this time the girl—whose letters had been intercepted—had a son. Ancona was then sixty-seven years of age ; he is now

eighty-nine. She ran away, fell into some financial difficulties, and the priest 'forgetting and forgiving all that she had done' presented her with 4000 pesos and received her back into his house. Varela, priest of Baca, vaunts the beauty of the local maidens, and if you will come at fair-time he will see that you are entertained. The doctor of a rich man called Mezquita, who had lately died at Izamal, told how the priest would not communicate him on his death-bed if he did not pay the Church a sum of 3500 pesos (one centavo for each 25 lbs.—an *arroba*—of hemp). Mezquita always had refused to pay the Church's impositions; so they bargained now, and finally 100 pesos were accepted. But the Church is not endowed, and if you want her services it seems to me that one centavo per *arroba* is no very grievous tax. There is this much excuse for the commercial spirit in the priests of Yucatan—their congregations never would support them. 'In a town towards Campeche, twenty-seven leagues from here,' an English-speaking *hacendado* said, 'the priest leaves out of the convent every Sunday morning with a game-cock, going to fight in the open parade. After he goes into any rum shop that is near and has his drink equal to anyone. He says he is only a priest when he is in the church; outside he is like any other man.' Mendoza, priest of Tizimin, had four children; Aguilar, who succeeded him, misled the fourteen-year-old daughter of his cousin, living with her very openly; Ortiz, a priest in Merida Cathedral, had two children by a cousin, but this happened when he was a village priest. The children and the mother lived with Don Eusebio Escalante and the priest made monthly payments. Now, in virtue of his eminent position, he has totally abandoned them. And this is only Yucatan we have

considered, for I will not speak of what I do not know. But in two other States, far distant from each other, when the Bishop and the priest go travelling round the villages a handsome girl is put aside for each of them; she is much better dressed than she has ever been and she is covered with a certain perfume. On the other hand, the well-beloved Bishop of Tabasco could not, on account of his exceeding poverty, go from the capital to see his dying father.[1] And in many other parts of Mexico the priests are, doubtless, very worthy men, and I suppose that it is natural that one should hear about the reprobates. But if the upper classes who concern themselves in things ecclesiastical could be more often pious than what in schoolboy's English is called 'pi'—that is *beato*, if they struck themselves less often on their breasts I think the priests, by their activities and their example, would less often strike the Indians to the mud. In Mexico the picturesque is always round the corner: as the bell of Angelus tolls in the watch-tower of an ancient farm you may perceive the master and his Indians kneeling in the long verandah, in the yards where precious hemp is drying and among the twilit meadows; when the ceremony is concluded the grave Indian moves towards his master, wishing him a happy night, whereat the master gravely bows and wishes him the same. Two hours later you may see a vast procession

[1] However, it is not my business to compile a list of admirable bishops. Or shall anyone whose roof lets in the sky be bound to listen to the landlord when he demonstrates that this is quite unusual? There are, I do not doubt, a number of archbishops and of bishops in the Mexican Republic who permit the sky to filter through them. And it is, I hope, still less my business, to declare that I do not attack the Church of Rome. 'At the risk of appearing prejudiced,' so write two recent travellers, 'we must say that the Catholicism of the country is so decadent that its disgraceful services would be best done without.' I do attack the Church of Mexico which calls itself Roman Catholic, as it might call itself Wesleyan.

serpentining through the darkness, with a crackling and a flash of fireworks, white-clad men supremely happy, bent old women-slaves and women with the rapture of Madonnas giving sustenance to babies who resemble apes.

And now the discontent exploded. It was like the sudden and complete upheaval of a house of cards. This town was trembling at the near approach of desperate ex-slaves, that town was utterly deserted, here the agent of a farm was done to death and railway trains were overturned and Aristegui tearfully prayed for advice from Mr. Blake, the imperturbable. The governor tried, indeed, to be a man of iron; for he summoned the two editors and told them, with a meaning glance, that it would be unpatriotic if they did not publish lies. (To the 'Diario Yucateco' it would have been rather uncongenial.) And at Catmis, where the valiant Yaquis and the Mayas had entrenched themselves, the soldiers of the Cuerpo de Seguridad Publica took to their heels with small delay—poor peasants, many of them had been made to serve a second time in this militia. They departed now so rapidly that as they burst into a station and began to set a waiting train in movement it was necessary for the doctor to abandon all his baggage and run feverishly after them. It was like seeing lions, said the Press. Two officers were told that they would be court-martialled. In a few days Aristegui saw that everything was lost, he telegraphed to Mexico for troops, and when they came they were but numerous enough to guard the banks of Merida and certain of the public buildings. No *hacendado* with an unclear conscience dared to show himself outside of Merida, except to go down furtively to where a ship was. So the despotism of Don Olegario and the boot-importer

went the way of despotisms. Merida was on the eve of being captured, when a temporary Governor came from Mexico, one General Curiel, who was received with wild rejoicing. Thirteen members of the local congress met that night, on the 13th of March, after Aristegui had been actual Governor during thirteen months and thirteen days. 'I venture to suggest,' said the presiding gentleman, 'that Señor Aristegui's application for a leave of absence——,' but the rest was drowned in laughter. And the other members of the Congress swayed upon their rocking-chairs and vainly searched for inspiration in the ceiling and were silent, even as a tongueless chicken in the old days when a *hacendado* would have met his death if he had been detected in his camp by Mayas whom he had despoiled. The members of the Congress merely nodded, as they had so often done before. . . . And two days later, with a certain feeling of relief, I left the State. And yet it had been glorious to march beside the brave battalions and at last to see my dear and long-afflicted friends triumphant. But with even such high thoughts I could not keep myself from thinking, pleasurably, of my own survival. If the hostile powers never meant to slay me, they at all events had taken to themselves this extract out of Arthur Hugh Clough's Decalogue :—

> Thou shalt not kill, but needst not strive
> Officiously to keep alive.

And I was now disturbed by nothing, save to know how much the secret-service men would want in tips.

. . . . . .

It was a clear and cold March evening when we all sailed out together from Progreso towards the setting

sun. Our boat moved imperceptibly, and if it had not been for the pale streak we left behind us I should not have thought that we were moving. In the boat came the dethroned one, Muñoz Aristegui, now looking like a weary grandmamma, and his alert young secretary who directed Public Works in Yucatan. This person, Medina Ayora, put a bold face on the business, but was forced at frequent intervals to wipe his pince-nez with his handkerchief. And on the boat, with the appearance of a burglar who has had too much to eat, came likewise Don Ricardo Molina. 'Our beloved editor,' so the 'Diario Yucateco' had proclaimed that morning, 'travels to the capital of the Republic, there to occupy his seat in Congress.' And though Congress was not to assemble for another fortnight, he had come from Merida by special train, out to the steamship by a special tender, so consumed was he with passion to begin his duties. And I think he was considering the black points of his Fatherland, which as a legislator he must help to rub away. At all events, Ricardo in the yellow shooting-cap was very glum. He strode about the deck and scowled, what time poor Muñoz querulously spoke into Medina's ear. For those three comrades it was a most miserable world, this world of ours; the pallor which had fallen over it was universal surely, and would surely last for ever. And behind the boat was spread the pallid streak of foam upon the dark waves that were laughing, laughing.

Far to the left of us were palms, and they were bowing us farewell. The clumsy little tender rolled across the purple waves; not this black vessel on our left and not the sun to which we steered could interrupt the solemn laughter of the sea. That sun was golden, with a lower part of red, as if the gold were

being manufactured in the crucible. And suddenly the crucible was emptied of its treasure and red-hot had fallen down on to the water's rim. Beyond it was a region which had opalescent and frail clouds upon the frontier—and the sun attempted to set fire to them. Not so impregnable to mourners is the boundary of the land of dream and less alluring is the frontier of the gracious meadows of the dead. Some birds, black messengers, fly upward out of sight. . . . A greyness overwhelms the sky, save where a spattering of red and yellow stains it and recalls the flag which has now utterly been banished—at my side the yellow shooting-cap—has Spain been banished utterly? But now the shore of Yucatan is nothing, is a shadow on the margin of the sea. There, to the south and east and west, the slaves have gone to sleep. And one or two of them, the Mayas, dream about the men who raised the pyramid at Chichen Itza; one or two of them, the Yaquis, dream about their brothers in the mountains of Sonora. (Now the deputy is talking to me.) One of them, perhaps, will rise up from his dream and make it flash against the world's indifference, as yonder lighthouse flashes on the greyness. Presently we veer a point, the wind is blowing at us straight from Mexico—what is it that the deputy was saying? Then the clouds upon the frontier change to lilac, and they are not so much cloud as they are lace, from heaven falling on the sea.

My friend the sea! It was on the next afternoon that someone overheard the Public Works Director and our deputy Ricardo as they plotted. But the Yucatecan friend who overheard them was a sorry negligible sight upon a deck-chair, and Ricardo, clinging to the rail, informed the other that he would reward him more than handsomely if he could

penetrate into my cabin and secure the documents. It would be such a good thing for the country, quoth Ricardo. How he meant his comrade to proceed I know not, and apparently such enterprises are not in the province of a Public Works Director; this one, anyhow, was waiting for instructions. And the sea grew very playful and Ricardo wanted to hear nothing more about my documents.

CHAPTER II

WHAT LERDO DE TEJADA THOUGHT OF DIAZ

THERE fell into my hands one day in Mexico the charming little book of Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada. It was written[1] in New York in 1889, but I suppose that there are fewer copies of it now extant than there have been good Presidents in Mexico. Assassination was the lot of those who printed it and tried to publish it abroad. The second part 'In Exile' (*En el Destierro*) I have not as yet secured; the myrmidons of Don Porfirio have had the start of me. But in the meanwhile I will give some extracts from the former volume, and its author was a philosophic person very qualified to deal with such a subject. He preceded Don Porfirio in office, having come there automatically on the sudden death, in 1872, of the great Zapotec Benito Juarez. They did

[1] I have reason to believe that Don Sebastian did not write this little book himself, but that another exiled Mexican composed it from the scraps of conversation, documents and letters he was able to collect. If anything be fanciful one cannot for that reason say that it is wholly destitute of value; we must try to separate the wheat and chaff. Don Trinidad Sanchez Santos, editor of 'El Pais,' and the most able publicist, perhaps, in Mexico, was of opinion that whatever is most intimate comes straight from the ex-President. It may be added that the man who generally is reputed to have edited this book asked Don Porfirio, four years ago, if he might come back after twenty years of exile. Diaz answered that he had got no objection, but that he could not say what the attitude would be of Justice. And the editor is very credibly reported to have stayed in the United States.

not in those days have Vice-Presidents in Mexico; the man who by the law succeeded was the head of the Supreme Court of Justice. Lerdo de Tejada's brother Miguel was one of the most eminent of Mexicans, and as for him himself, a political opponent—an Imperialist—has told me of an interview which happened in Jalapa.[1] For an hour my friend was pouring out his arguments with something more than vigour, while Sebastian, walking up and down the cloisters, occupied the next hour in corrosive criticism, point by point, of all the arguments, and he had made no single note. When he was President he carried all his business in his memory. And he knew how to write!

'If there is any sting,' he says, 'in certain of the pages, may my loyal and my faithful fellow-citizens forgive me: fruits which to the fingers are most rough are most delightful to the palate. This is not a diatribe, it is no satire, no complaint; but merely some impressions which I should not like to die with me. In exile I have altered my ideas on men, but notwithstanding this the men have undergone for me no alteration: that is to say, that I shall judge them as before my glorious disaster of 1876.'

He met Porfirio Diaz in the first days of the restoration of the Republic; but he had already heard of him from Juarez at the time of the Vidaurri execution. 'He is a man,' said Juarez, 'who weeps when he is killing.' And a few days later he was seeing off some traitors at the station. He had wished to have them shot, and now was breathing words of consolation, while his handkerchief was

[1] Capital of the State of Veracruz. Also spelled: Xalapa, and pronounced almost like Ha-lappa. But of course we have retained our own pronunciation—jalap—of the root of that plant which was brought from there and is employed in medicine as a cathartic.

soaked with tears. He railed at the Republic for this unjust sentence, and on the departure of the train he waved his *kepi* and he wept. 'Are you aware,' said Don Sebastian to Juarez, 'that he is eccentric?' 'What? Has he been shooting someone else?' the President demanded. 'Not a bit of it. He has been seeing off the traitors at the station.' 'Yes,' quoth Juarez, 'either he is shooting people or is bidding them farewell. . . . He is original!'

It may be urged that Presidents in exile are not, when they write of their successors, as dispassionate as one would wish; but Don Sebastian was too humorous, too cynical, too wise to let his feelings carry him away. 'In order to convert,' he says, 'a friend into an enemy one look is all you need; to make an enemy your friend you will shed all your tears in vain.' The prejudice with which we regard a Latin-American, saying that he must be always at the one extreme or at the other, and that cool appreciation is beyond his reach—I think our author was not so much tainted as are many Anglo-Saxons. Member of an old colonial family, he knew his Mexico, and treating of Oaxaca[1] (on whose soil a public man is born as often as a public woman in Jalisco) he observes that most of the celebrities, political and economical, of Mexico have had their cradle in the southern State. 'Every baptism of a little Oaxacanian,' he remarks, 'is but another cypher added to the burden of the Budget; every wedding is a threat against the Treasury. The education of a little Oaxacanian is achieved as easily as crying: after he has read the proclamations of General Diaz, the economic notes of Don Matías Romero, and the diplomatic notes of Mariscal he can obtain the first diploma and the first

[1] Pronounced: Wa hacca.

public employment. It is said that these children do not weep nor suckle, but all the Oaxacanians weep. . . .' They choose, he says, the sword or else the law for their profession, and they are so morbid that when they are not for killing someone—they do not commit suicide. 'Cunning and hypocrisy are qualities inherent in a Oaxacanian, and he cultivates with nice attention both these attributes of Nature. His mission in the world is this: to last as long as possible—and nearly all of them arrive at being centenarians!—to work as little as possible and to live, to live well. . . . His determination is inflexible: the courage of Juarez in the wilderness, and the tenacity (by fits and starts) of Diaz, the heroic patience of Don Matías piling up his nonsense, these are three different manifestations of perseverance. In whatever way it shows itself, this virtue elevates the Oaxacanian: in a century of little muddy men the men of bronze impose themselves. The Oaxacanians are men of bronze. . . .' Louis XI., of unholy memory, was wont to use a Latin proverb which we may translate: Who knows not how to feign, he knows not how to reign. And this, says Don Sebastian, 'is the strong side of the estimable Oaxacanians. There is nothing we can call fictitious about Don Matías: I conceive of him as being one of the most famous fools in Mexico. But he is a *bona-fide* fool: he thinks he is a man of talent. . . . And he has a special tact: to lawyers he will talk about finance and to financiers of the law, to diplomats he will discourse on architecture and to architects upon diplomacy. And if *no* person understands him, everyone cries out his fame. Ah, yes! if General Diaz is a wonderful comedian, Don Matías as tragedian is sublime.' And we are told how Don Matías,

the bronze lion of Washington society (when he was Minister), found that his melancholy countenance was sometimes inconvenient, as when Lord Pauncefote at a reception took him for a lackey and gave over to him hat and coat and stick.

Our author meditates upon the Yucatecans and their neighbours of Campeche, who are given less to politics, 'but when the Lord our God commands that they should walk this road they do it with the utmost energy. I do not know if they were friends of mine or of my presidency, but I had a couple of Campeche friends: Pedro and Joaquin Baranda. This Don Pedro was a personage, theatrical and smart, such as we only meet with nowadays, alas! in the vignettes that decorate the "History of Frederick of Prussia"; without having found himself in a single battle he possessed the rank of General and (which is still more tremendous) the reputation of a gallant fellow. . . . Some days after the distracted flight of General Diaz on the plains of Icamole this magnificent Don Pedro spurred the Palace carpets and addressed me, "If you authorise me, Señor Lerdo, I engage myself to bring the head of Don Porfirio Diaz." . . .

'"General," said I, "do not molest yourself. It is sufficient if you bring his ears." . . .

'On the day after the action at Epatlán the same Señor Baranda said to me, "I should desire to sally to Campeche, Mr. President."

'"But the revolutionary Diaz," I replied, "advances by Oaxaca!"

'"That is true, and I am anxious to demolish him upon the sea."

'"All right. Remember, you are going to bring his head!"

'"His ears, Mr. President, his ears." . . .

'"Oh, very well; whichever causes you least inconvenience."

'And he vanished, with a clink of spurs.' . . .

The memories of Don Sebastian have their varied facets, and, although it does not deal with General Diaz, we may quote the following adventure with a dramatist. Chavero's snuff-box was more perilous than many hostile cannons, so the Army Secretary used to say, and thus one gathers an idea of Don Sebastian's manfulness. 'One night in February, 1874,' he says, 'a little person who was swathed up to his eyebrows in a black and flowing mantle, with an air of one of the fantastic folk of Hoffman, moved towards me and: "I come," he said—his voice was melancholy—"Don Sebastian, I come to speak with you upon a grave and private matter. . . . Are the doors all locked?" "They are." "No one can interrupt us?" "No one! not a fly, nor flea." . . . Then the muffled person showed himself: it was Don Alfredo Chavero! Nervously he started fingering a manuscript. Some idol that he has exhumed, I thought. "The tempest of a kiss," quoth he. "I beg your pardon?" "That is what my work is called: The tempest of a kiss." "Dear me, that's good." "You think so, Señor Lerdo?" "Certainly, and it is most original. I have seen tempests in the sky and tempests in a lover, even tempests in a glass of *pulque;* but the tempest in a kiss . . . ah, what originality!" "So I have come," he was most solemn, "I have come to read my drama to you. It is worthy of great Calderon, says Dr. Peredo." . . . "I am very sorry, but I have no time." . . . "In that case, Señor Lerdo, let me read the first act to you . . . hardly more than two hours." "It is impossible, Señor Chavero!" "Nor the argument?

In two words I will tell it you. The niece of an aunt falls in love with a cousin; the cousin of the cousin falls in love with the niece; the tutor intervenes and marries the apple of discord. The two cousins fight and kill each other. The aunt of the niece dies of anguish; the niece dies also in giving a kiss to the cousin number one. What a simple drama, what a moving plot! Do you not think so, Mr. President?" "Sublime! only that . . ." "Yes?" "I should also kill the tutor." "Ah, but how?" "By burning the drama." . . .'

And he gives the picture of another interview, between Benito Juarez and the Princess Salm-Salm,[1] which has not been always truthfully depicted. 'The Salm-Salm had about her nothing of romance: American by birth and education, of the Anglo-Saxon race, so cold and positive . . . she came twice to San Luis to see Juarez; but these unexpected visits had been instigated by the thoughtfulness of General Diaz, who was eager to get rid of the Princess and found no better way than that of sending her to us at San Luis, assuring her that Juarez would forgive the Archduke. But as all the acts of General Diaz,

[1] This lady died in December, 1912. Miss Agnes Leclerc, as she then was, met Prince Felix Salm-Salm in the early sixties when she was a bareback circus-rider. Fascinated by her beauty, he married her one morning at five o'clock, and the couple became two of the most popular and most talked of people in America. The Prince raised a volunteer regiment, and, her training having made her absolutely fearless and a perfect horsewoman, the Princess was often at the head of the regiment on the field of battle. Governor Yates gave her a Captain's commission and pay in addition, but she gave all the money for the wounded. In 1863 the Prince took part in the Mexican Revolution, assisting the Emperor until 1867, when they both were captured and sentenced to death. The Princess managed to obtain from Juarez an order for her husband's release. He returned to Prussia and died on the battlefield in 1871. She, for her services as nurse in the same campaign, was awarded the Iron Cross, being the only woman upon whom this coveted distinction had ever been bestowed.

The Aqueduct of Querétaro,

built between 1726 and 1735 by the Marqués de la Villa del Villar del Aguila.

even those that are most insignificant, are bound up with duplicity, he gave to the unfortunate Princess the letter of Pausanias.[1] As she only spoke German and English, she employed the latter in her interviews, and Don José Iglesias was the interpreter. These interviews were not at all dramatic: Don Benito's face was like a mask.'

It is not necessary that we should repeat the several tales about the childhood and the youth of Diaz. Other tales, of an heroic nature, have been told us pretty often, and we have to cast aside so many splendid adjectives that have been showered on his later years, we have to come to think of such a different man that we should be quite dazed if we could not preserve at least those early stories. Don Sebastian, doubtless, took enormous pains to make investigations—he had little else to do when he was exiled—his ability is undisputed, but he may have been deceived when he gave credence to these most ferocious tales. When he refers, however, to the celebrated skirmish of the 2nd of April and the birth of Don Porfirio's widespread popularity he gives the figures and we have to listen. Thirteen thousand desperadoes, he asserts, flew down upon 4000 wretched people, and it is a fact that fifty-six officers, captured by treason, were dispatched at the command of Diaz. There is some discrepancy between the various historians. 'The Republican forces swept everything before them,' says the Mexican 'Year Book,' and that is what usually happens when 4000 are attacked by 13,000. 'Their losses were cruel,' says the 'Year

[1] This, of course, refers to the King of Sparta, who sent a letter to Artabazus, a Persian Satrap in Asia Minor. The letter was reasonable and the postscript said 'Kill bearer' (cf. Thucydides i. 132). The passage in Homer about Bellerophon, who went to the King of Lycia bearing a similar message, is in Iliad vi. 160, etc.

Book,' which is really a most handsome volume issued 'under the auspices of the department of finance' and published in two different shades of red and gold in London at a guinea. 'Their losses were cruel,' says the 'Year Book,' whose 700 pages are so full of pleasant information that I think it is the price alone which has prevented it from being on the shelves of every family which knows our tongue. An optimistic writer is the one who revels in a circulation; here we have a band of writers who are all of them and all the time magnificently optimistic. Those of you who have some sorrow in the world, come buy this gorgeous book, and if you have 4000 wretched sorrows they will be annihilated surely. In that part which is devoted to the blinding grandeur of Porfirio Diaz it observes that 'their losses were cruel,' and apparently 'tis not intended to have reference to the fifty-six officers. 'The heroic Mexicans,' so says another writer (and I do not think that he is subsidised), 'captured one entrenchment after another, and daylight saw them in possession of the place.' Now what says Don Sebastian? 'Everything,' he assures us, 'was in favour of General Diaz: superiority in numbers, moral superiority, and topographical superiority: there was no battle and no strategy: the Imperialists fired a few cartridges and deserted, especially the members of the foreign legion, who had asked already for an armistice from Don Porfirio.' It likewise is a fact that when I was in Mexico some of the bolder spirits ventured to protest against the naming of a street 'Dos de Abril.' Says Don Sebastian, 'The rout of Márquez and his retreat to the capital were due to General Toro: the siege of Mexico is the most humiliating page in the campaigns of Diaz. Not only did he

prolong the siege at the instance of Márquez, but he allowed him to escape, protecting him as far as Veracruz. Afterwards, when the Republican Government was re-established, wishing to balance his military errors with an act of theatrical probity, he gave back 300,000 pesos, which remained when he had paid the troops.'

Perhaps, indeed, this reimbursement was not made without an object, but we surely must believe that Don Sebastian goes too far when he accuses Don Porfirio of treating with Bazaine. 'On 15th August, 1865,' he says, 'I sent a circular at the command of Juarez to the chiefs of the Republicans, announcing that the National Government would never quit the country. These circulars came to the hands of Escobedo, of Régules, of Corona, of Porfirio Diaz; in a note appended to them by the Minister of War those leaders were required to read the circulars to their respective corps in the Order of the day, since it was well that all the people should have knowledge of these patriotic resolutions. General Diaz did not read the circular, although he was commanded twice to do so. This unpardonable act was not explained to us when we were in Chihuahua, whether it was owing to the difficulties of transit or to the prevalence of warring bands, but in San Luis news was brought to Juarez, indicating that the motive of the disobedience of Diaz was that he was in active communication with Bazaine. . . . In truth, the traitor of Sedan in his attempt to grasp at Mexico was, as is well known, treating with some chiefs of the Republicans. Who were those chiefs? Until now all is conjecture and induction in this dark affair; and it is by conjecture and induction that the crime may be explained. . . . Diaz was a prisoner

of the French; could his escape from Puebla be feasible, when he was looked on as a dangerous man? There should be still in Mexico a Frenchman of the name of M——, who carried several secret notes from Diaz to Bazaine. . . .'

But after all we have the 'Year Book,' which is published by McCorquodale and Co. Ltd., 40 Coleman Street, London, E.C. (all rights reserved), and there we learn that Diaz 'was destined to play so transcendent a part, not only during the remainder of the war against the French and against the Empire, but . . .' and so forth. And besides, he is a patriot. Did he not prove it when in 1876 at Palo Blanco he gave out a proclamation to the poor, downtrodden, outraged Mexicans? The patriot (in Article 10) promised 'to deliver the country from the oppression of foreign enterprises.' This alone would seem to indicate that he was not the sort of man to parley with Bazaine, whose enterprise assuredly was foreign. If, however, we give ear to Don Sebastian, we can argue that men are not born to virtue, it must constantly be thrust upon them, and one can become a patriot in course of time. Eleven years divide these incidents; perhaps the General in 1876 had recently become a patriotic person. He was very fine just then; he undertook (in Article 11) that lotteries should be abolished, as they were immoral, and if you still doubt his patriotic fervour look, I pray you, at the next Article, wherein he says he will not recognise the English debt. . . . One has to bow to circumstance, and Don Porfirio has not been able to fulfil these promises in their integrity; he said, for instance (Article 1), that freedom of election should no longer be a farce, and furthermore he promised (Article 7) that the Public Power would not slay its enemies.

However, we may recognise that his intentions were profoundly patriotic.

Don Sebastian remains the devil's advocate. 'One of the most valuable qualities,' he says, 'of General Diaz has been the ability to clothe himself in every manner of disguise: he is the man of transformations, physical and moral. In the former Garrick, Talma, Coquelin are left behind, and as for moral metamorphoses—the chronic rebel has become an ardent friend of peace; the incendiary of '71 favours the formation of a fire brigade in '88; the cattle thief of '74 advises on the rearing of black cattle in '87; the tireless foeman of the railway from Mexico to Veracruz in '75 hands out concessions in '77; he who in '73 writes to a fellow-soldier and insults the Bar by calling it a hospital of ink will presently preside at meetings of these juris-consults. . . .'

But our latest extract from the little book shall treat of something picturesque. A letter from Tepic was sent in May of 1872 to Lerdo telling how in April General Diaz, 'in the disguise of an ecclesiastic and accompanied by one General Galván, arrived at San Luis, to beseech the help and the protection of Lozada. It was no easy matter for Diaz to secure an audience; at last, after a thousand humiliations, he was received. Lozada was standing up and had his hat on; Diaz entered and was followed by the insignificant Galván. His hat was in his hand; he smiled most sweetly, as he always does with *hacendados* whom he asks for money. He wanted to embrace Lozada, but was forced to be contented with an icy hand. Somewhat disconcerted, Diaz then began to adulate the Tiger of Alica, swearing that he burned to know him and that he was honoured by the grip of such a hand. He concluded his renowned harangue in this way:

" Persecuted everywhere, I come to find a refuge in this land of *liberty ;* what a difference between Juarez the *despot* and Miguel Lozada the *hospitable* and *magnanimous ;* Miguel Lozada, whom those *calumniate* who know him not, and whom *I* feel bestows on me an honour with his hand." Was the hero's lying repugnant to the bandit ? Anyhow, a follower of his commanded, on the next day, that the General should leave the territory. . . .' [On the day after receiving this singular letter, Don Sebastian went to talk about it with the President.] ' I had already unfolded the letter to show him, when he stayed my hand and said : " I am certain it concerns our *great vagabond* . . . my countryman, Porfirio Diaz."

' " Exactly. Have you had a presentiment ? "

' " He has written from Tepic and promised to prepare an ambush for Lozada, on the understanding that I recompense him with . . ."

' " But he has eaten bread and salt at the chieftain's table . . . he can never be so treacherous. . . ."

' " No ? read. . . ." '

. . . . . .

So much for Don Sebastian's story. Whether it be true or false I will not say, but I have met an erstwhile friend of Diaz who was never elevated to the rank of General ' because,' said Don Porfirio, ' he would not lend me money, and I was obliged to make myself so humble to the robber-chief Lozada.'

The Cathedral of Mexico City,

completed in 1667, and regarded as a characteristic example of Spanish Renaissance. The Sagrario Metropolitano, though joined to the Cathedral, is a distinct church in itself. It is one of the three important examples of *Churrigueresque* church exteriors now existing in the capital, and is remarkable for its two elaborately and intricately decorated façades.

CHAPTER III

WHEN DON PORFIRIO WAS CANDID

(A TRANSLATION)

[*This interview, like that with Mr. Creelman, is the sum of various conversations, only with the difference that he who wrote it has been, on and off, a friend of Don Porfirio's for more than 60 years. He has been good enough to let me take this chapter from a book that will be published. Under Don Porfirio it would have been impossible to give his name, without imperilling, perhaps his life, and certainly the publication of a very valuable and authoritative book. Now I am free to say that it is Don Ireneo Paz, the venerable editor of 'La Patria.'*]

11TH FEBRUARY, 1909. At this moment, in the clamour of the rockets, bombs and chimes and motor-cars, amidst a multitude of the devout, they celebrate the consecration of the new Archbishop of Mexico, Señor Mora, in whose honour this imposing festival is being held in the Cathedral that is at the side of the National Palace. In this latter building is the national Supreme Executive, General Porfirio Diaz, who had possessed himself of the Government at Tecoac, his third and successful revolution.

Exactly at a quarter past twelve, in the middle of the day, when all the central streets were being shaken with the fury of the bells and fireworks, an old Liberal entered the Palace. He was one of those whom nowadays we call contemptuously *Jacobites*, who notwithstanding were accustomed in the early days to fling themselves into the struggle with no personal ambition, with no wish for lucre; on the contrary, in

dissipation of their meagre fortune, of their health and their domestic comfort, risking their lives at every turn in order that they might give utterance to the ideal which was rooted in their hearts, to form a people of free men. The foundation of the Mexican Republic is the work of these Liberals, as is the Constitution promulgated in 1857, the separation of Church and State, the independence which was secured at Querétaro.

'What noise may that be, Mr. President?' asked the old Liberal, in perfect innocence.

General Diaz raised himself majestically from his seat, walked to the balcony and glanced into the street. Then he replied, in off-hand fashion, 'It appears the new archbishop is being consecrated in the temple there.'

'But surely the Constitution was not celebrated, six days ago, with such enthusiasm.'

'It was not celebrated with any.'

'But the Constitution which has been our laborious——'

'Do not deceive yourself, my friend. The Constitution has been no more than a pretext, so that we, the revolutionaries, could take Power by assault. We invoked the Constitution, we fondled it like a pretty child, but really it has not been of the slightest practical importance for a single President of those who proclaimed it.'

'At all events, it has assisted them in sustaining their authority, since from the time of Comonfort they have not ceased to call themselves Constitutional Presidents.'

'And ever since then it has been a mere obstacle——'

'Very well, General, we will talk of that. We have known each other for too long, and we have always

been too candid with each other to be able now to hide our thoughts. But apropos the consecration of this new archbishop and all the turmoil they are making, I permit myself to ask this question: Is it lawful to be ringing all those bells and to burn all that powder and to deafen us with the noise?'

'Heavens! Don Pancho, it's not for you to ask me such things, when you know as well as I do what the people are who lead the Government. You know that the Governor, the ædiles, the police, all those who have to do with public order, are the monks' own servants. How can they rise up in opposition to the ceremonies that are being made for an archbishop?'

'Perhaps the Reform Laws are not in operation?'

'That is another scarecrow which should not be touched by those who know as well as we do both the Mexican people and its Governors.'

'Then let us leave these questions for the present. Besides, I have been wanting to ask you if that interview which the papers published a few months ago was authentic, that one which is said to have occurred between yourself and one Creelman, an American journalist[1]?'

'What surprises me is that sagacious men like you should have been capable of giving credit to such folly' [*á semejante paparrucha*].

'Because I did not believe it, I asked you if it was authentic.'

'It's as true as a dead child! You know me too well to believe that I could stroll for hours upon the terrace of Chapultepec, exhibiting the white of my eyes and opening my nostrils excessively in order

[1] 'Un de ses plus énergiques et de ses plus habiles avocats,' says the Review 'Le Correspondant' (Paris) of August, 1911.—H. B.

that the Yankee reporter may be able to give wings to his fancy. What happened was this: a friend of mine, a member of my Cabinet, came to read me the article which was already manufactured [*confeccionado*] for an American publication. It didn't seem bad to me, or rather it seemed very good, because without compromising me much it lent a lustre to my antecedents and put me on a good footing for the future, so that it gave me all the facilities which I desired, whether to continue sacrificing myself for the Fatherland or to shake off the dust thereof [*zafarme*] in time if things should blow into a whirlwind [*á ponerse turbias*]. I acknowledge to you that I thought the writing was so well dressed up, so much in conformity with what are not but should be my profoundest thoughts, so seemly for our luckless proletariat, that I accepted it unhesitatingly as if it had been inspired by me myself, not making more than a very few modifications on some entirely Yankee points of view which would have put me in a very ridiculous position, and I gave my consent to two things: that it should be published in English and Spanish, and that it should be amply paid for.'

'About how much was the cost of this work?'

'Some fifty thousand pesos.' [*Como unos cincuenta mil pesos.*][1]

'So that you approve of everything which is here: that you are the most romantic figure, an unreadable mystery, the foremost figure of the American hemisphere?'

'Who will weep if you give him bread? They serve up eulogies to me, let them continue. In the first place, the size of political figures depends on the eyes which look at them; and in the second place, they

[1] Surely this is a mistake on Don Porfirio's part.—H. B.

are always immense when they pay fifty thousand pesos.'

'Then did you not use those words with which the conference begins: "It is a mistake to suppose that the future of democracy in Mexico has been endangered by the long continuance in office of one President. I can say sincerely that office has not corrupted my political ideas, and that I believe democracy to be the one true, just principle of government, although in practice it is only possible to highly developed peoples. I can lay down the Presidency of Mexico without a pang of regret, but I cannot cease to serve this country while I live"?'

'How could I have ever uttered such a series of absurdities [*semejantes barbaridades*], when certainly I could not have kept my countenance while I was saying them? In the first place, this Creelman was not so much of an imbecile as to believe the contrary of what he saw and, moreover, those I govern, though they are foolish enough [*bastante estúpidos*] as a whole, are not so foolish as to think that I have now got half a drachm [*un adarme*] of democracy in my body. What democracy should I be going to have? And what should I want it for?'

'But formerly you were a scarlet democrat.'

'Yes, formerly, not now. It is not the same thing to be a shopkeeper and a merchant. I should like some of those flaming democrats who spout in the clubs to come and occupy my place for a couple of years, and the same thing would happen to them as to me and González: in the first year, with the best intentions, we wanted to have freedom of election, freedom of debate, freedom of the Press, freedom of all kinds, because we were also just as overflowing [*rebosantes*] with democracy as all the theorists who

hear the cock crow and know not whence; but each of us began to see that this people is of those that know nothing else than to fawn upon [*encaramársele*] the man who treats them with a certain gentleness [*dulzura*]. Here in this Palace we have proved the truth of the proverb which says: "He who is of honey will be eaten by the flies."'

'And, General, surely that is why you thought that it was best to rule with a cudgel' [*garrote*].

'Or with the slayer [*matona*], as the funny papers call the sword I usually wear?'

While he was saying this there shot from under his eyelids one of those luminous looks which made such an impression on Mr. Creelman.

Then he concluded, with something more of serenity: 'Without having a firm hand, no President will keep in power for four years in these Latin-American countries.'

'Seeing that we are such intimate friends, would it be possible for you to tell me with entire frankness, with that frankness which you have employed in this interesting conversation, whether it is true that you desire to be re-elected for the period 1910–16, despite the fact that you begin it with more than eighty years upon you, an age which some imagine to be incompatible with the delicate business of governing a nation?'

'I will tell you, Don Pancho, that I hardly ever speak the truth to friends or others when they ask me questions about things I look upon as compromising [*que considero comprometedoras*]; but this time I assure you that I am speaking with entire sincerity, because you are my old friend, because I know you are discreet and because I feel the necessity of throwing off the burden of this reticence

which I have had to keep within me during more than thirty years, while I have had this Government beneath my sway. Very well, yes—only those who are very short-sighted [*muy meopes*] cannot see that I consider this position as my inseparable comrade. I shall be very old next year, and older still in the year that will follow. Even now I can scarcely hold myself erect [*erguirme*] in front of certain people who must see me whole and strong. God knows the trouble which I go to so as not to give my hand to be squeezed and to prevent a groan escaping me each time I put myself to some unusual exertion. If they do not re-elect me, a thing which has not passed through my imagination, not even as a dream, I should die the next month, because power has become my second nature. I shall enter the Palace faltering [*gateando*, lit. *walking like a cat*], but I shall enter at the age of eighty years just as I shall enter at the age of ninety-two, which is the maximum age I promise myself, according to the strength of will I feel within me and the calculation which I make in order to preserve my best faculties, which are the energy to defeat obstacles and the good eye to choose my servants.'

'So that you are already thinking of an election after that one organised for 1910?'

'I am thinking of all those that can follow while I preserve an atom of life, and I found myself on this that nobody attempts to let me go [*pretende dejarme ir*] and for no other reason than that everyone is horribly afraid of the man who may come, and, so that there may not come another whom they know not of, neither the Mexicans nor the foreigners allow me to go; and as I want to go just as little, the result is that my re-elections must be indefinite. Inquire of

anyone, with the exception of some few who have ambitions such as Zúñiga y Miranda,[1] ask any Mexican or foreigner there in the street if he does not wish that I should convert myself into another Jupiter, and they would—I know it—answer you that they would like me to become immortal. Why? Because although I do not give them all those frivolities [*fruslerias*] that they call public liberties, I keep the peace for them, the friendship with other nations, and a *régime* which is neither Republic nor Monarchy, but which is useful to many people of your acquaintance; they make their harvest, and those who live on the budget have security for to-morrow's bread and the others can work in tranquillity. They throw it in my face, these few politicians, I know it well, that I drown the aspirations of talented youths, that I let no one rise up, not so much as raise his head to put me in the shade, that with this peace it seems a shame that orators cannot surpass themselves, nor literary men, nor politicians, nor any of the intellectuals of any profession, because I do not give them a theatre in which they can shine, because I have converted the legislators into mutes and the Press I have put in a bag [*en la picota*]. . . . And what? What is the value of this weight in the balance when, on the other side, there is the whole nation developing itself, progressing, making itself strong to assure its autonomy in the future, and for a life perhaps full of the grandest prosperity?'

'I must praise again the candour with which you are speaking, dear General. It is for me a novel and complete revelation, this mass of ideas that you have

[1] A gentleman interested in astronomy. His candidature, many years ago, was not taken seriously. And to-day the playful undergraduates are fond of calling him 'Mr. President.'—H. B.

been exposing for me, because I see behind them an entire system of Government which I did not believe you had so well considered. Now I am going to allow myself to ask you a question: When do you think that the people will be ready for democracy—that is, to change the personnel of its Government at every electoral period, without fear of economic and political upheavals?'

'Those who come after us will know. As far as I am concerned, democracy did not suit me, and therefore I suppressed it totally. It is easier to govern an idiot people [*un pueblo idiota*] which does not know how to elect, than whosoever mingles in elections, because, even counting with the majority, there always remain discontented fractions among those who are beaten. When there are no votes there are no victors and no conquered, and that is why I have been able to keep myself in power for so long, because this is a Republic which does not vote, does not know how to fight [*luchar*], which has no candidates, which has left everything to me as readily as one gives other folk a troublesome burden.'

'Is it a fact, Mr. President, that you believe that the middle class is the fountain from which democracy is to be hoped for?'

'In the first place, I will tell you that I do not believe that democracy exists or can exist among us, and the reason is that we have no one who hankers for it, save a person here and there. Everyone who has what he wants flings democracy to the devil. And as far as concerns the classes which compose society, I have no idea that some of them are better than others in political activity. The classes are three, according to what they say: the high, the middle and the low. Well now, look here, this is what I think of the three,

notwithstanding that I have belonged to all of them. The high class is that of the rich, that of the aristocrats, and as they say that extremes meet, this one elbows the lowest class, having the same ignorance, the same abjectness [*bajeza*], and the same dull and vile [*torpes y soeces*] passions. Now that I have seen from a very small distance [*de cerca*] all their hoggishness, I am terrified, knowing that it is not there that virtue thrives, nor intelligence, nor patriotism, nor anything. All these people, counting as they generally do on very great fortunes, which allow them to want for nothing, are nevertheless those who make themselves most humble to the men in power, and also they are those who know how to be the lowest in their adulations. Very often a man of the people has more dignity than a millionaire, and in the bosom of exalted families one sees more horrors than among the people. I repeat that I have been struck with horror as I learned of things that never had passed through my imagination. All this together, the immoral life of the high class, their absolute ignorance of science and the arts, their idle customs, their indifference to politics, their nullity in every sense, their incapacity even to know what sort of a thing is democracy and where it is to be found. The low class has three layers: a lowest one, which is upon the mud of depravity and misery; that which is a little higher and is formed of the poor artisans who are equally vicious and do not know of any government except that of their employers who pay them for their work and punish them when they do not accomplish it; and there is the class of the factory hands who already know what a strike is, who are on the same level as others living on their own little occupations, who know how to read newspapers and argue about public matters, but

in the most disorderly fashion [*mas desaliñada*], those who have no more idea that there is a Constitution and that in conformity with it they could, if they desired, elect their authorities. And there remains for us that which they call the middle class, which is almost entirely suckled on the treasury. Apart from artists, shop assistants, heads of workshops who have not got wealthy and have not yet passed into the aristocracy, hairdressers, *pulque* dealers, innkeepers and sacristans, the rest are employés, and that is where one really finds the intellectuals, and I count as being such employés the men who are ministers down to those who are deputies and schoolmasters. Now tell me, Don Pancho, whether this is where [*en ese gremio*] we can look for democracy. In consequence I have hoped neither little nor much, despite the assurance of Mr. Creelman that our people will acquire education and will become democratic, and as far as touches me it suits me to keep them in an everlasting *statu quo*, so as not to be molested with electoral tickets, which only those would use who have some private benefit in view. Standing as we are on the ground of sincerity, I confess to you that democracy is of no more importance to me than a *serenado cuerno*,[1] when once all those who count in this country are disputing among themselves for the honour of proposing, of entreating, of begging me to go on in the Presidency, although many of them bite their teeth [*de dientes para afuera*] and do it so as not to be behind the rest, because they think they can be certain that I am an old and useless thing. Look for example at the personages who have formed the aristocratic re-electionist club in which there are

[1] A term of contempt, which at any rate is forcible. Lit. *a horn which has been left out over night.*—H. B.

more than a dozen who would like to meet me at a dark corner. You will tell me, Don Pancho, if those whom they call 'cientificos' can be my partisans in good faith when I am not a 'cientifico,' not even secretly.'

'So that if an opposition party should be formed . . . ?'

'I would not be two hours in flattening it out,[1] as I have flattened out all those who have wanted to be hostile to me in whatsoever form. I should be a pretty fellow to consent to little oppositions [*oposicioncillas*] in Congress or in any part. At least in Congress you have seen that as for those who have ruffled me [*destemplado*] a little, I have taken their seats away from them, and if some of them have come back it is because they have come to offer me, almost on their knees, together with repentance, the most absolute obedience. Even these heterogeneous clubs that are now being formed, notwithstanding that the first thing they propose is my re-election, whether they call themselves Liberals, Democrats or Jews, these innocent clubs I do not let out of my sight, because when they are allowed to take wings some of them fly further than is convenient. There you have, as examples, the Governments of Juarez and Lerdo who got many headaches on account of the clubs and the

[1] And if, like Nicholas of Montenegro, he had settled to allow an opposition party, it is probable that much the same fate would have happened to the leader of it as befell M. Radovich, the husband of King Nicholas' niece, who has for years been kept in chains. There is an island prison on Lake Scutari which has, except in size, a good deal of resemblance to that island prison of San Juan de Ulua; in the former I found only six-and-thirty dungeons (all occupied), and the prisoners fight not against tuberculosis but malaria. Another point in which these picturesque and shrewd old gentlemen, Porfirio and Nicholas, resemble one another is the praise which has been showered on them by some ardent lovers of romance, of heroism and of liberty.—H. B.

little oppositions. No, Don Pancho, with me the politicians either knock their heads against each other [*cabrestean*] or drown themselves or remain quiet and submissive or they have to pay me for it. With me they have not got more than one of the two soups that you know of. . . .'

The General laughed at his sharpness and proceeded in an airy fashion :

'They made me say that I consented that one might suppose I had said of the opposition parties that I would be glad to see them formed, as if people would be so foolish as to fall into the trap ; but as they knew me pretty well it was only a few who were so stupid. As a rule, there is no one who opens his mouth except in order to extol me, to applaud me, to deify me, and all this is the result of my politics, that permit everything except that someone should attempt to put himself in front of me. While it is I who give the orders, there is not going to be any other but myself in the candlestick ; this is the only way whereby we all of us can keep the feast and not be interrupted. Every head is bending now, and God deliver him who tries to raise up his.'

'Would you cut it off ?'

'There would be no help for it. And I should at once repeat that good paragraph which Mr. Creelman supplied me with and did it very well : "It was better that a little blood should be shed that much blood should be saved. The blood that was shed was bad blood, the blood that was saved was good blood" —my blood, which always has been the principal.'

'And is it a fact that you give preference to the school over the army ?'

'That is what they made me say, but I am not so foolish. Neither the boys, not the masters, nor my

Minister of Public Instruction, nor the whole collection of books would help me to squash an insurrection in Guerrero or a mutiny of the Flores Magon, while with my soldiers and my cannons and my officers who are got up now like Germans, I can make the land tremble, above all, on every 16th of September when they see the new elements of destruction filing pompously through the streets of Mexico. Public instruction has been of no use to me and never will be; while the less the Mexicans know how to think the more will they be inclined to maintain me, without suspecting, though, that I have carried off their liberties and that I have made myself their dictator. The slower they are in learning the longer they will leave me in peace to govern them, believing that I am the Most Holy Trinity.'

'But returning to a point we omitted, Mr. President, about the re-election for the period after 1916, do you think that you can preserve your old energy in the six years following the Centenary? Formerly you used to give three audiences a week, and these are already reduced to Mondays only, and not all the Mondays; your hunting-parties are less frequent, and in fine, your application to business tends to cause you more fatigue every day, and even illness. Are you not afraid of seeing yourself deprived one day or another of all participation in the Government?'

'I am strong, but supposing that I cease to be so, the only thing that will happen is that my secretary, Chousel, will seize the opportunity to build another house or two, like that one he has already in the Colonia Juarez[1] and my Ministers will do the rest. That which matters is that the whole world should know I am at the front even though I do not govern.

[1] A fashionable part of the capital.—H.B.

The Mexicans will keep their fear for the God Moloch, and the outsiders will keep high our funds.'

'Exactly. I do not want to abuse your kindness further, General, and I am going to stop now that the bombs are bursting and the bells out there have gone back to this ringing. But let me ask you: is it true that the Government has made some arrangement with the church bodies in virtue of which these corporations can break the Reform Laws, establishing convents on all sides and making public scandals such as the recent coronation at Oaxaca and this one now with the consecration of the new archbishop?'

'Look here, Don Pancho; you must pardon me if I regard your question as impertinent, and here are the reasons: a public man, as you know, who controls a Government like mine cannot frame contracts of this kind, either expressly or tacitly. In this last form perhaps there is something which consists solely in dissimulation, in tolerance, and which can also call itself the method of true liberty. So long as the acts of the clergy do not cause harm to the Government, why should they be stopped? The Reform Laws, like all others, must be a little flexible: one can use them, according to circumstances, by making them tighter or slacker. At the present it has been arranged to slacken them so that we may all be in peace. If it cheers them up, the priests and their satellites, to crown a virgin or to consecrate a new archbishop, why not? Whom do they harm with these innocent entertainments? . . .'

'They harm the Liberal creed,' exclaimed Don Pancho as he roughly interrupted the first magistrate; 'they harm the ignorant by keeping back their moral progress; they harm the credit of the whole nation in the eyes of foreigners who think that we are forming

here a people of fanatics[1] . . . and these same fanatics grow so arrogant as to believe that they are governed by Santa-Anna or by Miramón.'

'Quiet yourself, my friend, and above all consider what is the result of throwing broadcast these stale [*rancias*] ideas which are out of harmony with the present age of evolution. Nowadays the men of science, the really clever men, are laughing at our old Jacobitism which has become inadequate in face of modern methods of experimentation. . . .'

Don Pancho opened his eyes enormously and fixed them in terror on the President, saying at the same time to himself—he was amazed: 'But is this the same Porfirio whom I have known for more than sixty years?'

[1] We may note that certain foreigners were not repelled by this fanaticism. On the contrary—and as an illustration of their enterprise, if nothing else, we have Lord Cowdray's firm which tried to float upon the top of the fanatic wave. Three or four years ago they brought a mighty poster out, adjuring Mexicans to use their oil, and saying that His Holiness the Pope advised this course of conduct. When that poster came into the hands of the 'Petroleum World' of London they addressed it to an influential and trustworthy correspondent at the Vatican. Perhaps in Mexico it had been some small parish priest who told his congregation that he liked this oil and, on the other hand, perhaps it was not so; but what is certain is that from the Vatican came the reply one would expect, which poured cold water on the troubling oil.

* . . . . . .

However I would not suggest that business and religion should be strictly kept apart. There is, in Mexico again, the case of Mr. Stilwell, a most ardent Christian Scientist, who is constructing a great railway down from Kansas City to the State of Sinaloa. He is in the habit of conducting parties of Americans and other magnates through the country, and when they are sitting round him in his private car he will discourse upon the future of his railway very glowingly and afterwards give very lucid answers to financial problems. After this he gives them each a book of Christian Science hymns, and with his secretary playing the harmonium he leads the voices; and it is delicious when those corpulent old gentlemen take from their mouths the fat cigars and warble. Sometimes one of them at the conclusion of a hymn or even, prematurely, of a verse, will have financial doubts as to the railways. He will ask a question and he will be satisfactorily answered. Then the singing is resumed. . . . Unfortunately, since I wrote these words, the railway has gone into liquidation.—H. B.

The President continued quietly:

'We have no pact whatever with the clergy. We let them pray, we let them build and decorate their temples, we let them foster clandestine associations, we let them peal their bells and make some processions so long as they do not interfere in any way with us, except if it is to preach a blood-curdling sermon or so in exchange for the gory articles that the Liberal sheets devote to them.'

'But also they are heaping up treasure—a menace for the future.'

'There will be someone there who will compel them to disgorge again' [*la segunda desamortización*].

And as the President arose to stretch his hand out to one of his Secretaries of State who had arrived by appointment, the interview concluded. As Don Pancho left the room he stumbled against the door and against the adjutants, and presently his pointed silhouette vanished . . . into the distance.

CHAPTER IV

PORFIRIAN JUSTICE

I

It may sometimes be bad business if you kill a man. Well, I have written all that sentence very carefully; one has to be so careful when one writes of Mexico. For instance, there appeared a rather scathing book which dealt with one particular division of the country. I do not say the book was free from all sensationalism or from all exaggeration, neither can I say that I am a complete admirer of the tone of it. Still there was truth, and damning truth, on many of the pages, but a Mexican who lived for years in England was disgusted. He denounced the book as being so much libel, garbage, treachery and malice. He was on the point of writing to the papers so that nobody in England should believe a word of what this book contained, because there was a sentence in it saying that the President attired himself in plain blue serge. But fortunately this good patriot desisted. He did nothing more than tell to all and sundry that the book was quite untrue and that he was prevented by official prudence from displaying in the papers how absurd it was. I shall attempt to be meticulous. Of course, if a mistake should be discovered in this chapter, I might avail myself of the *argumentum ad hominem* and an example which occurs to me is that

of Valladolid. But this I will not do. I will believe what I was told by the Porfirian authorities; they said that of their soldiers eight were killed by the insurgents of the frontier-town. Some thirteen carts were needed for the Government's dead servants; but no matter—I will be as accurate as in me lies. And having said that it may sometimes be bad business if you kill a man, I am prepared to give the figures: it is bad sometimes to the extent of rather more than forty dollars Mexican. This is the price you will have paid, and one must calculate the interest on capital. At other times a man is quoted at a price much higher, but I am not going to be sensational. What Pancha Robles usually pays at Tuxtepec is forty dollars, and she sells the contract-labourers, the *enganchados*, more or less at sixty-five dollars, delivered in the *hacienda*. She is thoroughly notorious, a woman who engages in this lamentable traffic. Agents whom she has in the large cities go about collecting people, and if there should be a shortage it is made up in the gaol of Tuxtepec, which like the other gaols of Mexico one enters with a fatal ease. Of course, the contract does not mention that the men are sold for life, but when the six months period is over they are usually well in debt and may not leave before it has been paid. A *hacendado*, with a shrugging of the shoulders, will deplore his countrymen's improvidence. As owner of a reputable *hacienda* he could not have tolerated any of the dirty clothes in which the slave arrived; he gave him others—at a certain price—and these were of such good, enduring stuff that very often one could sell them—at the same fair price—to four or five or six successive slaves. Thus would the debt begin; a man should really take more trouble to arrive with decent clothes. The

hacendado who is called Don José Sanchez Ramos has a manager defective in the science of arithmetic. The workmen are obtained, at fifty cents a day, from villages about El Faro. When the week is done they ask for six times fifty cents. The manager reminds them with a curse that ere they came they had two dollars; with another curse he says that nothing else is due, and if they will not work, the *hacienda* will be made unpleasant for them. These practices, I have been told, did not prevail a little time ago when Señor Ramos had the President of the Republic as a partner, but there is just now some difficulty in securing workmen for El Faro, and if the officials of the villages did not oblige the people to present themselves, a myriad of coffee plants would go to rack and ruin. Should a labourer escape, he has to pay the sum of fifty cents a day for each of the policemen who pursue and catch him. So the debt is always mounting up. The slave may not be sold for life, but when he is allowed to leave there is not, as a rule, much life left in him—I have been inside the hospital at Tuxtepec. An *enganchado* from the capital, I readily admit, is not among the most robust; he has been undermined by *pulque*[1] and disease. Nor do the two small cups of aguardiente every day (their value is a little under two cents each, and he pays six) improve his health. The diet is frijoles and tortillas. There are folk in Mexico who tell you with considerable indignation that it is a curse when tourists bribe an editor to put their articles into his

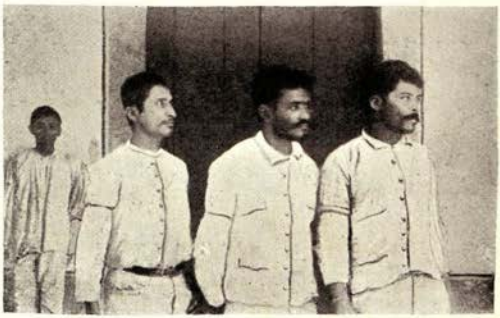
[1] An alcoholic liquor which is got, all over Mexico's high central plateau, from a cactus. It is said to taste like sour buttermilk and certainly it smells like nothing else, but is consumed in frightful quantities. Another beverage, procured in certain parts of the States by roasting cactus roots and leaves, is *mescal*. The late governor of Sinaloa told me that his first (and last) year of office saw 188 murders —the total population is 296,701—and *mescal* is the common cause.

magazine; they rush through the Republic and are so misguided as to talk of the employers who provide no sustenance but beans (frijoles) and small cakes of corn (tortillas). If the tourist were to live, as they have done, for twenty years in Mexico, perhaps then he would come to know that grouse and salmon are not what the lower classes look for. Beans and corn cakes are the dishes of the great majority—what would you more? I would, for my part, like to have the beans in a condition not so adamantine, and the tortillas likewise would be far less formidable if they were not nearly raw. 'It makes me sick,' said an American to me, 'yes, sick when I am reading all that nonsense of frijoles and tortillas. I can stand a lot, but really——' Well, I do not know if he had seen the kind of women who are set to make tortillas, each one for a dozen *enganchados*. From their looks you would imagine that they never have been anything but sick; a few of them are on the eve of motherhood, not one of them has strength enough to break the corn. So it would not require a connoisseur to see that even six months has reduced the *enganchado's* value to a sum far less than sixty-five dollars, while the rustics who have been retained for various weeks at the plantation of El Faro could, one fancies, hardly get the manager to promise them a larger sum than thirty-five cents daily if they were to stop. But when the *enganchados* march away from Tuxtepec, with Pancha Robles riding near them and a pistol at her side, she probably is thinking that it is a good investment, and she must have been annoyed at losing seven whom her son was taking to the *hacienda* of a Spaniard or a Mexican. He killed them—bang went seven times forty dollars and the interest on capital. Moreover, when young Robles had been

unmolested by the judge of first instance he was put in prison at the order of the *jefe*, and he is in prison at this moment. Pancha was away on business when I called; and the attractive woman with the brilliant eyes, who is her housekeeper, invited me to wait until the evening of that day. Herself she walked across the leafy road towards another house, picked up a pig and took it in with her, while I was at the window of the modest house of Pancha, looking through the iron bars. There is not much to see: at one side of the room is nothing, at the other side a humble bed around which, on the wall, are hung a scarlet box, a bunch of telegrams, an English shooting-cap. There is a little shelf above the bed, and there, illuminated by a flame which dances on a saucer full of oil, one sees a picture taken from an illustrated paper. I am anxious, as I said, to stick meticulously to the facts, and if the picture is not one of 'The Good Shepherd' —I am too short-sighted to be positive—it represents a bishop with his crosier and a flock of sheep. Ah, Pancha mia!

At this point I will assume that he who reads this chapter cannot tolerate me any more. 'Fancy making all this bother,' he exclaims, 'about the town of Tuxtepec and its vicinity.' As if one could not find an evil spot in every land! How can I write on justice, I that am unjust? There is no difference between me and those wretched people who for some dark purpose have invented lies about the country, saying that the Press enjoyed no freedom, that there were no juries. All these statements have been utterly denied, and it may be that any others would have been denied by the sagacious Council of Administration of the American Colony, assembled in the club-room of the 'Herald.' They assembled there perhaps because

Peasants in the State of Veracruz.



Half-an-hour before execution.

The camera had to be held under the photographer's coat, and he only succeeded in snap-shotting three of the five men.

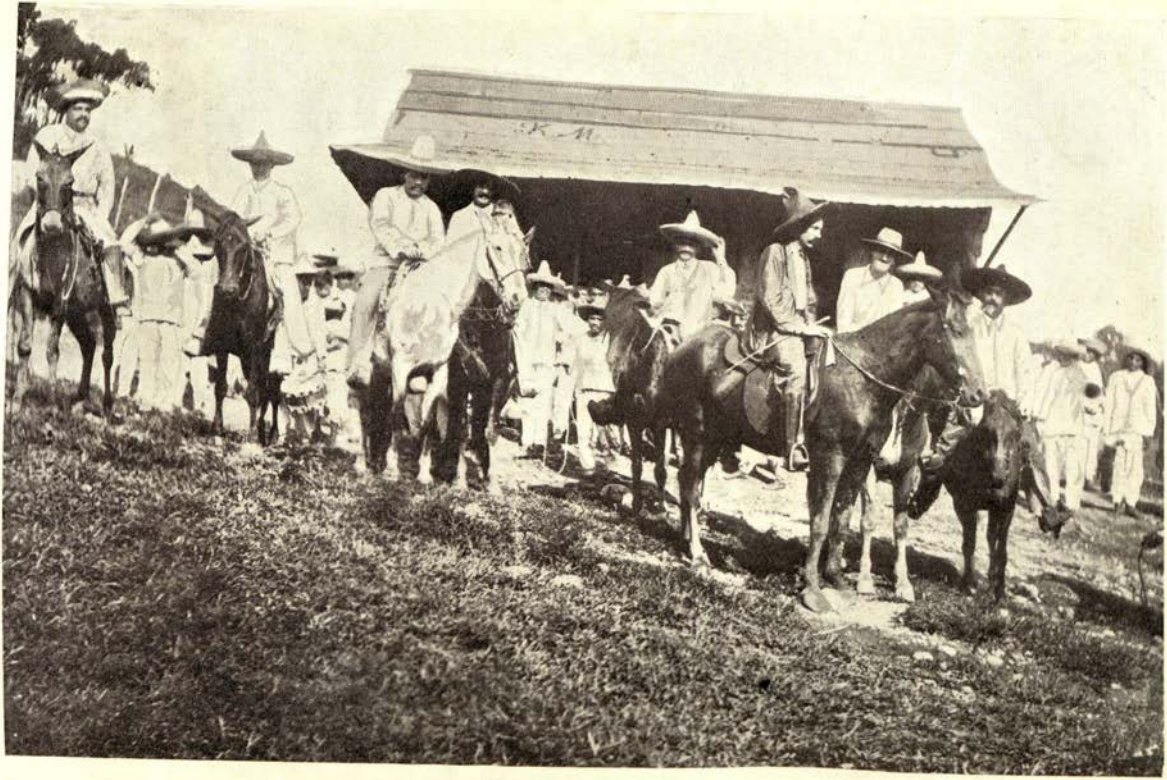
there was no other room available. But I protest that it was cruel. We might just as well meet in the dungeon of a prisoner and talk so gaily of the freedom of the world. 'Tis said that money talks; 1500 dollars, I believe, were laid each month upon the 'Herald's' pen—I hope they will excuse me if it was 2000. And I am so grieved to have to contradict the Council of Administration, but there really were no juries anywhere in Mexico save in the Federal District. I thank God that Mexico is not entirely destitute of juries, for the Council and myself have something still in common—I can utterly deny the statement that there were no juries. Yet the subject is of small importance, as it happened very often that there was no trial. Those two who were dealt with in Colima, for example—what was it to them if juries or no juries throve in the so-called Republic? Having been suspected of a crime their house was entered by gendarmerie and one of them was in the kitchen when they slew him, while the other citizen succeeded in escaping to the church. He begged the priest to save him, but gendarmerie arrived and shot him straightway through the head. Police in other countries have been guilty of excess of zeal, but here the Governor of Colima shielded them, and if the priest had not moved heaven and earth the *jefe* would not have received his punishment of eighteen months in prison. But I am unjust again. It is so easy in a land the size of Mexico to find some evil spots, if one goes searching here and there and everywhere! Yes, that is true; I will return to Tuxtepec. There, in the neighbourhood, five men suspected of the crime of theft were shot, nor was it long ago. The trial took place on the previous day, when they were hung up by a certain portion of their bodies, in the hope that they would

satisfy the *jefe's* conscience and confess.[1] You will declare that I am merely putting down a series of abominations, with no object other than a sordid one, and if it be conceded that my object has a different character—oh, surely, surely, it is a mistaken object, for the Government of Mexico was doing what it could to set its house in order. That is what they said, and who am I that I should disbelieve them? For the moment it was necessary to hang up a lot of people (I give verse and chapter elsewhere), to suspend them by their thumbs, etc., since they were obstinate with their confessions. But one should have the politeness to believe a Government if it is civilised. Yes, then I might, I would at all events have made an effort to believe. It was a Government of force. Themselves they did not make the slightest effort to induce us to believe that they were anything more modern. Those eight soldiers who were killed, as we have mentioned, in the Valladolid battle, are a proof, because the State acquired their rifles from the Federal Government. These rifles numbered ninety-six, and who will say that such a Government did not arm its retainers to the teeth?

II

LET us begin at the beginning. Over those who sit in justice was the Minister of Justice, one Fernandez, uncle to the wife of Don Porfirio. Far be it from me to insinuate that in a flock of white sheep he was black or grey. No; on the contrary, he was a most affectionate old man who had forgotten totally that he

[1] It will be seen upon the photograph that two or three musicians were included in the shooting party. 'Pompa mortis,' says Bacon, 'magis terret quam mors ipsa.'



The Shooting Party,

starting for the hills, where they executed five untried men.—*cf. illustration facing p.* 91.

was Justice. And it would be ludicrous to lay the Pita question or a hundred other questions at his door. 'Tis true that he made the report on those who were condemned to death, which does not mean the murderers, but still a goodly number of the population. Then the President considered his report, and from the tenor of it, I presume, gave out the final sentence. In this life of ours there is no weapon that is half as strong as luck—you would perceive the truth of this supposing that your life depended on the words of one who babbles, who does not remember that there are such things as words. But, bless you, he would not hurt a lamb. . . . This Pita was a pretty fellow, who was not so much oppressed by multifarious duties —he was *Jefe Politico* at Puebla—but that he could ride a hobby which is taken from the ways of Rome. We have forgotten many things we learned at school, but Pita had remembered beautifully how the Romans used to farm their taxes; and he paid the Government of Puebla certain pesos every year so that he might collect and keep the fines. He also was the person who inflicted them, and it would seem that the Poblanos were addicted much to finable offences, since whatever be the sum that Pita had to give the Government we did not hear of him lamenting that the fines were insufficient. By the way, some foreigners might urge that if a *jefe* be permitted to avail himself of this old, classic system and he be unscrupulous—well, well! to show that the position of a *jefe* is not such a gold mine, I have merely to adduce the instance of a gentleman who went about among the four or five rich people of a *Jefatura* in Oaxaca over which the Government had asked him to preside. One of the wealthy folk, an English manufacturer long domiciled in Mexico, was willing to assist the

future *jefe* with a hundred pesos every month, another person undertook to give his 60 pesos, and in this way some 300 pesos were collected in the district. That was not enough; the gentleman was forced to tell the Government that he could not accept the post because the contribution of the Government (150 pesos) would but bring the total up to 450, while the candidate had settled to refuse the offer if he could not have 500. Clearly he did not look forward to receiving even 50 pesos from the fines, that peaceful region of Oaxaca being different from Puebla. Here at any rate we have a good example of the scrupulous: a person who declined an office rather than that he should be obliged to be unjust towards his flock to the extent of 50 pesos yearly, 50 pesos if the worst should come to the worst and there be not a single finable offence. Those of my readers who have not been domiciled in Mexico may think uncharitable thoughts about the English manufacturer and all the rest who were prepared to help the *jefe*, in whose hands the local justice would have been deposited. Of course, it is quite admirable that a Minister of Justice should be dedicated to high thinking and plain living, but if this ideal had been carried by the Government to an extreme and the official ran the risk of starving swiftly, then the moneyed people of the neighbourhood would have been uncharitable had they let the tragedy enact itself before their eyes. Poor *jefes*! Sometimes you would see one stepping of his own desire out of a place of splendour, as did Primitivo Diaz, chief of Merida's police, who had himself transferred from all the fascinations of the capital of Yucatan, because he said that in Progreso he would have much more to do. And let me tell those happy persons who are unacquainted with Progreso that it is a settlement of

wooden houses partly buried in the raging sand. Far out at sea there will be one or two or several ships, and sometimes, when the sea is fairly calm, the passengers, or what is left of them, are landed with the help of tugs and barges in just under half a day. Progreso is the port of Yucatan. A great amount of merchandise comes through the custom-house, and for a long time under Diaz this amount would have been greater still if, in the complicated act of disembarking, it were not the fate of merchandise to pass through many hands. The traders up in Merida discovered that a large—unduly large—proportion of the goods evaporated in the journey from the vessel to the shore; they told their agents at Progreso, but these people, aided by the chief of the police, discovered nothing. Merida began to be dissatisfied with Primitivo; at his own request he had been taken to the port, and the condition of the port was worse than ever. Primitivo was a clever man, no doubt; a man who could without the least asceticism save a handsome fortune out of his restricted pay. Another Diaz—but that is another story. 'Primitivo's cleverness,' said those of Merida, 'has been of no avail to us.' 'Have patience for a time,' said Primitivo; 'I shall run the fellows down, cost what it may.' So Merida endeavoured to be patient, and he finally did run them down, four of his own subordinates. It must have cost him dearly in his innermost emotions when he spread abroad the infamy of these four men, since they were joined to him first by the link of being his subordinates and secondly because they were, without exception, from his native province of Galicia. Sundry persons at the time remained dissatisfied with Primitivo, saying that the stoppage of the leak had cost him dearly. But a merchant, both in Merida and London, goes about

asserting that he has no time for gossip ; a subscription was begun, and Primitivo got a golden watch. . . . But we are giving way to gossip, which is not the method for approaching an austere and elevated subject. We committed the initial fault in our assumption that there could exist both justice and 'Porfirian' justice, whereas the special features of the latter which we have recorded can most probably be matched a hundred times in the great book of 'Justice.' Let us hope so, for it is by the digressions from your cold, inexorable, written justice that the soul of what is human enters in, and justice after all exists for human beings. Some of the digressions will be good, and others, many others, bad. The principle is excellent. And if in this account the bad digressions have been given greater prominence it certainly is not because there are no good ones. Justice would not lay upon the impresarios of Mexico the burden of those 30 pesos per performance which they send to Spain. She is the Motherland, of course, and many of the pieces are from Spanish pens, but it was infinitely better than mere justice; it was overflowing generosity which prompted Mariscal, a recent Foreign Minister of the Republic, to arrange than any piece of Shakespeare or Puccini should make equal tribute. Some will say—have said—that by this generosity the drama is not benefited, since the 30 pesos are a handicap for struggling, little theatres ; but Spain was grateful, and conferred on Señor Mariscal a decoration. There we have an instance where there is more generosity in 'Porfirian' justice than in justice. And if I have laid more stress upon the questionable phases of the former it is owing to the curious and sorry fact, methinks, that we—you, I and most of us—prefer the sorry side of life. What-

ever be the reason for it, we go naturally to the shade, we have a greater sympathy with what is in the shade. So it must be acknowledged that our picture is distorted, since we have not paid enough attention to the admirable features of 'Porfirian' justice and of its servants. These confess that they have imperfections, and they sometimes make enormous progress in a little space of time. For instance, I was staying with a friend of mine, a Frenchman, in the capital. He lost his cook, to whom he had entrusted 20 pesos for the purchase of supplies. And the police were absolutely honest, saying that it was beyond their power to find the man. But if my friend would point him out to a policeman at a railway station, just as he was thinking to escape, then the policeman certainly would apprehend the villain. Thus my friend will be excused for his comparatively low opinion of Porfirian police. A few days later we were in the thick of insurrection; those who came into the open, armed with rifles and *machetes*, could be easily distinguished, but it did not seem to be a simple task for anyone to drag the hundreds of conspirators into the daylight. Yet the Mexican police accomplished this, and very rapidly. They settled in their mind that So-and-so was a conspirator, they flung themselves into his house, they seized the mattress, galloped off with it to the police-station, and behold, when they had ripped the vile thing open, it was always full of compromising documents. My friend's opinion of the Mexican police was changed completely; and we never, never heard of one mistake. No mattress which they ripped was destitute of documents. A warning flew round all the rebel camp—henceforward mattresses shall not be utilised. But it was all in vain; the Mexican police continued to discover

documents in every mattress. . . . But I am not sure if by the piling up of illustrations I shall paint a real picture. And we are assuming that it is a subject profitable for a foreigner to study. In the books upon these more or less exotic countries it appears to be the custom to devote a chapter to the glories of the pasture-land on which the beef of Britain will be some day grown, another chapter to the glories that are hidden, more or less securely, in the mines, another chapter to the glories of the railway that will soon return a dividend—a glorious surprise for those who have the shares—another chapter to the swarthy rulers of the country, veritable statesmen, with a retrospective and reproving chapter on the country's efforts, from the Spanish days, to rule itself. But there is nothing said about the 'justice' of the country, though the subject seems to cry for some investigation. It will give most valuable data to the student who sets out to study race-ideals. Take, for instance, honour as it is defined among the schoolboys of England, the officers of Germany, the lawyers of the State of Veracruz. From time to time this special point of view of honour clashes with the country's justice, and it is instructive to observe what happens. At Jalapa lived a wealthy man, with mistresses and children. He repented of his ways and did the best he could by marrying one mistress. She, the youthful mother of a boy and girl, had got a brother who did not concern himself with these domestic questions until he had legally become the rich man's relative. A lawyer—F. González Mena—had ideas of honour, and he inculcated them into the youth. According to his notions it was contrary to honour what the wealthy man had done, it was high time to rub away the blot. And in the courtyard of the ancient, flower-

buried house in which I stayed, when I forgot the whole world and its grandeur in Jalapa, he gave his disciple shooting lessons. Other people might have his ideas of honour; that which merits our consideration is the attitude of Justice. We learn something of the Germans' character from knowing how far they let loose the hounds of justice after an official has exhibited his honour, been perhaps compelled to do so, in a ruthless fashion. When the rich man had been murdered and his widow had secured her legal portion of the millions, when the young man's elongated trial was concluded and the lawyer likewise had secured his portion, then the justice of the country did not quarrel with this lawyer's sense of honour and it saw no reason why he should not be, as he was under Don Porfirio, a member of the House of Deputies. . . . And so the study of 'Porfirian' justice may be profitable, and it might once have been profitable in the common meaning of that word. Don Abelardo's post of judge was vacant, for he could not carry out the Government's instructions. And he told me that the salary was adequate. Well, they may charge me with excessive optimism, but I think that if the Government had not been overturned the number of such vacancies would have increased. And sometimes there were opportunities for advocates, if it should be against the Government. I personally knew some independent advocates of Merida, but these might all be exiled simultaneously, and when a Russian engineer, at work upon the circus cupola, fell out with Avelino Montes, who was over him and was the Governor's son-in-law, the post of advocate was vacant until one could be imported from the capital. But if I seem to hint that in the execution of his duty, whether as a judge or advocate, a man was liable to

interference, if I have deterred some enterprising, rather briefless comrade from the law in Mexico as a profession, I would duly place on record that the Government and town official was, in the majority of cases, screened from interference. When the House of Deputies was burned, a citizen who lived beside it was prevented from an interference with the firemen. There is this much to be said for him—he was impatient, as the fire brigade had not been able to drive up for something like an hour and twenty-five minutes; possibly, too, he was patriotic and did not wish the house with all the archives and the sacred Act of Independence to be swallowed by the flames. What he said was, 'Here is water.' And they threatened him with Belem if he interfered. Some people say that it was very fortunate for Don Porfirio Diaz that the archives were destroyed, but if a compromising document or two was really there could he not have removed them in a quiet way or else promoted the custodian to another office?

III

THERE was no justice in Mexico. I do not say there was no mercy, for if you should haply be a general or a bull-fighter they would be merciful. Suppose you found it needful to commit a murder, as did General Maas, who in a suburb of the capital fired point-blank at the unarmed brother of his mistress. You can plead that Maas was sent to prison for some months and then was reinstated on the active list, maybe because he proved himself a better shot than most of them. You would have mercy if you were a general; and a bull-fighter not long since killed a woman on a

Saturday. They put him into prison, but the populace would have been furious if he had not appeared, as advertised, the next day in the ring. So the police allowed him leave of absence for that afternoon and he prolonged it by escaping into Texas. Someone had to meet the charge ; his brother was arrested and examined duly and found innocent and set at liberty. . . . God help you if you were a Mexican and had not taken the precaution to become a general or a bull-fighter.

There was more justice for the foreigner than for the Mexican, but it was rather scant. This may seem disputable, since the President was well aware that intervention, not to speak of smaller worries, could be brought about in this way. But if foreigners were sure of justice, why did Inigo Noriega give his 50,000 pesos to the judge ? He must have felt uneasy, though he is an influential Spaniard and a partner of Porfirio. His method was denounced in heated words by his opponent, who was Señor Romero Rubio. 'We must expel *him*,' said this gentleman, 'as a pernicious foreigner.' And Diaz was affected, though he was not then Romero Rubio's son-in-law. He remonstrated with Don Inigo and learned that as a foreigner who wanted justice (being in the right) it had been necessary for him to put up the 50,000 pesos, as Romero Rubio had put up 40,000.

There was no justice in Mexico. The highest court was subject to the President. For instance, when the owner of a well-known bar, which occupies the corner of San Juan Letran in the capital, was told to leave his premises on which he had expended 40,000 pesos, he objected. Those who wanted him to leave declared that he had built some rooms for servants on the second floor. He proved by documents and witnesses

that these rooms had been built before his time, while there was nothing in the contract which prohibited such building. In the court of first instance he was quite victorious, as also in the Superior Tribunal. His antagonists then took the case to the Supreme Court of the Nation. He had shown his proofs to the Superior Tribunal, who had recognised them ; but the Supreme Court said that they did not exist. The judges said that he must leave the house within ten days, but as it was so flagrant all the business houses of the capital, both Mexican and foreign, threatened to put up their shutters for a day. This naturally could not be permitted, and the President, while saying that he could not interfere with justice, promised to exert his private influence. He was surprised to hear that ' Chato ' Elizaga, his brother-in-law, had spoken to the judges of the Supreme Court. He was surprised that the Señora Elizaga was thirsting for the house. He said he would exert his influence, and though the owner in July was told to quit he made another contract in December, and he has not yet been summoned for contempt of court.

Where justice was in this condition, we may say that it did not exist. In China and Siam we have our own courts for our countrymen. Not long ago that was the system in Japan, but then we showed our confidence in the Mikado's justice by removing our own courts. They should have been removed to Mexico.

CHAPTER V

THE SOVEREIGN STATES

FEW readers in this country will be agitated when they learn that General Diaz was unconstitutional and would not let the seven-and-twenty States of Mexico enjoy their lawful liberty. We have in England to concern ourselves with such a multitude of luckless countries that we really have no leisure to regard the details when the pity and the terror and the picturesqueness of them do not capture our attention. Vainly has the pundit tried to buttonhole us with a story of the constitutional restrictions in Lorraine, when Macedonia has been the stage of some unspeakable atrocity. Could we attend to everything in this disjointed time we should be gravely exercised about the seven-and-twenty States. Their need of independence was withheld, their Governors were not elected by the people, and their local deputies—for in each so-called Free and Sovereign State there is a Congress—were elected by the Governor, sometimes by the benevolence of Don Porfirio, and there they sat so long as they conformed with Don Porfirio's idea of parliamentary behaviour. Then Madero wished them to assert their quasi-freedom, and we were inclined to sail towards another subject with the pious hope that he would have success. However, to obtain some notion of how far the sovereignty was scorned it may be profitable if we

contemplate the Chief Inspector of Antiquities, Don Leopoldo Batres, who was not removed until the Revolution had been consummated.[1] He travelled down to Uxmal, one of the sublimest ruins, and with dynamite blew up a lovely arch, so that a statue, which was injured in the process, could be extricated and conveyed to Mexico. His friend, Professor Seler, who is German, stands accused of having wrought irreparable damage at Palenque, and we are assured, by Batres, that the matter will be sifted.

> Palenque! seat of Kings! as o'er the plain,
> Clothed with thick copse, the traveller toils with pain,
> Climbs the rude mound the shadowy scene to trace,
> He views in mute surprise thy desert grace.
> At every step some palace meets his eye,
> Some figure frowns, some temple courts the sky.

But Mr. Seler, the Director of the School of Archæology in Mexico, would not be satisfied with Southey's catalogue. In order to observe some paintings he is said (by Señor Aguirre, who was on the spot) to have destroyed a portion of the great room of the palace. And if it is urged that these two exploits hardly bear upon the question of State sovereignty, the fact remains that if the charge against the German savant is substantiated, Don Benito Lacroix, Inspector of the Monuments of Chiapas, will be probably deprived of his position for not having been a faithful guardian. This Federal Inspector has, or is supposed, to reckon with a State Inspector, who was thrust aside, at any rate he stood aside in these two cases, just as in the realm of politics the Governors and deputies have stood aside for Don Porfirio. We have supped full of politics, and, though we would not for the world balk the

[1] Then he came to Europe, but the 'Monna Lisa' in a little under two months was reported to have sailed for Mexico.

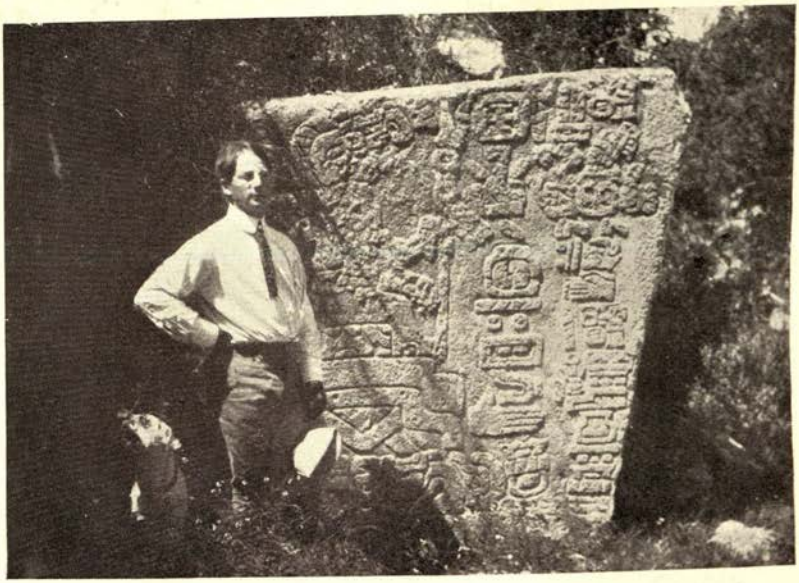
consideration of this problem, it may be permitted us to do so with an archæologist as villain.

Take one of those pleasant volumes of the British poets that were published nearly half a century ago; the chances are that it will open at a page on which there is a steel engraving of a nymph about to swim. The pamphlets that have been devoted to Don Leopoldo Batres usually open, I believe, at an exposure of the way in which he interfered at Mitla. Some amount of interference is quite proper, seeing that he is the chief custodian of the ancient glories, just as Don Porfirio was the custodian of the nation's honour. We would not be so pedantic as to criticise them always for an undue interference; local bodies are not always very capable and have not such a grasp of things as Don Porfirio and Señor Batres. Grasp of things! 'It is probable,' said 'El Imparcial,' 'that all the commission given to Sanchez [a domestic servant whom Don Leopoldo sent to Mitla] was to gather in the objects found—this being the sole preoccupation of the Inspector of Monuments. . . . In the present case this is not only a question of scientific interest, but one which involves Mexico's good name. We therefore hope that, with all activity and energy, steps will be taken to avoid the ridicule that threatens us and the loss of the data which may be obtainable from said discovery.' But since these words appeared, in May, 1910, we have had no more announcements with regard to the discovery, and it must be inferred, as Mrs. Nuttall says, that 'the grave, which is surely that of a Zapotec high-priest and ruler, and may be that of the builder of Mitla, has simply been plundered by order of the Conservator of Public Monuments, with the sanction of the Ministry of Public Instruction, by a domestic

who, when not entrusted with such archæological work, serves at the table of the Batres family.' And it was at a table in Oaxaca that Don Leopoldo said, by no means in a whisper, that his salary was such-and-such a sum, while he required an altogether larger one to live in gentlemanly style. I fear that those who overheard him did not make the obvious retort; he certainly continued to augment his income. Mrs. Nuttall, from the depths of her American enthusiasm, and because she loves and understands the relics which to many people are the chief thing in the two Americas, would have made his income up to the desired amount from her own pocket, I believe, if he would not again have listened to his predatory instincts. As many scientists and tourists are prepared to testify, he was for years a wholesale and a retail merchant of the antiquities of Mexico, such as the idols emanating from the Pyramids of Sun and Moon at San Juan Teotihuacan; he has received payment for 'affording facilities' whereby these objects could be taken from the country, though its laws forbid their exportation. It will be remembered that it was this man who had the savage altercation with the Duc de Loubat at the New York meeting of the International Congress of Americanists, where the latter justly reproached him for his methods. 'It is very curious,' said an old peasant woman of San Juan, 'for the Señor Batres has been working in the Pyramids and has got out of them two automobiles.' So the cunning Toltecs worked in porphyry and made a golden breastplate for their statue of the Sun, and with consummate skill inlaid the pea-green jadeite on their teeth—so that Don Leopoldo Batres might maintain his large expanse of body. They have not contributed with much success, it seems, towards the upkeep of his

mind, for the authorities have settled to reject his mode of classifying the Museo National and to adopt the system urged by Mrs. Nuttall. 'It was my privilege some months ago,' she writes, 'to accompany Bishop Plancarte when he visited the museum for the purpose of showing me certain specimens in his collection, of a type that we had both been studying and discussing.' The Bishop of Cuernavaca is the most scholarly and distinguished of living Mexican archæologists. 'To our profound regret we found that the numbers on the specimens, which enabled the student to make use of the instructive catalogue of the Plancarte collection, had entirely disappeared. Obliged, for the purpose of comparative study, to refer to three objects which Bishop Plancarte had discovered together in a single tomb, we ascertained, after a prolonged search, that Señor Batres had assigned each of these objects to a different locality and to a different civilisation!' But if all the ex-militiamen—Don Leopoldo is no more than that—can scarcely be expected to be archæologists, they can, at any rate, be reasonably honest. Codexes—illuminated documents of fibre-cloth—are now so rare as to possess enormous value. He disposed of one, the codex Sanchez Solis, to the German Minister. And if Mexican antiquities were going, one regrets that most of them were sent to the Berlin Museum. Mr. Seler, who appears to be the most unworldly of professors, may have left it to his wife (a celebrated banker's child, and Seler was the tutor) to obtain for Señor Batres the Red Eagle, so that the Museum in Berlin received an annual supply of wonders. But the Conservator had been looking out for other fields. To Monsieur Capitan, the representative of France at the Americanist Congress of 1910, he confided that

he had not yet received the Legion of Honour. '*Ah, pensez donc!*' said Monsieur Capitan. And in the 'Mexican Herald' of 29th June, 1911, it is stated 'a large lot of idols and archæological specimens have just been discovered ready to be shipped to Guatemala by a person who had given his name as Leopoldo Batres. . . . The secretary [of the museum] began an investigation at once, inasmuch as there is a strict prohibition against the sending of archæological objects out of the Republic.' But the German colony in Mexico, which has a number of most righteous merchants who will not be gratified with eagles, have been ostracising Mr. Seler at the German Club. And, by the way, there are in Mexico three scientific societies, but Leopoldo Batres was not member of a single one. If he confined himself to selling imitations to the foreigner, his countryfolk would listen to the plea that it is patriotic, for the foreigner is human—sometimes even feminine—and will insist on the illicit booty. You will not succeed in turning them away with mere soft words, and it is patriotic, therefore, to provide them with the imitations. Batres was supposed to make these objects in the cellar of his house—'we will say nothing about the individual . . . for he is known well enough,' says 'El Tiempo,' the conservative and Catholic organ, 'as is also the damage he has done to the science of archæology by means of his proceedings, his ignorance and his audacity, which is that of an improvised savant'—but these imitations have been known to find their way to Mexico's museums, for the stranger cannot always be deceived. But he can be discouraged, as was Mr. A. P. Maudslay, whose researches in the Guatemalan field are so well known and valued; Mr. Maudslay was unable to secure permission to



An Ancient Stone on Monte Alban.

The Custodian of Monte Alban
With his *machete*.

investigate the mounds on Monte Alban, and as no domestic servant seems to have been willing to ascend the mountain it is left in peace, and probably it will be left until a butcher's bill of one of Mexico's Don Leopoldos must be settled.

When he was accused of something flagrant he defended himself by printing letters from the local guardians, who were under him and as subservient as were the Governors to Don Porfirio. In politics and archæology there may not be sufficient able men in every State of the Republic, but the 'one-man system' has been found a ghastly failure. Even if Porfirio and Leopoldo had a myriad eyes and honest eyes they could not cope with all the country, and they stifled everywhere the men who *con amore* would devote themselves to these two occupations. As to why the ruins have been ever supervised by Batres, nobody can tell; his ethnological-anthropological books merely show his ignorance, and the reason given by some Mexicans (that he is the natural son of Don Porfirio's late father-in-law, who also did his best to educate him) is not adequate. O Reuter, if you had but paid your agent a more princely fee, so that he had dedicated wholly his activities to you, then every archæologist would have bowed low before you.

. . . . . .

And yet the policy of riding rough-shod over all the separate States was so disastrous to the local politicians, who were thrown aside, and in the end to Don Porfirio Diaz, who was also thrown aside, that we must contemplate the subject rather closely. And it happened that in San Luis I met a man who once had figured in the politics of Yucatan. He is a member of a learned profession, which he studied

during several years in the United States and Canada. Thus he was able to relate in English what he knew, and as the words fell from his lips I give them here. 'It is not totally a lie,' said he, whereby he meant that it was true, and it is more convincing, I believe, than are the vagaries of Leopoldo:

'Foolishly believing the interview Diaz-Creelman, a group of persons belonging to the best families in Yucatan got together in order to found, how do you say? to establish—no?—a political party with democratic ideas. This interview Diaz-Creelman that I have referred to was an interview granted by President Diaz to an American journalist, in which Diaz expressed himself saying that he would dedicate the last years of his life—the last years of his life—to teach the people of Mexico the true democracy, and thought, therefore, that they would, that they should, take more interest in politics and would establish clubs of opposition to the Government. . . . So, as I said, we established the Centro Electoral Independiente; it began its work with the publication of a political platform that would have to be accepted by whoever was elected candidate of the club, I mean candidate for the office of Governor and any other office. After that we began the publication of a paper called "El Sufragio," and sent commissions to the different towns of the State to propagate our ideas and establish clubs dependent of the central club in Merida. Two or three weeks after the club was established we noted great enthusiasm in the mass of the people and began to receive letters—there is a word in Spanish—of adhesion; before five or six months we had 5000 in our books—5000 in a State of 300,000 inhabitants and where 75 per cent of the people do not know how to read nor write. The

date—I don't remember the exact date. Well, now! all these works involved the expenditure of money that we collected among our friends and apparent supporters. We might say that most of this money was collected among the rich classes, that is, among the *hacendados*, in the *haciendas*, who some contributed believing in the exit, I mean success of our campaign, and some on account of—before you put it—on account of friendly relations with the directors of the movement, and very few because they thought that—that the movement would be, if nothing else, a means of educating the people in the true democratic ways—is that right, is that the way to say it? But you ought not to believe that these farmers, the *hacendados*, had the—how do you say?—the *valor de sus ideas*, because we have proofs to the effect that if they gave us 50 pesos they at the same time gave the Government—the Government party—100. There was one of them who offered us 1000 pesos under certain conditions that were not accepted—acceptable. Everything pointed to our success; there was great enthusiasm manifested among the people. The whole State seemed to be with us when we decided to have a private election in the club, among all the people who had signed that adhesion to our club, in order to elect the candidate. Before this election was held we sent a commission to interview President Diaz and put the facts before him and get—what do you say?—his reaffirmation of the interview with the journalist Creelman. As we knew beforehand that the people had two or three names in mind for candidate, the commission told President Diaz the names of these three men, saying that probably our candidate would be elected among the three. President Diaz answered that he was glad to

hear that the opposition party was working with success and was in the law, that he knew one of the men who figured in the list and knew him as a good man and a man that he would be glad to see elected. This man was General Curiel. The commission came back from Mexico and a splendid reception was made to it—no ?—by the people. There were about 5000 waiting for them in Merida, and a special train of twenty cars went to Progreso to greet them.

'By this time the Yucatan Government had begun to hinder us in all our movements. All the members of the—the *Directiva;* all the principal officials of the club were followed, day and night and openly, by members of the detective force, the secret police, I mean. Our club had been invaded every night by twenty or twenty-five policemen and two or three police officials. The school opposite the club had its roof guarded by armed force, and several of the minor officials of the club had been put in gaol. We had reports daily to the effect that a lawyer, Amabilis, and others of the Government party had been looking over the criminal records and looking out *desesperademente*, desperately for the means of involving us in a criminal process. Also the effect that the Government, the Yucatan Government, would use force against us if necessary to make us abandon our ideas. Several telegrams were put to Diaz explaining the situation. Diaz did not deign answer them. Order of prison was given against our candidate—yes, I tell you—who was elected by 10,000 votes in our convention. This candidate's name is Delio Moreno Cantón. We had—how do you call ?—to get together the officials of the club ?—in order to discuss the best way of making front to the situation. Somebody proposed, somebody said that the only way of making

front to armed force, when all guarantees had been apparently suspended, was with armed force. Nobody accepted the idea of what would be looked as a revolution. It was dangerous—nobody was partisan of shedding blood, and, even if everybody had been so, there was no money, time, nor—nor people expert in a movement of that sort. So it was decided unan—unanimously to keep on working as we had done and until it was materially impossible to continue. By this time Indians from the farms and small towns, and National Guards were brought to Merida and made to march into a parade in honour of the Government candidate. As this people were brought by force, and most of them were partisans of our candidate, the results of the parade were what ought to be expected: lots of hurrahs for Delio Moreno Cantón, and *mueras*, the yell opposite to hurrah, for So-and-so, *mueras* for Muñoz Aristegui. The night of this parade there were 3000 soldiers kept at their garrisons and the police greatly reinforced. At the plaza opposite the Governor's palace, where Muñoz Aristegui, the Governor, was to receive the hurrahs and compliments of the paraders, the scandal became enormous, and the members of the detective force began to strike to whoever they encountered in their path. About fifty persons were arrested and condemned in the next day to spend thirty days in the Penitenciary as seditious people and under only one witness—the police. After this parade matters became worse for the officials and followers of the opposing party. Our sympathisers were imprisoned daily on more or less fictitious charges, and the bomb exploded when an accusation was presented by the State Attorney to a criminal court against all the officials and many of the followers for revolutionary—let me think—for con-

spiration. More than a hundred orders of prison were let out, and those who could not escape were locked in the Penitenciary, and kept isolated in some cases for more than sixty days. The charge was for a revolution which they said was to start the 14th of October of 1909. This was the end of the patriotic but rather dangerous political movement. We have only to add that the principal leaders of the club who appeared in the criminal proceedings as leaders of the revolutionary movement have been condemned to two years' imprisonment for a revolution that appears in said proceedings that was to be started 14th of October. . . . There is another thing. After having been from November, 1909, to January, 1911, in prison, seven of them were let out because the authorities said they were innocent. But they had no opportunity of enjoying this liberty, for at the Penitenciary door the police took them and arrested them at the police-station, and from there forced for five years into the army.'

CHAPTER VI

PORFIRIAN GOVERNORS

In Mexico one naturally went against the Governor. The twenty-seven States have each of them a Governor, and so has the Federal District, which answers to the District of Columbia in the United States. The power vested in these twenty-eight persons is extensive, they are—as one of them told me—little 'kings,' and it is natural that many of them be unfitted for a post of such importance. Thus one was compelled to be against them. Naturally also there were some exceptions. I know one who had ideals that will not be realised outside Utopia, and he gave expression to them in a language that can only be described as 'decorated' English. Nor must I forget another Governor[1] who paid a visit to his criminals when they were on the eve of execution, gave them a magnificent cigar, and usually educated their children at his own expense. But many of the Governors should have embarked upon a different occupation, not in every case the one which served them ere they rose to govern States—here I am thinking of the individual who used to be a bandit and not even a moral bandit. They should have been removed immediately. One must acknowledge that the

[1] As, in the story of the Revolution, it is necessary for me to include this Governor's name, let it be given a more honourable mention here—'tis Don Diego Redo, and his colleague who was kind to criminals was Don Guillermo de Landa y Escandon.

President was hampered in his choice; the men had seldom undergone a training. Whom was he to take? A number of his old companions, white-haired generals, were in want of house and home. Of course, the ranks of these were getting thin. Whom else was he to take? Sometimes a gentleman who owned much property inside the State, at other times a gentleman who would not own it till his term of office was concluded. It was seldom requisite for any one of them to have to claim a pension. And they were not wholly wrapped up in providing for themselves: with several of them it was most advisable that if you brought a lawsuit you should have their son or son-in-law for counsel; you must run the risk that he had been approached by your opponent. Not to make a tedious list of it I will adduce one other only, under whose administration there was built a gorgeous clock-tower in the capital of his unhappy State. He had a nephew who some years ago began to build this tower; he started by informing certain quarry-owners that it would be patriotic if they made the town a present of an adequate supply of stone. This celebrated mining town has got no water installation, but one cannot think of everything at once, and possibly a clock-tower was essential. Anyhow, the splendid stone was given, and the nephew left it in the *plaza* for a long, long time, but possibly he was considering between a multitude of plans. The clock-tower was to be (and is) so much more grandiose than any building which the town possesses that it could not be decided on so readily. Meantime a bank was needed, and the nephew sold his splendid stone to the contractors—there it stands to-day, below the shadow of the clock-tower. Then the nephew had to ask the quarry for a new supply of

stone, since he was being regularly paid as builder of the tower, and if he did not build it, surely he would be dishonest. Splendid stone was brought into the *plaza* and the building was begun. For years it was continued, while the nephew could not say when he would hand it over. In the year of the Centenary of Independence it occurred to General Diaz that the tower might well be finished for the culminating day, the 16th September, and at all events the town is saving what it used to pay the nephew. It would dearly like to have some water in its houses, but the uncle has a *pulque hacienda*, and will tell you that it is a wholesome beverage. . . . I am not an out-and-out admirer of the little 'kings' of Mexico, and yet I thought that one[1] of them, who spoke to me with candour of his colleagues, was a man on whom I could rely. It was not his own personal integrity that we discussed, but politics as they are in a State. He told me that the Federal deputies, those who sit in the capital, are selected by indirect voting, and that the deputies of a State are selected by direct voting. He gave me a book where this is to be found. After that he told me the executive, the legislature and the judiciary are separate and independent in each State; he, the executive, was not above the other two—a circumstance which might bring complications if it were so. Thus I was unable to secure a good account of the internal politics of his own State from this, one of the most intelligent and sympathetic of the Governors. I shall have to try to give my own account.

When somebody became the Governor of a State, the whole of the judiciary and the legislature of his predecessor was not called on to resign, although the

[1] Don Teódoro Dehesa.

Governor had many friends who must be given some position. He would not be able to request the others, all of them, to step from office—certain ones would have the President's support, and these could not be ousted. Even when the Governor had filled his place for many years he was not free from Presidential interference. There was, for example, one young man in want of money as he recently had married. His father-in-law was one of the *cientificos*, a great plunderer; he asked the President to put the young man in the way of earning money since a husband should support his wife. And so it happened that he was presented with the post of deputy—that is, with £25 a month. If he had been a deputy in Mexico itself the sum would have been £30; but, as it was, he took up the position in a State of which the Governor was the determined foe of all the *cientificos*. The President had settled the affair; that was the end of it. Apart, though, from the President, there was not much with which the Governor had to combat. His predecessor's legislature and judiciary had set free many situations for his friends. And then they settled down to govern: the executive, which was the Governor, the legislature, which was mostly nominated by the Governor, and the judiciary, which was mostly nominated by the Governor. You may recall that I was told that in the case of States the voting was direct, and so it was—the Governor voted.

There are other countries just as backward as was Mexico and just as barbarous, but there it is not customary to adorn the nakedness in feathers. They do not believe in European institutions, which may be most excellent for Europe, but will scarcely be adapted for all other continents. Such a philosophy

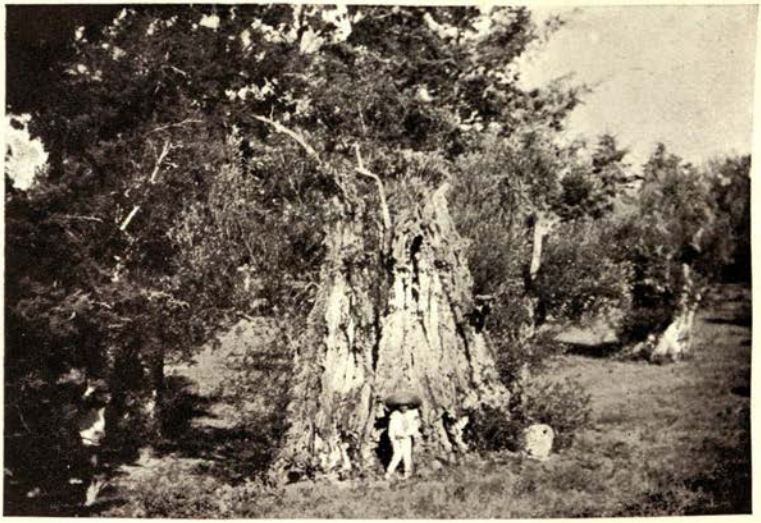
must recommend itself to us, because it is not only wise, but honest. In the so-called Mexican Republic there appeared to be no doubt—no honest doubt—but that the European institutions were to be imported wholesale. And a book is printed which contains a number of these institutions; it is the book whereby the Government of the Republic is to be conducted. Many other books are printed which contain a quantity of these imported institutions; these are for the Government of individual States. I do not know by whom these books were studied—not, I think, by many people in the so-called Mexican Republic. Yet the constitutions, as embodied in these books, were not ignored. It is the custom for the chief square of a town to have the name of *Plaza de la Constitucion;* it is the custom, I am told, in drinking-booths for patriotic *peons* to exclaim, '*Viva la Constitucion!*' and it was the custom for their Governor to be styled *El Gobernador Constitucional.* From time to time these constitutions were improved. It was a crying scandal that the men who governed Mexico—that is, the circle which surrounded the ex-President—should be the same as those who had a great part of the industries in their possession. It would need some self-denial for this group to put aside its opportunities. You can't have everything; this sentiment is not in their possession. That a member of the governmental ring should as a broker use the knowledge he obtained, or that as manufacturer he should have the advantage of a tariff he obtained, or that as agriculturist he should have the assistance of an Irrigation Bank he had been instrumental in obtaining, or that as concession-dealer he should sell to foreigners or eke to Mexicans those public works whose building he obtained by his

position in the Government—all these activities were unopposed except by the opinion of the people, which, as readers will have gathered, was of quite exiguous importance in the so-called Mexican Republic. But they passed an article not long since in a certain State which laid it down that deputies while they are such may not without permission of the legislature take upon themselves a public office or employment under Government or State or Town. However useless be this article, it showed a laudable desire. And yet one cannot keep oneself from thinking that, before the constitutions had a series of new articles affixed to them, some steps should have been taken to enforce the old ones. In the constitution of the State to which we have alluded they went into some refinements on the voting question. 'The members of the Legislature, those of the Superior Tribunal, those of the municipalities, the Governor, and the judges, shall be chosen by the people in direct election. . . . For the election of deputies the State shall be divided into districts of 60,000 inhabitants. The fraction which exceeds 30,000 shall also be a district. . . . In all kinds of elections it shall be sufficient for a man to get a mere majority, with the proviso that in this majority there shall be not less than a fourth part of the votes which are recorded. If no individual secure so many votes there shall in consequence be held a second election of the same sort as the first one, with the candidates restricted to those two who get the larger number of the votes.' In Puebla, not so long ago, the man—the *interventor*—who should have been behind a table to receive the votes of those who dwelt inside a block of houses, this official did not put in an appearance, and his two subordinates, who were Maderists—as were other people

in the block—set out in search of him at nine o'clock, when he should have been sitting at the table for an hour. They learned that he was still in bed. At ten o'clock, while he was breakfasting, he told them that he had resigned, and any further information could be got from the authorities. Immediately his visitors proceeded on their way, and, after interviewing various officials, found that he had spoken truthfully and that he had indeed resigned at midnight. It was clear that if the block was not to be disfranchised there should be no time lost; it was noon instead of eight o'clock. So, in default of *interventor*, his subordinates sat down behind the table, ready to receive the votes, the direct votes of the people. After they had been there ten minutes the *interventor* appeared, foaming with rage. They were usurpers, he shouted, they were men of incredible effrontery. After eighteen minutes came the *jefe politico*, and after thirty-five minutes both the Maderists were in prison and the table had been removed. But Puebla, though a town of 100,000 inhabitants, the seat of an Archbishop, and a place of wealth, was not the whole Republic. And the President had spoken: 'It is praiseworthy on the part of the Mexican people,' said he, when he opened Congress in September, 1909, 'that they should always take a greater interest in the exercise of their electoral rights.' In Yucatan, 300 of the leaders of the party which desired to vote for someone, who was nephew of a previous Governor and a man of liberal ideas, were flung into prison. Probably the President considered that the people's interest should be restricted to the men of not such liberal ideas, and even though the Governor of every State is called progressive when you write of him or to him—*El progresista Señor Gobernador*—it may be said that

this is but a ceremonial epithet. Now we have given two unpleasant instances of that which overtakes a voter in the so-called Mexican Republic. We must have the fairness to adduce a third example—and from one of the Pacific States. The President had also made the observation in September, 1909, that the people's greater interest 'is necessary for the sake of designating its future Governors under the beneficent rule of peace.' He had determined who should be the Governor, and on a certain day the people were electing him. A citizen of San Francisco, who was staying with the future Governor, walked round the town, which has no sights wherewith to entertain a tourist. He was therefore suffering from boredom, and, for lack of occupation, went into a polling-room and voted. In seven other polling-rooms he voted; always, naturally, for his friend. When I was challenged by a Mexican official to give any single illustration of the freedom of a voter being interfered with, I refrained from Puebla and from Yucatan and many others, thinking that this instance from the shores of the Pacific would be less offensive. But he was indignant. 'You must not believe it for a second!' he exclaimed. 'No, you must not believe it that they let him vote. We are so courteous. They would never tell him that he was ineligible. No, they certainly would not, for that is not what they are wont to do. But when he had withdrawn himself from each of those eight places, then they took his voting-paper and they tore it into little pieces.' 'But it was not for the opposition candidate,' I murmured. 'Mexicans,' quoth he, 'are very courteous.'

So the Governor and his satellites came down upon a State. The process was not half as picturesque as when the cavalry of Mexico is going into other



Olive trees at Tzintzuntzan.

They were planted by the founders of the Franciscan convent (closed in 1740) and are perhaps the oldest olive-trees in America.

See p. 120

Colonel Prospero Cahuantzi,
the somnolent Governor.

quarters: first the soldiers jog along, their sombre uniforms all dusty, then a multitude of women, some of them with children fastened to their backs, and all of them with pots and pans. They try to keep up with the soldiers, but it is a weary business. At their heels and very wretched are a quantity of mongrels. Soldiers, women, children, mongrels—fighting with the dust; and in the Governor's train were deputies and judges, *jefes* and *secretarios*, who gradually come into the light of day. And when the Governor's term was over he was very often reappointed, and the satellites rejoiced. The population of the State is unconcerned. They decorate the streets a little, since it is requested of them; and they let off a supply of fireworks, since it is their pleasure, and they are as keen to send them heavenward (not that they go very far, these native products), they are just as keen to send them up in honour of the Virgin or a Saint or any Governor. Some of these small 'kings' ruled over territories most extensive—Chihuahua is a State of 227,468 square kilometres, and Sonora of more than 199,000—others had a small dominion, such as that which a delightful Aztec gentleman administered. He was of such obesity that it was quite impossible for him to keep awake (if he was being spoken to or not) for more than fifteen minutes at a time. However, if the operatives of a local cotton-mill were out on strike he took the field in person, on a horse, and after that the strike was never serious. Be they Governors over large or little States they would refer you to the constitution if you asked them how it was that the executive and legislature and judiciary are independent of each other. 'It must lead to awkwardness,' you said. 'Señor, but it is in the constitution.' 'I have an affair,' you said;

'the judge is so-and-so. If only it could be arranged, I——' 'Yes?' And you conclude the sentence. 'Well, well——' said the Governor, 'I must have a conversation with him. He is a good lad. Yes, who knows?' And in the conversation he brought up your case and recommended it to the judge. . . . As for the legislatures, there was recently in one State an unheard-of opposition of three people. 'It is the end of all things,' said the others. And who were these who represented 60,000? Sometimes they were wealthy *hacendados*, for which reason they were not attracted to the office, and they let their substitutes [*suplentes*] sit and earn the salary instead of them. . . . . I think I have conveyed the general impression that the deputies of Mexico—both of the Central Government and of the States—were able to accomplish far less than their brethren in most other countries. But there was a deputy who took no part in the proceedings of the first two weeks of Congress; it was noticed, since he did not come to take his salary; and at the ending of the second fortnight it was noticed once again that he did not come for his salary. Was he ill, was he in Europe? Then another fortnight and, on pay day, not a sign of him. Perhaps he was too altruistic to receive a salary. They got impatient with him at the end of the succeeding fortnight, so they sent an urgent messenger and ascertained that he had died eight months before he ever was elected.

On reading through this chapter I perceive that I have used an adjective to which objection will be taken. Foreigners and Mexicans say frequently that the Republic is not backward. It has made colossal strides, they say, in these last thirty years. The railways and the banks, the manufactures—I

admit that they exist, and even if the Mexicans would have done next to nothing by themselves, yet certainly the railways and the banks and manufactures are in Mexico. Before this period of thirty years the land was in an everlasting turmoil—I admit that for the foreigner and for his money Mexico became far safer than of old. The Yaqui Indians, settled in a rich part of Sonora, struggled vainly to resist the Mexican invasion, but the Mexicans in their rich country have been wise enough to let their names be put upon the foreigners' prospectus sheets. It has seemed well to Providence to lead the Mexicans into a country where the climate is delicious and the soil is often rich and underneath it is a treasure-house of jewels. Therefore you would fancy that the Mexican would thank his God—he desecrates the temple and he desecrates the land. At crumbling Tzintzuntzan, to which we sail to see the Titian in the church, there is a notice which entreats you that 'for love of God' you will not spit; all over Mexico there should be notices commanding the inhabitants to make themselves more worthy of the land. It is not of the Indians that I speak; they gave to Mexico the greatest of her sons, the last great Mexican—Benito Juarez—and in contemplation of their sufferings we stand in silence. I am speaking of those people who are more or less of Spanish blood. So few of them deserve to live in Mexico! And it is fashionable to deplore that all the Indian population should be backward. Leave the Indians whom you have exploited! Look upon yourselves as one of your good men, the aged Agustin Rivera, looks upon you. 'In theories the boldness of Don Quixote, and in practice the pusillanimity, the inability to conquer obstacles, and the phlegm of Sancho Panza. . . . We are given,' says Rivera, 'to

scholastic disputes, to beautiful discourses, pretty poems, enthusiastic toasts, proclamations, projects, laws, decrees, programmes of scientific education, plans of public improvements, in Andalucian style and well-rounded periods. . . . In the department of physics in the College of Santo Tomás in Guadalajara were taught the first cause, the properties of secondary causes, supernatural operations, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, eternity—everything, in fact, save physics.' He says that you were backward in viceregal times, and in the year you pensioned him, in 1901, he said that you were backward still. I say that you were going backward, for the poorer classes under Diaz found themselves in a position which compared unfavourably with that of thirty years ago. It is most difficult to enter into such comparisons, but after taking all the circumstances very carefully into account it seemed to me that even if the old times were as bad as they are painted we must grieve for their departure. I could never leave off mourning the old brigands. They were swept away from all the roads and mountain passes. They —but we will talk of them no more: not of Porfirian *cientificos*, not of the *secretario*, not of Porfirian *jefes*, and not of his *progresista Señor Gobernador*.

CHAPTER VII

A SONG OF NIGHTINGALES

A SWARTHY woman goes towards the market with a little coffin balanced on her head ; a younger woman staggers out into the glaring sunlight with the cavalier who lay between her and the cold for several hours in that foul *meson*, where the rats apparently disdained the rags which flutter round the couple, and, instead, have nibbled at their toe-nails ; they would not have lurched so quickly from the door if it had not been for the placid-looking, yellowish, blind beggar whom perhaps the landlord, and perhaps a merry comrade of the *meson*, had propelled into the street. That younger woman's friend turns round to strike the human avalanche, when she, with her bad feet, rolls up against him with a laugh such as an Andalucian fan is wont to hide, and so the couple laugh and blink to watch the coffin in the sunlight. Rarely do they hear a song of nightingales. The street is picturesque : green wooden balconies and faded sun-blinds hang irregularly from those buildings which are washed, at certain seasons like their inmates, by the rain. One guesses at the colour which was first exhibited by each of these old walls, and as for the strong, iron bars fantastically intertwined—have they not grown more twisted and awry through laughing at the grimness of their lot : affixed by some hidalgo to protect him from light-fingered folk and now this folk

is dwelling in the dead hidalgo's palace? Wayfarers and loungers of the slimy street, they edge towards the footpath as two members of the rural guard, alert in grey and silver, ride along the cobbles and will scowl when it so happens that their horses' feet, accustomed to the treacherous mountain paths, go sliding on the vegetable débris. These two fellows listen regularly to the song of nightingales. A milkman rides behind them with his jars suspended, military fashion, from the saddle; and two wardrobes, on the contrary, are carried on the shoulders of a fragile-looking Aztec, with the ankles of a woman. 'Angel's hair!' exclaims a busy vendor of that delicacy. 'Who demands my angel's hair?' and he disposes of the silken threads, which are not more nor less than finely shredded melon boiled in sugar. Furtive, tangled *carboneros* from a distance pick their way among the various objects of the street, their thin arms hanging at their sides, while they walk, bending almost double, underneath the sacks of charcoal. Desperate, emaciated dogs are nosing what has been flung out upon the cobbles, and a curious traveller goes by, towards the station, a white handkerchief tied round his neck and in his hand a European, decorated coal-scuttle,[1] whose contents are prevented by a piece of cord from

[1] Even when the higher classes travel, you will be astonished at their baggage. In Charles Flandrau's 'Viva Mexico,' there is a gentleman who has a bird-cage full of boots; a banker's widow—Madame Scherer—told me as we came from Europe that she had a quantity of boxes: 37 items, and with her husband, 38. She disapproved of the delicious 'Viva Mexico' because it does not worship the authorities. And as for her, she had perceived the errors of the Jewish faith and worshipped God in Catholic cathedrals, just as He was worshipped by her and her husband's potent friend, Don José Limantour, Minister of Finance, whose inclinations it was well to share. 'Tis said in Mexico that Limantour's French father was a Jew . . . but in a lyric book which Diaz Dufoo, of the staff of 'El Imparcial,' once wrote about the son, I see this is not mentioned; and if it is not true the comedy evaporates.

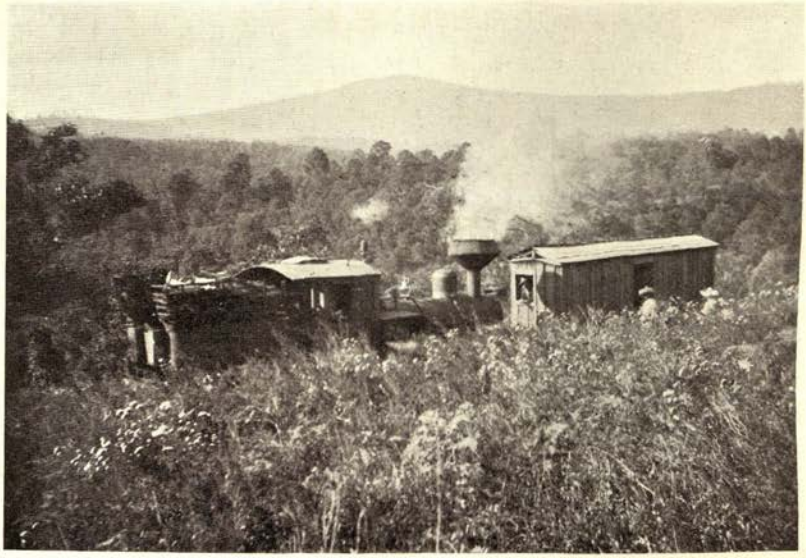
falling out. The traveller's destination and his trade are mysteries. A man goes by with offal from the slaughter-house, not heeding whom he may collide against; a sweating water-carrier in leather jacket, leather apron and a broad strap round his forehead to support the jar between his shoulders, on the brass plate which he wears in front he has a number; then the man with offal steps into a wider street just round the corner, caring not whom he may roll against. The loungers—here they call them lizards—block the footpath and two lines of vehicles block up the road, what time the lizards and the driven hold their hands up at each other, twiddling the first two fingers. Women of the upper classes who might profitably patronise the water-carrier instead of trying to conceal their Indian pedigree with powder—18 per cent alone of Mexicans have undiluted Spanish blood—and young men also of the upper classes greet each other with an air of satisfaction as they tool enormous motors at a snail's pace up and down. 'Buy angel's hair! Who will buy angel's hair?' Sometimes a week of two before they marry these young men will hire a flock of angels and one room which has a table in the centre; they will start by drinking gallons of champagne—for they have listened far too often to the song of nightingales. The sweetest nightingale, so says the proverb, is the money in one's purse.

There was 'hardly a connecting link between the blankets and the satins, the poppies and the diamonds' in Madame Calderon de la Barca's day (about 1840). The middle class, if it attempted to exist, was plundered by the Government or by the other bandits. And the rise thereof is a phenomenon of recent years, the years of peace. But for this middle class there would have been

no Revolution. 'It is the middle class,' said Don Porfirio to Mr. Creelman, 'that concerns itself with politics and with the general progress. Hitherto our difficulty has been that the people do not occupy themselves enough with public matters.' When the small Chihuahua farmers and the tradesmen did concern themselves with such affairs they had against them in the battlefield and elsewhere both the upper and the lower classes. 'Something which is most injurious to Mexico,' said Señor Limantour to me in London, 'is that our vast Indian population is so easily contented. We can sell them next to nothing.' And I found that it was so; the average Indian, grave and childish, was content to march in Don Porfirio's army, while the average member of the upper classes was content to march with what they deemed the strong battalions. That the wealthy should not be disposed to change is normal, and in Mexico the upper classes have— so far as I could ascertain—one family, that of Cervantes, which is ancient; while the others usually hark no further back than to a Spanish muleteer who managed to obtain concessions in the nineteenth century, or to a soldier or a skilful smuggler of the same dim epoch, or a priest—at all events in Yucatan. These pious founders had enriched themselves and their descendants, in default of others—the remaining Aztec nobles in Cholula and Tlaxcala are unrecognised, unrecognisable except by their own race; the Spanish nobles crossed the seas again when Independence was declared—so that the lucky offspring of these various professions we have mentioned formed the upper classes. They had not had time to lose the knowledge of how wealth is gathered, and the great majority were still engaged in this pursuit, nor did they often look in vain

for some facilities from Don Porfirio. On the condition that they left the politics to him and those whom he selected, General Diaz—zealous for no other thing than power (until the *cientificos* persuaded him, a very old man, to bethink himself of gold as well)—was ready to assist the wealthy classes to be wealthier, and most of them were naturally partisans of his. They were content. But with the lower classes it was to a large degree their disposition. Nearly all the stars, apparently, must in their courses fight against them ere they yield to discontent: the miners at a certain camp were forced to jump across a stick while they ejaculated 'Ave Maria!' One of them was silent while he jumped. 'Now,' cried the foreman, 'say your prayers.' Out came the amalgam, and the miner was invited to explain. 'I will tell the truth,' he said; 'they pay me half a peso every day, and on that sum I must support my wife and seven children, my wife's mother and my aunt and my mistress.' Had he been a trifle less domesticated he would have been satisfied to live inside an empty cement barrel, which is considered quite respectable; it does not give much shelter, but one has a post-office address. And they will even, if it be demanded of them, stop outside the church: a woman of the Zambos—that repulsive negro-Indian mixture—was requested by the priest to stay at home, as she distracted the attention of the faithful. Circumstances must be very difficult if ordinary Indians allow themselves to disobey: a mediocre circus was performing in a village near to Guanajuato, and the manager, afraid lest there should be a tumult of dissatisfaction, went into the ring before the programme started and informed the audience that all expression of emotion, whether favourable or unfavourable, was entirely out

of order. So the programme was enacted till a lamp upset; the circus was in flames and stolidly the audience walked away. These Indians are obedient: in Tepic it was commanded that no man with those white, flimsy, cotton drawers should come into town, but that he should array himself in trousers. Comfortable drawers were duly put away and often at the entrance of a town, the native carrying the trousers in his bundle; also he would sometimes hire the trousers cheaply for a day. It is their nature to be satisfied and trouserless; it also is their nature to adorn themselves and thus ascend the social scale if they are pushed. An Englishman beyond Lake Patzcuaro, the manager of a great lumber works, refuses to increase a *peon's* wages if he will not put on boots in place of sandals and equip himself with trousers. Grave and gentle and contented as they naturally are, they have been made still more so by the centuries (pre-Spanish and Colonial and Mexican) of miscellaneous oppression. But within them, deeply buried, is the faculty of the divinest discontent. In many of the tribes a desperado will at once walk off to justice at the heels of some small boy who carries in his belt a cane of red Brazil wood, called a *vara*, with the reddish ribbons hanging down; it is the *vara*, not the man, which they respect. And with a docile perseverance they bore arms for Don Porfirio, despite the cruelty and hardships that a dog would have resented. And at last they can be capable of showing, very clearly, that they are dissatisfied: a native of Oaxaca, a poor fisherman, forgave his wife her first few infidelities and then he put a stake through her body and in the centre of a piece of blazing sand he took his steps against the lover, whom he buried to the neck and near him lay a gourd of water. In Hidalgo



Our Special Train

to the lumber works of an English Company in Michoacán. *See p.* 132

Building a Railway in Hidalgo.

The man between the rails is a murderer and a good workman.

was another husband, a mechanic on a half-completed railway, who was patient with his wife, the cook, until she had deceived him thrice; he warned the lover that it must occur no more, and when it did he slew this man, was flung into Pachuca prison, and would surely not have been allowed on bail, a permanent condition, if his engineering prowess had been mediocre. Maybe in the central districts of Jalisco this catastrophe would not have happened, since the woman—she was such an admirable cook—would have conformed with local habits and would have set down before the husband she intended to dishonour a good soup of donkey's ear; as an alternative she would have been obliged to hold the little finger of her left hand in his drinking-water. . . . Even as the proletariat in Mexico have got it in them to rebel at home, so will they, under heavy provocation, show their discontent in public matters: *Chato* [pug-nose] Diaz, brother to the President and father, it is said, to General Felix Diaz, was treated like our Indian lover, only worse. To punish him for a detestable existence—now and then, because of ennui, he would shoot a sentry—Juchitan arose and cut the soles from his feet and made him walk a mile or two across the sand. (Porfirio's revenge was such that now the wind-swept town of Juchitan looks like the suburb of its cemetery.) When the tireless propaganda of Madero and the triumph of his followers had driven home, at last, to Don Porfirio's army that there was indeed much cause for them to be dissatisfied, they started to desert and the Diazpotism was a doomed affair. This blind servility, which had been manifested for so long, was thought by Don Porfirio's adherents to be unassailable: you were compelled in opening the Congress to address His Excellency with enormous

periods of vast magniloquence, and there is a humane provision that the Speaker varies every month—the business man Macedo, who performed this function in September, 1910, acknowledged ruefully, behind the scenes, that he was bowing to the precedents—but if you had occasion to address a nameless Indian, say a Huichol, you could call him anything you liked; for instance, 'de la Cruz' [of the Cross], which he would understand[1] and henceforth this would be the fellow's surname. Very often, Lumholtz tells us, they would not remember what the name was which had been bestowed upon them, and if they could not afford the fee of 25 centavos they were not encumbered with a Christian name at all and they were perfectly content. The Huichols are but one division of the Indian race in Mexico, but this ingrained inherited indifference to fortune has been found to dwell among the larger number. Let them have or not have any name or rights or prospects, they were always more disposed to bear the burden, be it great or small: the execution of five people (see p. 91) on suspicion or withholding from a man the power to celebrate a humble feast when he has had a child of his baptised—a lowly citizen begged for an audience with the post-Porfirian *jefe politico* of Merida, Señor Cámara y Cámara and amazed him by soliciting permission for the feast. As thus the Indians were inclined to be submissive they were more and more repressed, but that which irritated them to danger-point was the increasing gulf between themselves and those who battened on the song of nightingales. Without affirming that the

[1] Their folk-lore has its worship of the Perfect Man; it has a figure of the Greek and Latin cross which represents the human figure with its arms outstretched; while if they trace a second cross on cliffs or sand or, as a medicine, on the patient's body it is there to represent the moon; and if a third cross it is probably the morning star.

gorgeous fêtes in honour of the Revolution against Spain a hundred years ago stirred up the recent Revolution, it is safe to argue that the poorer classes were as much exasperated as their English brethren by the Coronation, which—I think we could perceive without great inroads on our perspicuity—contributed a bitterness into the feelings of so many who participated in the Strike of 1911. That prolonged display of opulence, that circus in the streets of Mexico, was incommensurate with the amount of bread—in place of this old Roman policy, the more dilapidated of the mob were locked away, while those who lined the pavement were prevented from encroaching on the road by means of the policemen's dog-whips and the hind legs of policemen's horses. That prolonged display was incommensurate with the position of the country: 'Mexico,' said the 'Mexican Herald,' 'is the second of the world's Republics.' On the next day this diverting Yankee journal had an article which very seriously put the claims of France, but Manuel Acuña had extolled this very people with a view to pouring greater glamour round his own:

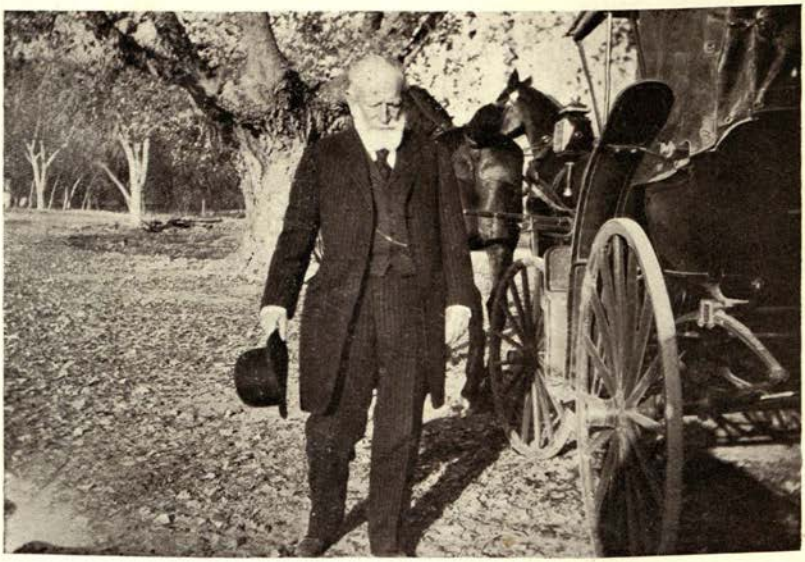
> Of those who march to the drum,
> In the seas of whose triumph the sum
> Of all triumph beside is immersed.
> Panic-stricken and rudely dispersed
> Three times he was flung into flight
> By the people who rose in their might
> And, Fatherland, came to thy need,
> Gave a soldier for each of thy seed,
> For each soldier a lord of the fight.

Serenely did the Government of Mexico proclaim its grandeur. . . . To assert that every man of wealth was in or with the Government would be too sweeping. Don Francisco I. Madero stood against them and among the foreigners who temporarily opposed them was the

Signor Dante Cusi, for he spent some half a million pesos on an irrigation work and wanted to employ the water of his own estate. The Minister Molina would not hear of it, and ultimately gave permission if the legal paper was drawn up by Casasús, a friend of his, the ex-Ambassador in Washington—the fee was 30,000 pesos. But the men who governed Mexico were, generally speaking, those who had control of her finance and industries ; they had the power and wealth, tremendous opportunities, and little sense of a responsibility towards the people. Oh, the lower classes—if the economic state of Mexico produced in them a sentiment of agitation, it would be advisable to drink the liquor of boiled humming-bird, which is, they say, effectual for heart disease.

The middle class began to thrust themselves between the hammer and the anvil. As a rule this intermediate class, in order to preserve itself, looks forward to alliance with the hammer. But in Mexico the upper ranks were very much inclined to keep themselves apart and some of those who were conspicuous among the leaders hardly were conspicuous for probity. The middle class had therefore, on account of self-preserving reasons and of altruistic ones, to seek alliance with the anvil. In Chihuahua, for example, the entire, enormous State was in the hands of General Luis Terrazas and his family of millionaires and some few other favoured persons. Not alone had they become proprietors of most of the material resources, but the Government was likewise in their hands—they seemed to be so indispensable that when an aged tool of theirs, the Governor, was deposed by Don Porfirio in the turmoil of the Revolution, when Chihuahua was most critically situated and the family of General Terrazas were as popular

After a Skirmish in Chihuahua.



A Land-owner.

General Luis Terrazas, whose estate is, or was, nearly as large as Holland and Belgium together.

among the people as a red rag with a bull, then a particularly hated son of his—so dissolute that he seduced his own niece before he married her—was put into the vacant office, not because it was believed that, in a rough-and-ready manner, he would cause the two opposing factions to lay down their arms and drink away, with him, perhaps at his expense, their grievances; no, it had been in contemplation for some years that he should be appointed Governor 'to steady him.' Those who were anxious for improvement in his character did not delay to point out to the others that, as he had never been entrusted with a post, the highest post of all would have a tendency to occupy his time. And he misgoverned poor Chihuahua for a month or two. The middle class of that high northern State is vigorous; there came a time when the Terrazas tyranny—each *jefe politico* a little tyrant—was no longer to be borne. If anyone is permanently in possession of a post and if he is a demi-god unanimously re-elected, there will not be wanting those who nourish the belief in their equality, to say the least of it, with him. Don José Limantour, the famous Minister, would therefore smile on being told that he possessed another critic. He repaired perhaps into his famous garden and endowed it with another rose tree. Did not all the world resound with his achievement of establishing the national finances on a gold foundation? He was certainly a competent, a more than competent financier. But the middle class regarded him with no enthusiasm: the statistics which he flaunted, for example of the imports, saying that from 18,000,000 pesos in 1876 they had increased to something like 200,000,000—these required an explanation; for the former figures in a totally distracted land were destitute of any value. Mining in the

same years yielded 20,000,000 pesos and 150,000,000; but how many of them stayed in Mexico? And foreign companies derided the proposal to subject them to the mining laws of the Republic. Then the middle class could show that by the tariff it was certain of the foreigners and of the wealthy Mexicans who profited. And Limantour's transaction with the railways had, maybe, strategic value, though this has been doubted, but financially was far too beneficial for a wealthy group: a sum of 50 million pesos vanished in the process[1]; there was an unseemly squabble as to several millions of the spoil between the widow of del Rio on the one hand and the Minister upon the other. It is not to be contradicted that the schemes of Limantour in many cases changed the chaos into order; but again it was a firm of foreign bankers (Messrs. Scherer) which bought up the I O U's [*alcances*] of the Government employés at a discount of from 40 to 50 per cent, and these were paid by Limantour. Julio Limantour, his late brother, was a partner of Messrs. Scherer.

We have in Don Ramón Corral, the late Vice-President, a fair example of a man who by his own exertions raised himself into the upper class, while Limantour had the advantage of a father, a shrewd Frenchman, who acquired the *capellanias* in 1867, when the Church was separated from the State and it was cheap to get control of these foundations which the pious had established, either for a Mass to be perpetually said or for the education of the impecunious. (There was, of course, an option for descendants of the founder to regain the gift, but this was generally

[1] The Government bought the various American lines for 150 million dollars gold = 300 million pesos. Bonds were issued for 350 million pesos.

looked upon with prejudice.) Now Don Ramón Corral, apart from politics, was hated by the middle class because he was successful and did not concern himself in making life more pleasant for the others, and because he was disreputable. Many members of the wealthy class, no doubt, were hard on those who were less fortunate, but Corral, Señor Izabal and General Torres had Sonora in their grasp ; it was a long triumvirate of tyrants. Those who felt compassion for the Yaquis had to execrate these miserable Governors. Forsooth, they said the Yaquis were not law-abiding persons, for this people showed resistance to the law of Corral, Izabal and Torres. Land of great fertility should not be Yaqui land, so the triumvirate persuaded General Diaz to dispatch an army. Peace had been prevailing for quite long enough, nearly 150 years, and the nefarious land-registration law which Diaz fathered—anybody could lay claim to lands to which the actual possessors could not prove recorded titles—this was ample to provoke the conflict, for the Yaquis knew no more of titles than their ancestors, through all those centuries, had known of Spaniards or of Mexicans. An explanation never was vouchsafed to them and a protracted war began. The soldier who could kill a Yaqui warrior—no such simple business, they discovered—and could show his victim's ears, obtained a bounty of a hundred pesos. So the war was profitable to the soldiers, who could get their trophies, after all, from any Yaqui farmer at the plough ; was profitable likewise to the gentlemen who sold the guns and ammunition to the Yaquis and inherited their lands. That many were deported to the Yucatan peninsula is common knowledge. I am glad to say that the authorities who triumphed in the Revolution would not have this

blot to stay upon the honour of their country. Apropos of honour, I believe the writers in the Mexican Republic looked askance upon a colleague who contributed a book about Corral and did not say one single word of how that person, ere the age of twenty, forged his benefactor's name and was imprisoned. But Corral had one good quality, besides his business aptitude : he loved his children very much. A father whom I knew in Mexico was so devoted to his little children that when he returned at nine or ten o'clock for supper he insisted on their presence, and they used to go to bed for several hours before he came. Corral, when he was going to a brothel, did not leave his son at home.

These were the kind of people whom the middle class were up against. These were the upper class. They did not, it is true, behave like the Apaches of the Sierra Madre, who would come down from their mountain strongholds at a certain month—'the moon of the Mexicans'—which they had set apart for plunder. No, there was not any special month. Of course, in every country those who have the wealth and those who have the power which emanates from the political organisation will entrench themselves in a commanding place, but there was not another country which was civilised and which displayed so grossly this phenomenon. The mediæval mode of life persisted, they had not advanced as much as Spain—for instance, in the Jockey Club a grandee from the Motherland who would, if anybody, be received with open arms, announced that he had found it necessary to frequent a brothel as he would not otherwise have met a lady. And this segregation was enforced not only with the foreigner—the diplomatic body, one by one, gave up the vain attempt to move in Mexican society;

for if the native ladies deigned to answer invitations to a dinner and, an hour before the time, sent round a servant with a note to say that after all they would not come, there was the placid consciousness among these ladies that they had dispensed the cream of courtesy. The intercourse between them and the gentlemen of Mexico was very slight, but on the other hand they were upon the best of terms with all the saints, except if now and then the saints were bearish : one young lady vowed her necklace to a figure of the Virgin if she was invited to a certain party. She was not invited ; if she had been she would have adorned the figure and removed the necklace only when she wished to wear it. Little girls were dressed up stiffly for a month to represent the Virgin of Lourdes, and little boys three years of age could be discerned in tramcars dressed in the unhealthy habit of St. Francis—'Oh, the darling little Franciscito!' was the cry. Nor did the convents which illegally existed differ much from mediæval ones in Spain. The inmates even had the custom of adorning waxen dolls, now as a priest, now as a canon or a doctor, with a wig or gold-knobbed stick. 'Is he not beautiful, my little Jesus?' asked the girls in a Puebla convent of a foreign lady whom I knew there. And in Spain, at Pampeluna, are preserved the relics of a holy child of wax, which had belonged to Juan de Jesus San Joaquin, a monk when Philip IV. was on the throne. That doll is said to have accomplished many miracles. This social and religious mediævalism joined itself most naturally to the economic privileges of the upper class. In other mediæval countries there was not the same material progress, not the same great chances of enrichment. So the middle class had obstacles more serious than elsewhere ; they themselves were children of the past

and this infected chiefly their religion. As they struggled to emancipate the country, as they brought about at length the Revolution, they were pushing to a place between the stolid classes over and above them. 'This transcendental work,' said 'El Correo Español' in August, 1892, reviewing the account which Dr. Fortunato Hernándes recently had published on the Indian races—Don Porfirio's Government commissioned him to study them—'this transcendental work shows us the people with their melancholy look, with all the past of their pride of demi-gods, of the burden of their unspeakable present and all the sadness of the slavery to come.' The middle class were battling with this phalanx and that other and with other days.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SLAVES OF YUCATAN [1, 2]

I

Don Ignacio's letter

In Yucatan the masters are particularly kind to their dependents, for the reason that there is a scarcity of labour. Should a slave exhibit symptoms of disease he is provided, free of charge, with medical attendance on the *hacienda*, or is carried to the master's house in Merida, no charges being usually made for board and lodging. People who insist on being cynical may say that this is how the mules are treated and that if you are the owner of a mule or slave you naturally will prevent the creature's body from becoming inefficient. You will know precisely where

[1] For the pronunciation of Yucatan place-names, see Glossary.

[2] 'Instead of describing the *hacienda* system of Yucatan,' said an American reader of my MS., 'the author goes into hysterics over the *peons* and their practical slavery.' If you believe a person is hysterical you certainly will not believe him if he should deny the charge. 'Of the terrible outrages he speaks of as if they occurred daily, one took place fourteen years ago.' But as the murderers are still at large the blot on Yucatan grows larger. And if I were to give all the cases which have happened recently—some people will assert that I give quite enough—the reader I have quoted would be justified in reprimanding me. The *hacienda* system is described most adequately, I believe, by Don Ignacio Péon, and I am at a loss to supplement his information. Some *haciendas* (such as his) have a resident priest, others have not; in some of the *haciendas* it is customary for the master to appropriate a portion of the wild stag which his slave has shot; in others this does not obtain. . . . But I believe that the whole *hacienda* system is an outrage, since it is dependent on the *hacendado*. Where, like Don Ignacio, he is a good man life is quite endurable for those upon his farm, and where he is a bad man life is unendurable.

to draw the line, since, if the body has upon it certain wounds or scars got in the ordinary course of things, it can continue to produce the same amount of labour. Well, suppose we let the cynics have their way; suppose we do not give the master credit for exalted motives, it remains a fact that he is careful of the body of his slave. In Yucatan he is more careful than in parts of the Republic where the labour market is so crowded that it is as though one passes through a field of corn, and if from time to time you knock a head off—will the Government have people watching, or will Governments of other countries watch? For instance, if you have a *hacienda* in Campeche you will not, from all accounts, be harried by the public servants, though one might suppose that these would serve the public which remunerates them. Let a native of Jamaica talk: 'Somebody went to Jamaica,' were his words, 'and made a contract, and they carried down here about 200 men for the cutting of dye-wood. When they came here they sold them to the farmers, 2 dollars each; and they were compelled to work for any wages that was offered to them. I lived to witness the skulls of eighteen men, natives of Jamaica, that were buried in one grave. They were murdered because they refused to work as slaves. They were flogged to death at a place called San Ignacio. Those who were yet alive could not inform the British Consul, because, if they wrote, the letter is searched and torn to pieces. Some of them are there to-day; they get a little more wages and a little liberty, but they can't leave the place. . . . In 1903 I came in a contract from Havana with 140 men; I went as an interpreter. The contractor did not know that I knew the Republic before. They carried us to the same spot, San Ignacio, and they treated us just

the same as those men formerly. As I speak the Indian language I got a chance to run away, escape from the place, myself and six others. After travelling for ten days in the woods, among tigers and snakes, we find ourselves in the nearest town, Laguna, and present ourselves to the British Consul. He also was a shareholder in the company and he gave us no satisfaction. Hahn is his name, a German.[1] They put us in gaol and they compelled us to return to the same spot. There we remained with the rest for three months. We had to steal a boat in the night and make an escape.' All this is the statement of a negro; but a neighbouring *hacienda*, San Patricio, was described to us by an American who was anxious to conceal the worst abuses out of loyalty to previous employers. They are Americans who get their men by contract from the colder parts of the Republic, and they usually do not live long enough to get acclimatised. So many women are imported with each lot of men, these women being told that they will be expected to prepare the food. Sometimes they really do not think that any other thing will be expected from them, and indeed it was not in San Patricio's schedule when a native foreman made a number of these women, in whose contract there was absolutely nothing said of dancing, go through dances in his presence, having been deprived of their apparel. . . . The conditions of Campeche are inferior to those of Yucatan, the *haciendas* being less accessible. Where telegraphs and roads are wanting, where the overseer makes out the certificates of death, he being the assistant justice [*juez auxiliar*], where it is the custom to oblige the hands to work gratuitously (*en fagina* is the phrase) all Sunday, every Sunday, for the owner, and where

[1] Now dead.

hacendados are not seldom in financial straits, so that for some months they sublet the shop and he who takes it as a speculation does not try to keep the prices down—you will not charge me with exaggerating if I say that sometimes in Campeche labourers are poorly off. They have a chance of greater happiness in Yucatan, and if I deal with those comparatively pampered people I shall not be charged by owners with injustice. To describe the fortunes of a slave in Mexico I might avail myself of evidence collected by a friend of mine while he was in the service of a famous *pulque* company whose operations are in several States upon the central tableland. But there the workers are not lacking, and in consequence are not so petted as in Yucatan. And since it is important that the owners should not say I am unjust I will not mention any of the sordid, pitiable cases which that gentleman has given me. Perhaps he has too sensitive a temperament—I must admit that he has now become an artist—and he thinks these *pulque* workers are the most unhappy people in the world. I could avail myself of evidence collected by my erudite and indefatigable friend Don Carlos R. Menéndez, who is President of the Associated Press of Mexico and editor of one of the few papers you can read. He wrote a monograph upon the Indians of the whole Republic, showing that the wild ones have decreased deplorably in number—from about 10 millions in the Spanish era to about 2½ millions—showing also why it is that they are in so grievous a condition: wrongs they suffered from their own 'nobility' before the conquest, terrible exactions of the conquerors, most devastating plagues, a lack of hygiene, alcohol, premature marriage and marriage between parties

that do not love each other and sometimes (as I will instance) do not even know each other. This depopulation and this degradation have attacked the native races of the whole Republic; only in Oaxaca are they adding to their numbers, and in that State have, like vicious tourists, to be under observation when they tread the lovely courts of their ancestral Mitla. Maya, Zapoteco, Nahuatlan and Tarascan, they are in a sorry plight; the efforts which are being made on their behalf are moderate. If they are not among the outcasts then they are among the slaves, and those of Yucatan, the Mayas, ought to be the happiest. They do not know, however, what a life it is of which their cousins die, nor do they know what special slavery subsists among the half-breeds of Campeche, of the central tableland, the Valle Nacional, and other parts. Judged as a whole, they seem to have a happier existence than the other pure-blood races or the toiling half-breeds, but out of consideration for the owners of all Mexico I will in the remainder of this paper on 'The Slaves' allude to none except the Mayas.

I did not discover Yucatan. Fierce battles have been waged already over the remarks of those who came before me, *hacendados* (owners of the *haciendas* and of slaves) asserting that the books, if rigorous, are written after an absurdly brief experience. Sometimes they say that Anglo-Saxon residents in Merida amuse themselves at the expense of poor and unsuspicious writers. I have got no doubt but that I shall be charged with something heinous, only it will have to be with something new; because I stayed for many weeks in Yucatan, I was not unsuspicious and I got one of the ablest and the most respected *hacendados*—Don Ignacio Péon—to state his point

of view. I then proceeded to reply to his remarks, he listening with great forbearance. In the first place he does not agree with me that they are slaves. 'Some people,' I may thus translate his written words, 'have gone so far as to assert that Indians can be bought and sold. If this were so I would agree that there is slavery in Yucatan; but it is such a baseless charge as not to be worth contradicting.' Now suppose you want a man to leave a *hacienda*, you will give him the account of what he owes (the *carta cuenta*) and with this the man will walk about until he finds another *hacendado* who will pay the sum, that is to say, will buy the slave. He does not crudely give 100 dollars or 200 dollars or 500 dollars for the man; he gives that money for the chains. It has been known to happen that a man throws off the chains and gets his liberty, but *hacendados* do not think it worth while taking this into account when purchasing.[1] Their slave can pay the debt, and cases have been known—a man of Don Ignacio's not only paid this money, but gave several hundred pesos for a church bell—yet as their emolument is 75 centavos (1s. 6d.) to a peso (2s.) daily and the family must be supported, and the Indian has no more idea of thrift than any butterfly, it follows that he does not frequently endeavour to release himself by paying. He can run away; ah yes, but very probably he will come back a broken butterfly. All over Yucatan are people who go hunting for the fugitives and who are dedicated solely to the chase; one of the biggest of these hunters is an erstwhile Government official, Benigno Palma Moreno, whose head office is in Merida, near that of the *jefe politico*. Just as it is not custom-

[1] 'I must expect to beat hemp in Bridewell all the days of my life.'—Terence's 'Phormio,' Act II.; translated by Echard.

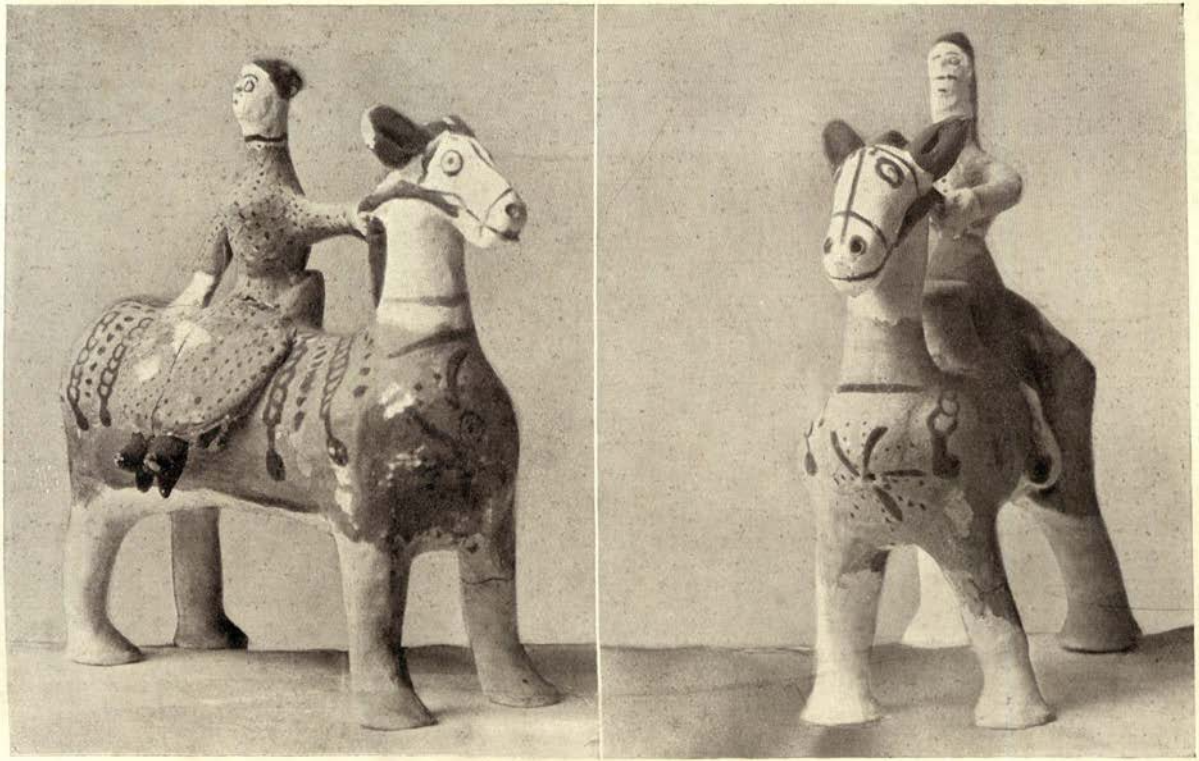
ary to employ the Spanish words for 'buy' and 'sell' and 'slave,' so is the word for 'hunter' not applied to this Benigno. He is called '*cohechador*,' which means the 'briber' and appears to indicate that he does not use violence. He enters any house without an order from the magistrate, although this is illegal and the law says that the magistrate must go himself and take his secretary. Yucatan is ill-adapted for a refugee; there is no fruit for him upon the trees, there are no springs, no rivers, and except if he can cross into Quintana Roo, where the wild Indians will assist him, he will certainly be caught. Suppose he passes through a town, he runs the risk of being shot by a policeman (as occurred at Motul, for example, while I was in Yucatan—and as the reputable newspaper made only one allusion to the matter we may surmise that the Governor was not inactive); now the shooting was illegal, and because in Mexico there is no law against a refugee, nor can you be imprisoned for non-payment of a debt. Well, if our fugitive is not illegally seized by the hunter and is not illegally shot by policemen he may still be captured by the servants of the *hacienda*, as occurred some fourteen years ago near Tekax when the slave resisted, was decapitated, had his body flung on one side of the road, his head upon the other, and his head at all events escaped the last indignity of being eaten by the *zopilotes*, for a charitable dog was passing by and rescued it and brought it into Tekax. By the laws of Mexico this treatment of the slave was reprehensible, and I can testify that Señor Manuel Cirerol, his owner and destroyer, was not left unpunished. Cirerol's own person stayed intact, save from the million tongues that do not think the person should be loved unwisely by the daughter of a former

mistress who in her time never gave herself to anyone but Cirerol. He flourishes his green old age in Tacubaya near the capital, and, in Cromwell's phrase, 'we should not hear a dog bark at his going.' He secured a palace from Ignacio de la Torre (son-in-law of Diaz), who—but I decline to wallow any longer in this sexual mud. Now that two of the sons of Cirerol are slain I will not speak of their peculiarities except to mention that they were unbending to the slaves. One of their *haciendas* rose against them, all the sugar-fields were burned, the farm was ravaged and one half the Yucatecan troops which had been sent to save them showed, by their behaviour in the field, their sympathy with the maltreated slaves. Another *hacendado* owns a slave called Chi who has forgotten those long, weary fourteen years in which he waited for his father's death to be avenged. . . . So much for refugees. It will be taken as a truth that they have little chance, and it is only the courageous and more desperate who try. They know what punishment awaits them, not alone from hunters and policemen, but from people of a higher grade: the Cirerols allow 300 pesos (£30) a month to the *jefe politico* of the district and he does their will. Suppose the refugee is haled off to the *hacienda*, he is flogged. I have so great a pile of documents that I will not select one *hacendado* who is no worse than his brethren. Let me mention that the slaves of Yaxché, which is quite a show farm near to Merida, are flogged if they go into Merida without permission from the major-domo. These men have no wish to fly, but those who have and win to Merida do not find all their troubles ended. I will give one from a multitude of cases, rendering as far as possible the simple language of the document :—

On the 19th of October, 1910, it being nine o'clock at night, there came into my house which is marked with the number 330 of the street number 59, the citizen Miguel Burgos, labourer of the *hacienda* San Isidro. The motive which made him tramp to the city at these hours was because the overseer, Señor Vicente Aguilar, had beaten him from six o'clock. As this overseer is accustomed to maltreat the wretched people of this *hacienda* and afterwards to have them locked up in the neighbouring village of Conkal, with the knowledge of his master Señor Pablo Aguilar, and even if they should be wounded the authorities won't listen to the poor who are complaining of their wounds, and the masters in their turn do nothing but give the authorities bad information of the slave, and so you have the unjust punishment which they receive with aching of their soul. Referring to what was done to Burgos to be able to obtain justice, and seeing that he had three wounds in the head, various blows on the shoulders and arms, and more on the fingers, he had to fly in these hours; and as he is my brother-in-law, as soon as it was day that which I did was to take the necessary steps to present him to justice. With the help of a generous advocate we succeeded in presenting him to the criminal judge, Señor Don Joaquin Patrón Villamil. This judge gave us justice and there went by fifteen days without us being able to clear up the deed, as it was necessary to have several witnesses the judge was asking for. And as these witnesses were slaves of the *hacienda* they were notified and threatened cruelty so that they should not speak the truth, and thus they got no punishment whatever. And we could not get justice on account of this. When there had gone by two months from when he left the *hacienda*, Burgos was pursued; the owner asked the help of the authorities, and with one who is thought to be a secret officer he could see where and in what part Burgos was working and they got so far as to extract him from the very house where he was working. And at once the captain and other helpers came to find him and to take him to the Mejorada police-station, and on

the next day he was passed into the station of San Sebastian where he was after a week drafted into the National Guard. And with the activity of our generous advocate we gained, though late, his coming out. And in this style are many cases in our State.

We have established then that slaves who run away, although they have a perfect right to do so, have to face considerable risks. The other door to liberty is to pay off the debt, and this, as we have shown, they can but rarely do. In former days, before the rise in *henequén*, the slave had greater leisure and more opportunities for gaining money. Nowadays he will be well advised if he is reconciled to bear this burden all his life. It starts with the poor fellow's marriage, which he is persuaded to embark on at a very early age, as he will thus be in the owner's debt and also keeping up the population of the *hacienda*. As expenses rise he asks the owner always for more money, and up to a certain point he finds him very willing. I heard of a *hacienda* where the men owe very little, so that they can leave when they desire and do not have to run away; but this is as exceptional as is the case of one who is a foreman on the farm of Doña Carmen Perez and who has a capital of 8000 to 10,000 pesos, a house in Muna, maize (although his latest harvest has been eaten by the locusts), other vegetables, cattle and a family of sons who are entirely free. The overwhelming rule is for the slaves to be in debt and to regard it as a part of their existence. Thus they are restrained from leaving. If they were not so ridiculously honest they would leave, regardless of the debt which has been forced upon them. Workers who come into Yucatan from the interior of the Republic



Yucatecan Horses.

These were made of a kind of clay by some Maya Indians, not far from Merida. They are very heavy and very fragile.

know that by the laws they need not honour such a debt, and as they would not do so the proprietors of *haciendas* will not lend them a centavo. But the Maya 'is an honest man,' writes Don Ignacio Péon, 'and very rarely will deny his debt.' . . . I may have most peculiar ideas, but I believe that if you do your utmost to keep all your slaves in a condition of most abject ignorance so that they do not know the value of their labour, and accept, without the shadow of a question, whatsoever pittance you bestow —well, I believe that you are coming perilously near to stealing. 'And the Indian is aware,' writes Don Ignacio, 'that by the law he can deny the debt. He is convinced, though, that he would be stealing.'

So the slaves we buy when we secure the chains are not in the least likely to escape us. If you fear that they will disregard the debt and if your scruples will not let you chase them should they go, then you had better keep them posted as to the militia [*guardia nacional*], which they detest and which they can avoid by staying on the *hacienda*. You might also mention that if they should brave the horrors once, it easily may happen that they will be called upon to brave them once again, as the authorities do not pay overmuch attention to the card which certifies that so-and-so has done his duty. Then there is another weapon which is for the boys who are not yet indebted, are not slaves. A *hacendado* told me how he had prevailed upon the parents of a boy whose inclination was to be a blacksmith in the city. 'He will earn much more,' the righteous *hacendado* said, 'but then he will look down upon his father and his mother.' And they hung their heads. 'But more than that,' the *hacendado* added, 'I can tell you something

more which he will do. The *hacienda* is a moral place, but Merida is not. How would you like your son to have three women ? ' And they shook their heads. Of course, there was the possibility that he would not look down upon his parents and that he would be contented with his wife. ' But I was doing well,' the *hacendado* said to me, ' and now the fellow is at work upon my *hacienda* very happily.' There is another weapon still, a splendid weapon, and that is the love our Indian feels towards his birthplace. Where the bones of his beloved lie there does he want to live and even if the bones of his own body have been dislocated by a flogging. . . . Sometimes, if the man is lazy or in other ways incorrigible, it will be a good idea if you let him go and tell the people who are interested in such things that every year a certain number leave your farm—whatever be the case with other farms—quite unmolested. You will thus have something to reply if they should form a bad impression of you, having heard that you are one of those who will not let an Indian pay his debt and leave. . . . You have your human purchase as securely as the cattle. With regard to those who sell, they either give the *carta cuenta* to the man so that he may himself look out for buyers—this is naturally not a common system, as the *hacendados* will be most reluctant, save if their finances force it on them, to deplete the farm —or else they will dispose of all their men, together with the farm. It is not usual to say that on a property there are a hundred men who will perhaps remain, but in the many brokers' inventories which I saw, it stated that there was so much of *henequén*, so many head of cattle and so many servants and so many boys (not yet enslaved). There is no *hacendado* who would buy a farm except he could also buy the men.

He takes a quantity of guns and cloth to make his entry smooth, but if the people should not stay he would set the machinery in motion: hunters and policemen and the higher Government officials and the faithful of his slaves. . . . We have seen that Indians do not move with readiness from that place where they first beheld the glaring light of Yucatan. It is the habit of a certain man of law, Don Juan Molina (Olegario's brother), to put down the slaves when he is making out a mortgage and by law you can have in a mortgage only that which is immovable.

So much for buying and for selling, whose existence I believe that I have shown, securing thereby Don Ignacio's approbation when I say that there is slavery in Yucatan. Moreover, I believe that working *en fagina*, as prevails in many parts of Yucatan, in *haciendas* and in towns and other places—that is, being forced to give your work for several hours a day without remuneration—I believe that by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, as well as by most other people, this will be considered slavery. Moreover, I believe that if an adult lets himself be flogged illegally, maybe because he has not kissed the hand of his employer's clerk—I learn from Don Ignacio that this is what has happened to some people who declined to kiss the hand of Señor Manuel Rios, clerk of Don Ignacio's tyrant brother—I believe that if a man submits his body in this fashion to another man he is a slave.

II

Don Ignacio's letter (continued)

Don Ignacio is not a blind supporter of the present system—which has turned the Mayas into cattle. Yucatan is full of famous ruins, but the crumbling caracol of Chichen Itza and the colour which is fading quickly from that splendid wall at Acanceh do not inspire in me as much resentment; no, nor does the lamentable state of Uxmal where a section of the House of Turtles fell to dust the other day; the plight of these extraordinary ruins does not cause as much resentment as the pitiful condition of the Mayas, the descendants of the builders. 'What the Indians want,' says Don Ignacio, 'is a little education.' He himself would be prepared to educate if all the other *hacendados* were obliged by Government to do so. As it is, the Indian on a farm of Don Ignacio's is instructed in the Christian doctrine, nothing else. Some other farms, whose owners are religious, inculcate the same course of study, but the editor of 'La Verdad' ('The Truth')—an organ which is published somewhat furtively out of the basement of the Austrian archbishop's so-called Palace—tells me that in far the greater number of the farms there is a total lack of education. Not that they are made to toil until they drop, as I remember seeing in a somewhat lurid picture that would have been more convincing if the people had been clad as Mayas, not as Mexicans of the interior. No; when they have done their daily work they are allowed to go a-hunting or, if they prefer, they can go hunting with the moon. Of course, no guns are given to the stalwart Yaquis who were carried from the valleys of Sonora and are prisoners of

war (men, women, children and the child unborn—all prisoners of war). These cannot be allowed to have a gun. When possible they seize one, to the unconcealed dismay of all the local troops who, being brought down in the train, have had the first firing practice of their lives *en route* out of the window—so that Yaquis after they have done their work have usually nothing else to do than dream about their distant valleys that, alas ! were all too fertile. They can watch the Mayas going in pursuit of deer or mountain pig—the Mayas who have had three centuries of servitude and certainly would not have made such violent resistance to the introduction of new landlords, modern landlords in Sonora. And these gentle Mayas are not unsuccessful in the chase ; it is indeed the chase, for they will follow deer or bird until they sit them down, and then—then the poor creature is in peril. Many hours are thus employed, not only to the Indian's satisfaction but the *hacendado's*, since the Maya is in this way kept from mischief. ' Once,' writes a Yucatecan artisan—I cannot give his name—' once I had occasion to be in one of these *haciendas* in which there was a Mexican who did not know much, but at least how to read and write, though not correctly. This Mexican bought a book, one of those children's reading-books, and with it he began to give lessons to one of these poor wretches with whom he had some friendship. When he began to read the first lessons he had the misfortune that the master noticed it, and immediately and in a very cruel manner he put the Mexican out of the *hacienda*, so that he should not go on teaching.'

From Isidro Mendicuti I have heard a ghastly case—one of a multitude. This Don Isidro, a most brilliant person, was within a fortnight of his death when I first

met him. Leaning on his elbow, with his battered head thrust out towards me from the hammock—he kept swaying in the hammock to and fro. After a few minutes it was not the scaly hands you noticed, nor the scaly feet; you did not wonder how the man could speak with such a rigid, artificial jaw; you ceased to wonder how the nostril which no longer was a nostril could retain so large a piece of pendent cotton-wool; you did not speculate on how much he could see through his dark glasses, for above them was a shade which hung from half-way up the forehead and the forehead's other half was loftier than that of many men. Isidro Mendicuti, dying in his pale brown hammock, speaking with a fire all afternoon, swaying to and fro—poor leper. He maintained that we have liberty if we have chances to improve, and as the Maya has no chance he is deprived of liberty. A boy had been entrusted to him by his mother-in-law, who had some business with a *hacienda*. She was there acquainted with a woman who, on dying, gave the boy to her, and she in turn delivered him into Isidro's hands. This boy was taught to read and write; he learned so rapidly and with such eagerness that he detested Sundays, when there was no teacher. With a few centavos that they gave him he acquired a flute, and in two days could imitate the birds. The *hacienda* changed proprietors; the new one—I am glad to say he lost his money, though he still looks prosperous—began to search for the ex-*hacienda* boy. He traced him to Isidro, asked for him and was refused. He then began to persecute the mother-in-law, so that she finally besought Isidro to send back the lad. He did so. Six months later he was sitting at his mother-in-law's, the boy was in the house, he was brought to see his former patron, he had turned into a perfect

savage. He that might have been an artist was no doubt a skilful cutter of the leaves of *henequén*.

It will be understood that I do not insinuate that every *hacendado* is iniquitous. Some here and there consider that the human beings under them are capable of cultivation. They have schools for boys and girls. In one large farm I visited the girls' class was in operation, and among them, making letters, was a small Corean child.[1] Some *hacendados* are as good to their own Mayas as they have to be to the Coreans. They establish schools, and in one farm I know there is a band, while this remarkable establishment is not run by the major-domo in so far as punishing the Mayas is concerned. These people vote themselves for one man, usually an old man, who with two assistants has to judge the sinners, and the most sagacious sentence is that for his drunkenness—the usual fault—the culprit shall be made to do some work for the benefit of the community. But altogether on the *haciendas* it is far too much a question of the owner's temperament or that of his administrator. If these happen to be disagreeable the slave will have a vista of sad days before him; if they happen to be pleasant then the Indians if you ask them whether life is good will not say 'Yes,' for they have suffered so much that they are afraid to talk and they will not commit themselves to such a downright answer.

[1] Her father probably would spend his leisure moments with a wooden sword attacking some imaginary Japanese. Large bodies of Coreans used to practise for the coming contest and assume the most ferocious attitudes, whereas at other times they are the mildest people. For example, those who have turned Protestants in Merida live nearly next door to the Pagans, and there is no anger lost between them. Now that they are under the dominion of Japan the government of that great country keeps an eye upon them, sending secret agents in the guise of ice-cream vendors (who observe if any youth is being trained with wooden swords into a possible assassin of another Ito), and, moreover, sending diplomats who cause the *hacendados* to be good to their Coreans.

What they say is '*Biz huale*,' which means 'It will be so.'

'The laws of Mexico have always striven against slavery,' says Don Ignacio, 'and the Indians enjoy the same rights as the whites, and have the same property rights as any other citizen.' The laws of Mexico are excellent, and far too excellent, it seems, for daily use. Not Indians alone but all the people have to lead a lawless life. 'The judges, though one hears the contrary,' says Don Ignacio, 'do pay attention to the Indians' complaints, because they have judicial responsibility and if one often sees them sending back complainants to the *hacienda* it is not because they were not heard in justice, but because they are disarmed by guarantees of better treatment which the owner offers them and they desist from the complaint.' . . . But never has a judge been punished for neglect of duty, rather for excessive conscientiousness has he been frowned upon by his superiors. And these authorities in little towns, the *jefes politicos*, are they so often conscientious? Don Ignacio informed me that a certain one in southern Yucatan was very good, they had been colleagues long ago at school. A fortnight later I had ascertained that this official took 300 pesos monthly from a neighbouring *hacienda*, and of course complied with all the *hacendado's* wishes. Don Ignacio was not astonished!

The morality, no doubt, as Don Ignacio says, is better on a farm than in the town, where living is too indiscriminate. In a monogamous society the wayward instincts of a man should be restricted, but his instincts should not absolutely be repressed. Near Izamal, on Miguel Gonzalez Soso's farm, a boy became enamoured of a girl who lived on the adjacent farm, the property of Quintin Canto. As the custom

is, the lad, his father and his mother went with presents to the other farm. But the major-domo, when he learned that they intended to deprive his farm of one who might bear many slaves, distrusted them [*et dona ferentes*] and commanded them, as well as the bride and her family, to the lock-up [*calabozo*], one of which there is on every farm. Subsequently they were haled to Merida and stowed away in Señor Canto's city *calabozo*, which the private mansions of that pretty town are often furnished with. A lawyer set to work, withstood the offer of a bribe from Señor Canto, and the *jefe politico* insisted, under threat of an exposure, that the boy and girl should be allowed to marry. And how many boys and girls have been divided? Wealthy houses in the town have usually got some thirty female slaves [*domesticas*] who are not servants as we understand it, because they are not paid. They are fed, of course, and clothed; beyond that they receive no wages and they have no liberty. They may not leave the house except to go to Mass, when they are under a head-woman's charge. They naturally do not speak to anyone while they are going to and from the church, and so they spend their lives. Within the house they do the customary work, and when their owner thinks it opportune they travel to the *hacienda* and are there provided with a husband. Those alone who serve a master who is not a *hacendado* have some liberty to choose their mate. And Don Ignacio assures me that the Indian is not abject, nor degraded. I prefer to think that these three centuries of slavery have left an imprint. Once the Mayas were a noble race. And now the *hacendado* says that they are indolent, that the prosperity of Yucatan would vanish if the Mayas were not forced to labour; they would live

on sunlight and a patch of beans. Not so when they were dragging stones up the gigantic pyramid of Chichen Itza. Who would not be indolent when there is never any hope of better things? . . . They are a gentle people, from the Spanish conquest they have been imposed upon. And sometimes, out of desperation, they imposed upon their conquerors. The friar Motolinia (in the 'Historia de los Indios de Nueva España') tells how they were forced, by means of blows, to bring their idols that were putrifying and forgotten underground, and certain Indians 'were so much tormented that in truth they made new idols, which they gave up to the Spaniards so that they should be no more maltreated.' . . . I am much afraid that Spain does not export such estimable priests to-day as was the friar Motolinia. Rarely do they learn the Maya language, though it has a very limited vocabulary and is not more unpronounceable than are the Kaffir dialects. In consequence, the clergy that attend the *haciendas* have, in almost every instance, to be natives, and the more exacting class of Yucatecos do not lean to this profession which is unendowed. The priest is at the orders of the *hacendado* and will fulminate against the wickedness of theft if it so happens that the owner has been missing an unusual amount of property. 'You must obey your master,' says the priest, 'or you will go to Hell.' No doubt this is a dark allusion to the neighbouring *hacendado*, who will be prepared to shelter refugees. And when I say the priest is at the orders of the *hacendado*, I should mention—it is only fair—that *hacendados* will, at the request of priests, give half a dozen blows to anyone who has not learned his Christian doctrine. It is wrong to steal, and even if it only be a piece of

wood each country has its penalties, and Yucatan rewards this crime with eight years of incarceration. But a man to whom this happened was invited to become a servant in the *hacienda* and he might have chosen that alternative.

'The slavery—oh, I shouldn't like it to be known who told you this; they'll punish me cruelly and make my burden ten times heavier than it was—you see if a man, if a poor man that has no money' (a native of British dominion, as he called it, was speaking to me), 'you go to one of these rich men in the town and ask him to lend you 200 or 300 dollars; while you are a young and strong man he quickly give you—lend you—that portion, whatever you ask for, and after that you are taken to one of the hemp plantations and they give you a wife. As soon as you get to the farm he give you a woman, that is for those who are slaves on the farm. I have never been indebted.' He who told me this was not a model of respectability. 'I did escape from prison twice,' he said, 'here, just here. The first time they take me because I was drunk, the second time because the constable wanted me to remove from the spot where I was standing, so that he may have the chance to ravish a woman, and I would not. That time they didn't ask me anything, but only sentenced me for ten days. It was very easy to get away; they take me out to work and the constable was drunk—oh, yes, each time. You see the custom is if you behave yourself quite good they take you out in the street to work; they give you facilities. . . . I speak the language pretty clean. I speak the Spanish language from end to end.' . . . But I regret to say that this man proved to be a liar. He informed me that I should find two men in the hospital who had been flogged

next door, inside the Penitenciary, and now could only lie in the position of a sleeping soldier, and there was a soldier over each of them. What I discovered was a man who had tuberculosis, and a boy from the correctional school—each of them, being criminal, was guarded by a yawning soldier. But if this F. A. MacDonald of the dusky countenance was tropical in his imagination, I am not compelled, I think, to put him wholly overboard, since I have solid evidence for certain of his statements. The proprietor of one of Mexico's big journals says he has been told repeatedly of villages wherein the representative of Government maintains the olden custom of the *jus primæ noctis*, frequently securing it by sending off the bridegroom[1] on a trumped-up charge to prison or the army. 'The rule is,' said MacDonald, 'that at four o'clock in the evening those slaves have to go and kiss the hand of their master or mistress that is in the farm. Otherwise, who does not present himself is entitled to six lashes, with the exception of those farms I told you about. J. M. Guerra—he gives very good treatment, and the second good farm is Alvaro Péon's; he has got many farms. The next thing, the rule of the farm is that the *encargado* [manager] and the master himself take the girl and later on he calls a young fellow and marries him to the girl.' In continuation of what he said with regard to new-comers: 'The owner of the farm give you a woman—"This is your wife," as they would say. The woman is born on the farm, you see—is to that owner as a horse or cow. They take you to the house where she is living.'

[1] So the lover of a nursemaid in Tampico was deported, since the family in which she served were anxious not to lose her, and were influential.

But the natives'. servitude is not of yesterday. There are extant some letters to the kings of Spain, in which the monks denounce as an excessive toil the carrying by natives of Campeche wood down to the sea; the kings prevented it. Some other letters caused the kings to stop the exploitation of the indigo ponds, which produce fevers and a plague of flies 'so that no man can eat his bread in peace.' Then the monks declared that another system had been found—by offering the Mayas houses and some more inducements in the *haciendas*—which would cause the natives to recognise the owner as their master, and this would produce a kind of slavery. 'I was trying to sell to this gentleman a gas-engine,' said to me a merchant in Merida, who had some English, 'and I was speaking always with the manager, trying to sell to Mr. X a gas-engine, and I was always trying to show him the benefit, the economy of the gas-engine, and I was always after him. The manager told me one day that it was useless to insist, because to this man, to the proprietor, the wood consumed in the steam-engine did not cost him anything, because the—the—the Indians of the plantation had the obligation to bring a certain quantity of lumber or wood for the engine without receiving any pay, and that was the reason why he was not interested in looking at the economy of the gas plant. That's how I knew about this, his procedure.'

But however much the Maya be imposed upon, however little of the wealth of Yucatan—a wealth which would not be without him—comes into his pocket, he prefers, says Don Ignacio, to have the right to cultivate his patch—his *milpa*, as they call it. 'Twice a year the *hacendado* stops the work upon his farm so that they may have time for private

labour. . . . In his gun and in his *milpa* lies the Indian's happiness.' Sometimes, though, it is not permitted that he sell the beans and maize and chile without having his proprietor's consent. Thus at Chilip, in a farm I know of. Usually when the farm is near to Merida, in the *henequén* zone, there is not land enough for any *milpa* save that of the owner; and where all the Mayas have their holding, as for instance at Chacmay, Don Ignacio's fine old *hacienda*, the delight with which they cultivate it is a proof, if that were necessary, that they are not fond of their accustomed labour—call it slavery or labour—in the fields of *henequén*.

III

Don Olegario, etc.

THERE is a movement to set up a statue in the pretty town of Merida to Doña Isabel Molina. You may leap to the conclusion that she has directed, as it were, the wind; beneficently blowing on to Yucatan this memorable wind has done in recent months a work most marvellous, for it has penetrated to my lady's chamber. Into that part of the house where nothing ever happened save the toil of making Amurath succeed to Amurath, where nothing was discussed save that which indirectly or directly had to do with this procedure, whose value is less certain than its age, a wind has blown. Madero's revolution sang a vigorous, brave message from Chihuahua, and there was no Mexican so listless and no Mexican so much preoccupied as not to hear the waking of their people. Someone had to be Madero's minister among

the Yucatecan women. But it was not Doña Isabel. The statue is to be erected since she is the only wife of a Molina who has had no child.

This is one of my most disagreeable chapters and, I shall be told, among the most unnecessary. Peccadillos, doubtless, can be seen in the Molina family, but can they not be seen in other families of Yucatan and elsewhere? It was in poor taste when Don Audomaro, hunting for a slave who had escaped to Merida, knocked at a certain lady's house and threatened her—Doña Mauricia Esquivel—that if the slave was not forthcoming she would be consigned '*á las recogidas*,' that is to say, she would be gathered to the herd of prostitutes where they were expiating their profession. On the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, he came back, and in the presence of his coachman shouted to the lady what her fate would be. . . . I will not affirm that Audomaro is unique; several other men on earth have in these circumstances had the same idea, two or three of them have even uttered it, but he—the brother of Don Olegario—could have it put in execution. Thus it is with all the family. As men go in this makeshift of a world, they are perhaps not absolutely of the lowest, but in Yucatan they occupy positions of the highest, and for these they are unfit. Not members of the ruling class, Don Olegario has elevated them to high positions where they have done damage. If we should recount the less endearing traits of the wife of so-and-so, then our words, having been read, would be flung upon the dustheap as mere negligible gossip. We are dealing, though, with Cæsar's wife. And some of the Molinas, such as the young doctor Don Ignacio, who have not been lifted to a high position, probably are only waiting for a leisure moment of Don Olegario.

For instance, you may not be much disturbed by two of Don Luis Demetrio Molina's crimes. The point, however, is that he (Olegario's nephew), having failed in private undertakings, was created *jefe politico* of Merida. (1) In the village Tixcancal were some thirty or forty Indians who had lived there many years, after having been pacified. Molina wanted people at a farm of his, and swore these Indians were the allies of a village that had risen in revolt; he took them forcibly to Kankanba, a maize farm, and when by the treatment there they had grown tame enough he took them to a farm of *henequén*, a league from Merida. He subsequently was obliged to sell the farms, and certain of the Indians fled. Their village, Tixcancal, they could not go to, for the *jefe* would have sent them back to whosoever bought Molina's farms. And probably they joined the hostile independent Indians of the south and told them of the ways of Yucatan. (2) A man to whom Molina owed 100 pesos for some lime requested that an aged person who had accidentally been taken for a soldier in the State troop should be liberated. This was done, and afterwards Molina said he was astonished that in view of his good services in this affair he should be asked to pay the 100 pesos. Again, you may not be indignant over the ineptitude of Doctor Don Augusto Molina (Olegario's brother). We will not concern ourselves with his technical errors, although they are said to be within the comprehension of a layman; but those people who would be in the good graces of Olegario beseech this doctor to attend them. He is pious. 'We have to thank the Blessed Virgin or one of the Saints, I know not which one,' he said in my hearing, and the father of a sick child whom he was addressing said that he would like to

have some details of her convalescence. Don Augusto, with his hands held up as if he were a Moslem praying, edged towards the door. 'Perhaps it is an intercession of a larger Saint,' he said. The sick child's father, rolling in his hammock, cursed a little. 'I can tell you,' quoth the doctor as he stood upon the threshold, 'it is owing to some act of virtue.' And he vanished. It may well be said that if this kind of doctor is employed, one should either be susceptible to this kind of treatment or have a sturdy constitution. Maybe he will not damage such a patient, but as Olegario appointed him to be Director of the School of Medicine and Surgery, one would suppose that he is causing general damage. By the way, both he and the aforementioned Don Luis were put by Olegario into the local Congress, which does nothing and is paid for it. Perhaps this doctor will not rouse your wrath, but it is only Yucatecos who will be invited to subscribe to Doña Isabel's monument. Apropos of piety, there is Don José Trinidad Molina (also Olegario's brother), who was, until recently, the President of the Railways of Yucatan. He could not bear to have a Presbyterian in his employ, and when the station-master of Motul adopted that religion, after having been for many years a blameless station-master, Don José Trinidad retired him instantly. A member of the Church of Yucatan confesses, and the priests of Yucatan are usually at the service of the man's employer. This may seem a monstrous thing to say, but the proven sins of Yucatecan priests are still more heinous, and as I have spoken of them elsewhere, and I quite appreciate the difficulties which surround the excellent Austro-Spanish Archbishop, let this be enough. . . . Many *hacendados* would, in this particular, behave as did Don José

Trinidad; and he may have been such a brilliant man of business that the railways would have reaped advantage from his supervision. But he was put in through Olegario, and was so harmful that the General Manager (who is the coolest Englishman in the tropics) would have resigned if Don José had been continued in his office—and so a friend of Olegario's was substituted.

There are people just as ignorant of Mayan ruins as is Don Andrés Solis, but he (though he was merely the son of a cousin of Olegario's) became the Inspector. A year or two ago he informed a couple of English travellers that he had never been to Chichen Itza, but that he had satisfactory photographs. And meanwhile Chichen Itza, the marvellous, is crumbling to the ground. For lack of some intelligence (not much) the fragile portions are left unsupported. If the Inspector wishes to keep up-to-date he will soon have to be supplied with other photographs. There are people just as clever as Don Avelino Montes (Olegario's son-in-law), but he is able with the help of Olegario to damage Yucatan. It was resolved, five years ago, in order to improve the price of *henequén*, that for a time the *hacendados* should not sell—by far the greatest buyer is the International Harvester Co. of the United States. This company has contracts which oblige it to deliver *henequén*, so that the *hacendados* were not only tending to increase the cost, but they were also placing the International in a dilemma. Then the Yucatecan banks, who are among the most important *hacendados*, were commanded by the Minister of Finance to hold their *henequén* no longer. Thus they sold, and all the others had to sell. The Minister of Finance was, through the President, performing what Don Olegario

(then Minister of Trade) requested, and Don Olegario was doing what the International requested, for he is their agent and the partner of his son-in-law, Don Avelino. . . . There are people still at large who have done just as much financial damage to a country as the Spanish Vice-Consul, Don Rogelio Suarez, has done to Yucatan. He also is a son-in-law of Olegario. It was his method to refuse to discount bills at the official rate; the applicant would then repair to Don Rogelio's residence and any bill whatever would be taken (at another rate). The bank it was that died. In other cases when a man has acted in this fashion and has been detected he must pack up for another field; but Don Rogelio has been consoled with two monopolies. (Of course, as son-in-law of Olegario he could not go to prison.) He imports such superlative cattle that the slaughter-houses cannot patronise another merchant—not that the other merchants made no effort, but they did not happen to be relatives of Olegario. The Spaniard was rewarded, too, with the monopoly of dynamite. His firm (M. J. Sanchez and Co.) possess in Yucatan what the *cientificos* possess in other parts of the Republic. These made a law which put upon imported dynamite a duty of about 3 pesos for every 25 lbs.; because, they said, the manufacture of this article should be in Governmental hands. They built a factory in Torreon, and Don Porfirio's son was one of the directors. At the same time it was settled that if for any reason they should not be making dynamite, then they should have permission to import it, free of duty. When the place in Torreon exploded—evil tongues, of course, said that it was done purposely; but this has not been proved, because the newspapers preserved a silence, not

reporting even whether anyone was slain. Since this occurred, the *cientificos* (represented in Yucatan by Sanchez and Co.) have imported dynamite. As bread in France, so dynamite in Mexico—they said the public must be protected; at first the price was low, but it has risen. Suppose that a competitor imports, they kill him by lowering of prices.

But, after all, the most injurious to Yucatan have been the late Don Audomaro and Don Olegario himself. Don Audomaro was the guardian of the welfare of all the Indians of Chuburná, Cholul, Chablekal, Cenotillo, Dzitás, etc., and with the object of becoming a more potent guardian he consulted with Don Olegario as to the nomination of the *jefe politico*, the military chief, the municipal judge and so forth. He was strongly of opinion that his way of dealing with the Mayas was the best, and as some other men were strongly of a different opinion he was always in an atmosphere of controversy. Sometimes he would use the pen, as in his letters to 'El Peninsular,' more often he would use the sword—the sword of injustice. Being the brother of Don Olegario he would not permit his name, as occasionally happened with the names of other *hacendados*, to be any way connected with the sufferings or death of slaves. When a paper called 'El Universal' made exposure of the sort of life which, on the farm of Don Manuel Casáres, was the lot of five contracted labourers, then it did not occur to anyone to put the editor in prison. On the contrary, these men were liberated. The Supreme Court, in this instance, let the counsel for these five illegally contracted men say what he had to say. But when this counsel (Don Tomás Perez Ponce, who has suffered much for his opinions) tried to help a slave, the victim of Don Audomaro, he was

charged with being insolent, and straightway was thrown into prison. Both the third criminal judge and the Honourable [*sic*] Revising Court, who each of them violated several articles of the Constitution, lent themselves to Audomaro; and as it chanced that Olegario was at this time a candidate for re-election to the post of Governor, the tyrant family was not displeased at knowing that Don Tomás Perez Ponce, who considered that this candidature was most poisonous for Yucatan, would be removed from the electoral campaign. The result he would not alter, as he would not count the votes, but possibly he might arouse the people to some lawless act. The slave, Antonio Canché, was not treated worse than all the thousands under Audomaro; he simply was not paid enough to live on; he was compelled to work gratuitously during two or three hours every day, and he was not allowed to go beyond the *hacienda's* boundaries. He and his family escaped to Merida, where he besought Don Tomás Perez Ponce to assist them; in a few days he came back to Perez Ponce, saying that Don Audomaro had discovered him and had been twice to seize him. Perez Ponce therefore took the man into his house. Canché dictated to him an exact account of what had been the life at Xcumpich, and as Audomaro naturally had not given him an education and he could not sign his name, Don Tomás signed on his behalf. The document was published—Audomaro flew to several lawyers for a way in which to punish Perez Ponce; but they told him that the document was only signed at the request of Canché, neither was there in it one offensive word, not one immoderate expression. Finally Don Audomaro had recourse to the third criminal judge, Ignacio Hernandez, who proceeded to give all the

necessary orders, as, for instance, that the printing-house of Señor Escoffié should be searched, and that his wife, the cashier and the bookkeeper should be examined. After this he put Don Tomás Perez Ponce into prison, saying that he had been insolent to Audomaro. And from prison Perez Ponce wrote a letter wherein he pointed out that according to Article 151 of the Criminal Code it is the duty of a judge of first instance to apply the necessary zeal in order to lay bare the truth and ascertain the guilty parties when it is alleged that a transgression has occurred. This judge did not take any notice of the document arraigning Audomaro; when at last he did take notice—two months after it was published—he said merely that it was an insult to Don Audomaro. And the higher court confirmed his judgment. This is not to say that judges can be always bought in Yucatan. When Don Buenaventura Herrera published a long letter in the 'Revista de Merida,' denouncing certain employés of the *hacienda* San Antonio, in the district of Tixkokob, for having flogged and imprisoned an unfortunate native, then Don Buenaventura was not cast into prison. San Antonio did not belong to a Molina. . . . 'Oh, but you have let your muckrake show one incident of Audomaro's life. Now, really——!' I can hear them say. If they will not believe that Audomaro was a miserable person I invite them—as in Mexico I heard a deputy invite his irrepressible critics in the strangers' gallery—to meet me in the street; I will regale them with the documents I hold concerning Audomaro—when they have a week to spare. In this place one example more will, I believe, be thought sufficient. The labourer, Francisco Tuyim, left the farm of Tzabcan or San Angel, before it passed into the hands of Don

Audomaro; and Gertrudis Tuyim, his brother, a one-armed man, left the farm in Don Audomaro's time, in order, like Francisco, to work in the orchard of Don Raymundo Cámara; and there he stayed some time, while his previous employer would not send the wages that were due to him. The ancient father of the Tuyims, who was at Don Audomaro's farm, became so seriously ill that his two sons begged Señor Cámara to let them have such money as their father owed to Don Audomaro, as they wanted to withdraw him from that farm and care for his last days; but Molina's major-domo would not have them set foot in the *hacienda*, nor would he accept the money which they brought; they then resolved to take their father out by night, and this they did, inside a hammock. Molina made complaint to Don Raymundo Cámara, who in reply sent him an invitation to the orchard, where the old man lay in agony and where he died that night. Molina used this opportunity to urge upon Gertrudis Tuyim that he should return to Tzabcan. He declined. . . . So far as I can see, the one good point about Don Audomaro is that he is dead.

Why should this family be so unpopular? They have been generous. Don Olegario did not accept a salary for being Governor, and now there is the doctor, Don Ignacio Molina, who attends the indigent for almost nothing. Yet when Yucatecos talk about this hated family they never seem to make allowances because of this good attribute; and it would be impossible for them to plead that they are ignorant, as Señor Olegario Molina made no secret of his beautiful idea, and Don Ignacio goes to the expense of several pesos so that everyone may learn

about his prodigality. The common patient is supposed to pay, but when this is impracticable he may write a letter, and the lucky comrade has no further obligation. He does not, as we have hinted, pay the newspaper; and the physician generally even writes his letter for him. Here is the translation of a notice which appeared on 7th March, 1911, in the 'Revista de Merida':—

[COMMUNICATED]

OBLATION OF GRATITUDE

TO THE SEÑOR DR. DON IGNACIO MOLINA C.[1]

On writing these lines, symbols of thankfulness for the grand paladin of science, I feel that in my soul there is engraving itself with gilt letters the profound thankfulness which from the happy moment when he made me cross without difficulty the lake of Acheron I came to him professing and shall follow him professing to eternity. This titan, this exalted one to whom to-day I am directing these sentences, enigmas of gratitude, is the most illustrious Señor Dr. Don Ignacio Molina C., he who with his inexhaustible science saved me from a premature death, wherefore to-day making use of this opportunity I take the liberty to recommend him to the indulgent public which knows how to appreciate all that which has enough of the noble and elevated.

PETRONA S. SALAZAR DE B.

[1] This is a good opportunity for explaining the system of surnames in Mexico. The late Vice-President was José Maria Pino Suárez, so that his father's surname was Pino and his mother's Suárez. He could have omitted the latter or have used merely the initial, as does the above Ignacio Molina C. (Usually it depends upon the name's renown.) The wife of a man whose father's surname begins with B. signs with her maiden name and the addition 'de B.,' or else say 'de Balsas.' This latter method is the most common, and then the maiden name shrinks usually into an initial. Thus the wife of Francisco Madero was formerly known as Sara Perez and, after her marriage, Sara P. de Madero.

Whether or not her dissolution would have been premature, Petrona—if, indeed, she wrote this letter—has not yet arrived at arranging her thoughts. On the other hand, she may not be entirely convalescent. . . . So the Molinas can be generous. I am quite aware that people will inform me that I am deceived, that even if Don Olegario, with musical accompaniment, gave up his salary, he turned the Palace into a gigantic home for geese and he persuaded most of them to lay him golden eggs. As an example, he acquired the two or three large *haciendas* of Ayala, the philanthropist, who died and left the proceeds of them to the poor. When they were auctioned, nobody was rash enough to bid against the Governor, and he secured them at a price that was so low that other people would have paid it for the contents of the orchard—this is not the truth, but it is nearer than one usually gets. Ayala, the philanthropist, would have been sorry, for the poor were not enriched. . . . Don Olegario gave up his Governmental income, and if you are in a carping mood you will be saying that he did not merit a centavo, since he made his Congress pass a law restricting lotteries; and now the National, which is the only lottery in Yucatan—except, of course, Don Olegario's own flourishing concerns—is subject to the grievous tax imposed on all that were established *after* Congress made the law. I know not if the law was passed unanimously; but a little time before I disembarked on Yucatan, two members of the local legislature actually differed from their colleagues and—and said so. The Republic saw these things reported in the newspapers and rubbed its eyes. 'Where are we going to?' it gasped. One was expected to reply, 'Chaos' or 'Revolution!' Well, and was it not revolting that a man,

two men, selected by the Governor in preference to thousands, that these men should have the salary and venture to oppose their patron? Was it not to be a bandit? How could any Governor be asked to keep his State in good condition if the very members of the Congress thwarted him? But Señor Olegario Molina had no reason to resent the measures that were passed affecting lotteries. Thus he could easily afford, the critics say, to send his Governmental, moderate emoluments to hospitals. Yet as a proof that he is generous I give upon the title-page a photograph of nickel money (obverse and reverse) which circulates or circulated at his *hacienda*, Sacnicté. You will observe from the device O.T. that in this farm he and his prudent brother Trinidad were partners. 'So that Audomaro,' you may say, 'did not indulge in all the sins. He——' But you are wrong. A broadsheet was issued in Merida by one Felipe Rivera of Chuburná, telling how Don Audomaro stopped outside his shop and bitterly reproached and drove away some of the *hacienda* labourers who happened to be buying from Rivera when Don Audomaro had himself a shop inside the *hacienda*. So indignant was he that his slaves should patronise a cheaper shop that he abused Rivera, and in such unmeasured language that the shopkeeper withdrew into his house. Don Audomaro, more exasperated, came in after him, and disregarding that his wife and family were present—or, maybe, infuriated when he saw a woman who, to quote the broadsheet, 'so vigorously had sustained her rights against the iniquitous pretensions' (some of the French pre-Revolution customs have been carried over the Atlantic)—he poured out a furious tirade. His wrath against Rivera had in some degree

arisen at his inability to make the civil judge, Hernando Ancona, say that the property and garden of one Bernabé Argaez y Milanés, Rivera's stepson, was, in fact, the property of Audomaro. He had let this Bernabé live peacefully for several years and make his land more valuable; then Don Olegario became the Governor—but in this case the judge did not allow himself to be affected.

As for Olegario and Trinidad, they did not wish to have their servants handle ordinary coins which are never disinfected and may pass through hands that have tuberculosis. So they went to all the inconvenience of making money which would not go forth into the tainted world, as only one shop, that of Sacnicté, would accept it. What the shop accepts it for I cannot say, because there is no value stamped upon it. Still, it is impossible to think of everything, and maybe while they were arranging the design they were a trifle harassed by the thought that it was not a legal operation. And a Governor should do his utmost to be in the law. They have a way of telling you in Yucatan that there was nothing for it but to coin money, since the Government did not provide them with sufficient of the low denominations. And the *hacendados* often used to bore a hole into the Government's pesos, for if one has got into the way of seeing the more humble coins have a limited but healthy circulation—why should there not be some supervising of the vagrant peso? This is merely prudence, but when I applied the epithet to brother Trinidad I had in mind a notable economy for which they have to thank him at the hospital. He being head of the committee, it did not seem right to him that so much milk should be consumed, and he reduced the quantities. He is no doctor, but

he said that it was common sense that sick men should not drink so much.

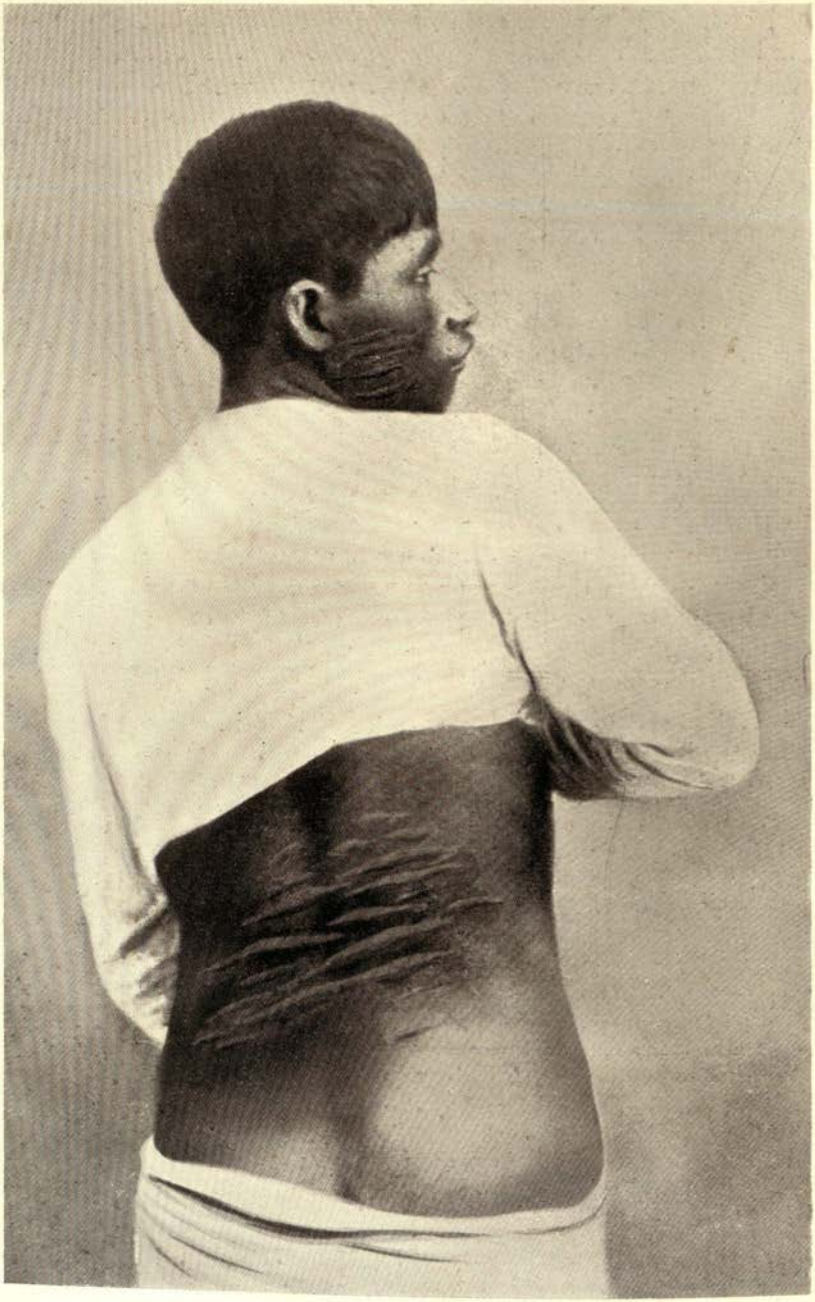
IV

Some Documents

OUT of my collection of the documents which deal with certain aspects of the Yucatecan slavery I shall not publish any that the *hacendados* might with reason call superfluous. To certain folk an accusation if it be repeated fifty times is stronger than if it be merely stated once. To folk whom we may think more valuable and whose time is of greater value such a repetition is a weakness. They will ask for one authentic instance, under the proviso that it is not of a freakish, isolated character. Now with regard to flogging, which is practised on by far the greater number of the *haciendas* and is quite illegal, I shall give one case which happened in a *hacienda* then belonging to Rogelio Suarez, Vice-Consul of Spain and son-in-law of the all-powerful Molina. Elsewhere I have dealt with Señor Suarez, showing that a slave upon his *hacienda* is not to be pitied less than are the Spanish slaves of circumstance. I hope the Spanish Foreign Minister will soon select a better representative.

Here are the details of the flogging (translated as closely as possible) :—

> José Andrade, Notary public of the State of Yucatan, in the Mexican Republic—
>
> I certify that at three o'clock of the afternoon of this day, before the witnesses who will sign at the foot, was present the citizen Tomás Tec, to which name I



Tomás Tec.

answer, declaring that I am 21 years of age, married, an inhabitant of Noh-nayum, and I say: that on Saturday the seventh of this month, when I was working in the drying yard of the *hacienda* Noh-nayum, Canuto Tec gave me notice that I must immediately present myself in the agent's office, an order which I obeyed at once; and when I was in the office I was insulted by the agent; when I asked the reason for these insults the agent answered by assaulting me and whipping me in the face with a *soga vaquera*, with which he wounded the upper lip, and even now this is much inflamed; then I was locked up in the dungeon of the *hacienda*, where I stayed from eight in the morning until midday, when I was taken out and again conducted to the office; there the agent went on reviling me and threatening me, saying that Señor Rogelio Suarez, owner of the *hacienda*, had given the order that they should flog all those who did not obey the commands with docility. Thereupon the agent, taking a *soga* which had been soaked, rang his bell for one of the cowherds of the *hacienda* and there came Marcelino Chim, half-brother of me the declarer. That the said Marcelino Chim received an order to keep down his brother with his hands, and I was ordered to place myself on my knees, whereupon I was given twenty-five lashes, whose marks can still be seen very easily although 2 days have passed. I, the declarer, affirm that all this was done in the presence of Dionisio Chuc and a native of the Canary Islands, whose name I do not know, but who is the Administrator of this *hacienda* Noh-nayum.

These deeds I have related, declaring that I cannot sign, this being done at my request by the citizen Don José G. Corrales, before the witnesses, the citizens Higinio Febles and Eusebio Gonzalez, neighbours who are present and adults.

And at the request of him who is interested, for the purposes that may suit him, I deliver this at Merida on the ninth day of October of 1905.

[Here follow the signatures of Corrales, the witnesses and Andrade.]

The photograph was taken at the same time, two days after the flogging. It may be surmised that as this example dates from 1905 I have no later instances. I have selected this one as the *hacendado* is a man of standing and the slave was photographed. These two conditions are fulfilled in other cases, but they do not often come together. When a Maya has been flogged he does not (in a thousand cases once) resort to the photographer and to the notary public. He does not do so for the reason that he is accustomed to this treatment, and another reason is that notaries are seldom so courageous as to help the Maya in defiance of the *hacendado:* one or two have been humane and have been ruined. As for natives not resenting such a treatment after all these centuries of servitude, it has become so much a part of their existence that they even spare the *hacendado* any little pain he might be caused by giving the command. An ancient Maya came one Monday night to Manuel de Irabien, a friend of mine, who had come down to supervise his brother's *hacienda* for a week or two. The Maya said that having given way to drink on Sunday he had not done any work on Monday and must therefore have a flogging. But he perfectly agreed with Irabien that it would be more rational if on each of the other five days of the week he did a fifth of that which he had left undone, receiving payment as if he had worked on Monday. You may say that *hacendados* who prefer the flogging system are uneconomic. Well, they are. But, on the other hand, in graver cases, if it is a question of delivering the man to justice and of losing him perhaps for several weeks, they naturally do their utmost to support the old belief that the punishment to fit the crime is flogging. Mayas have become entirely servile, but the Mexicans from the

interior of the Republic are opposed to flogging and prefer incarceration. So they are unpopular among the *hacendados*. Sometimes it will happen that a *hacendado* has the strength of will to flog the Mexican, as, for example, Juan Torres, who for ten days got, for having once been drunk, his five-and-twenty lashes every day at Catmis, where the Cirerols had planted sugar and reaped bullets. It would serve no purpose if I should enlarge upon the variations in the details. 'They flog them,'—I am quoting from a man who frequently was of assistance to me. He had had great opportunities for observation, seeing that he was for years employed in the capacity of *visitador*, a kind of registrar who goes from farm to farm. 'They flog them in the middle of the labourers,' he said, 'so that they may take notice. The rule is that the man kneel down, otherwise they stretch him over one of the bales of hemp, and after he is flogged they put on salt and lime or sour orange and put him in the prison until he is better. Sometimes they flog them to death.' But surely this is quite a rare occurrence, as there would be one slave less. And—who knows?—there might be a justice-loving Mexican who would in some way force the *hacendado* to give monetary compensation to the relatives, without it being such a large amount as in the case of Miguel Verde. This man stood in an exceptional position, for his name ere they translated it was Michael Green and the present American Consul at Veracruz (in which State he was beaten to death about eleven years ago) exacted retribution. But we are talking of Yucatan and: 'Some time ago,' this is an English-speaking merchant whom I quote, 'one of Dr. Palomeque's servants died on account of a terrible—how you call that?—terrible whipping the manager of the plantation gave him

by the order of one of his [the Doctor's] sons. Well—let me see, when the manager of the plantation was—was whipping the servant this—let me see—he notified by telephone that the servant was getting in very bad fix on account of the whipping and that he may die on account of that. He answered by telephone to continue the whipping anyway. A few days afterwards the servant died. It is about one year and a half ago. Everyone was conversing about that. . . . He's intimate friend of the Governor.' It is not germane to this affair, but these were his next words: 'This man, Palomeque, has very bad sense, very bad way of conducting himself. On the 11th of August some years ago, in the Government of Don Carlos Péon, the people were shot in the square by the advice of this man, that was Don Carlos's particular friend.' It would serve no purpose to go into details of the floggings, nor to speak especially about the women, who are sometimes beaten as if they were men and sometimes on the shoulder by a foreman who stands facing them, another foreman holding them at arm's length at their back. To prove that it is contrary to law we have the case of Baeza, a young man who said that he had flogged an Indian in self-defence but was put into prison for a period of seventy-two days. He was upon the opposition side in politics.

Another document will give an insight into several phases of the life on Yucatan farms:—

> Licenciate Galbino Puga y Sosa and Licenciate Camilo Manzanilla, notaries public of the State, we certify: That sitting in the house n^{r} 477 of street n^{r} 64, at the request of the Licenciate Don Tirso Pérez Ponce, there were presented to us the day-labourers Miguel Canché, Asunción Esquivel, Pedro Pech, Anastacio Pech, adults and dwellers in the farm Xcum-

pich, which belongs to Don Audomaro Molina. The said labourers declared: that they had just left the said farm and have no desire to continue working there, because every day they were obliged to work at what is known as *fagina*, which lasts for two hours every day and is never paid for; because their task which is pointed out to them after the *fagina* is very badly paid, also this payment being made in a form that they dislike. At this point there presented themselves likewise Gertrudis Castillo and Evaristo Chacón, also adults, dwellers at Xcumpich, who made precisely the same declarations as the previous persons with respect to *fagina* and the pay, also how they served in the said farm until yesterday and have no desire to return. All these labourers declare that they were frequently flogged, there having been flogged of those present Asunción Esquivel, because he asked the agent for his *carta cuenta*, Anastacio Pech for having allowed his son Loreto to go to work outside the farm, which action he believed was in his rights as father; that he was not only flogged but also locked up for eight days in one of the three dungeons which are on that farm, compelling him at last to bring his son to work with him on the farm. For cutting a thousand leaves of *henequén* they are paid 25 centavos, for 1500 they are paid 62 centavos, and one peso for cutting 2000 leaves: that very rarely could they exceed 2000, which necessitates severe exertions, seeing that it is demanded as an indispensable condition that each leaf should measure six *cuartas* [=126 centimetres] and only those are considered which have this measurement: that those which have not got this measurement are not paid for; that if by an oversight or by the necessity of working quickly they leave on a plant less than the twenty leaves that had been settled, then as a punishment they are not paid, and if this is repeated they are also flogged. That several have asked for their *carta cuenta* without being able to get it and the others, on account of this, have refrained from asking. That the cleaners [weeders] receive for one *mecate* fifty cents

and for two *mecates* a peso; but if, as frequently occurs, they clean more than one *mecate* but less than two, they are always paid fifty cents, the remainder being for the benefit of the owner of the *hacienda;* they add that when Don Felipe Rivera had a shop at Chuburná they were prohibited from buying there, under penalty of being flogged; that both the agent Antonio Pinzón and Don Audomaro Molina ordered them to purchase only at the shop of Desiderio Dzib, the local judge. That when they want to sell eggs, poultry, etc., the agent or the owner does not pay what the servants ask, but a lower price which they themselves fix. That there still exists in the corridor of Xcumpich a piece of wood with a chain attached and this was used by the major-domo to keep in subjection any of the servants who committed a fault; although this is no longer used since the dungeons were built, one of those present, Pedro Pech, declares that he has been chained up. All those present affirm that the price paid for their work was never fixed by them, seeing that he who arranges the price is Don Audomaro Molina. They conclude by saying that they left the *hacienda* to-day.

And at the request of the Licenciate Don Tirso Pérez Ponce, we deliver this in Merida on the sixteenth of April, 1905, making it clear that the individuals who said they had the above names belong to the native race and all of them speak Spanish with more or less perfection. . . . Being witnesses the citizens Miguel González Sosa, Isidro Sierra Jiménez, Juan de Dios Hernández and José D. Gómez, neighbours, here present and adults, who as agents sign with ourselves the notaries.

[There is a footnote which recounts some of the other exploits of Don Audomaro. Most of them refer to the imprisonment which happened to those many persons who did not agree with him on land questions. He does not seem to have imprisoned the local schoolmaster. Perhaps he took into consideration that for nineteen years that functionary had been at his post,

with honourable mention of the municipal authorities. He was discharged. . . . I am sorry that we have to deal so much with Don Audomaro, who has for some months been occupying not more than six feet of land.]

Another document will show what liberty falls to the share of citizens of this Republic :—

José Andrade, notary public of the State, I certify: That it being two o'clock of the afternoon of this day there was present before me Maria Jesús Pech, to which name she answers, being adult, an inhabitant of the town of Motul, and she said: that it will be two years ago since there came to her house at daybreak several soldiers of the National Guard and they seized her grandsons Feliciano and Valentin Alonso, taking them to the *hacienda* San Juan, near the said town of Motul. A few days later they were removed from there and taken to the town of Merida for the following reasons: Valentin Alonso, a minor then, of 10 years of age, was accustomed to go from the *hacienda* San Juan to Motul, with the object of seeing the said Maria Jesús Pech, his grandmother, who had been very ill since the morning when those two were taken from her. This disgusted the Administrator and he was sent to the Correctional School of Merida. Feliciano Alonso received from the Administrator a punishment of flogging, which caused him to come to his grandmother's house, where he was apprehended in order to be sent to the same Correctional School. The former has been an inmate of that establishment for 2 years and the latter for 8 months. The complainant asserts that these minors are held against the will of their father, Carlos Alonso, to whom they are subject; he is a worker at the *hacienda* Chichí, which belongs to Señor Don Olegario Molina. She also declares that Feliciano Alonso, whose age is now fifteen, has been promised his freedom if he consents to contract matrimony with some woman who is in the employ of the said *hacienda* Chichí. The complainant says that she knows that these minors are entered in the Correctional School as

having been placed there at their father's request, which is false. She manifests that her object in relating these occurrences is simply with the hope of finding a charitable person who will take pity on her and her grandsons and will help her in having them liberated.

Yes! Mexico is a Republic. . . . We have had a brief but a sufficient glance at Yucatan slavery as pictured in the documents. Maybe that my collection is imperfect—it would anyhow make Sancho Panza feel as sympathetically sore as he was after witnessing the knight's unfortunate encounter with the Yangliesian carriers—but I cannot find therein a single paper which a slave in gratitude has dedicated to the *hacendado*. And by this I do not mean that all of them are situated in the same unhappiness. But those who chance to be more fortunate do not leave written records. If I had one I should print it, and without misgivings. I should not believe that it had been extracted in the fashion followed by a certain *jefe*. This official was deciding what to do with someone who had walked in a political procession, and had been arrested as he was the enemy of a policeman. 'You will go to the Penitenciary for thirty days,' said the *jefe politico*, 'or else you may sign this paper which says that you are fond of the Government.' 'I am neither for the Government,' was the answer, 'nor against it. I will go to the Penitenciary.'

The slaves who are contented do not testify, and of the others very few. 'Let there be darkness,' say those *hacendados*. Now and then we see a hand that reaches out to them.

V

The Human Heart

A WOMAN called Matilde Poot was hoping that Augusto L. Péon, the largest landowner in Yucatan, would be the godfather [*padrino*] of her little boy, as he had been of hundreds. To be the *padrino* of a child is not a matter which the Mexicans consider lightly; a relation which is of the first importance—which is sacred—is set up between the child, his family and the *padrino*. In this woman's case Señor Péon did not accept the honourable office for himself but gave it, as in many other cases, to his confidential clerk, a man who serves him very blindly, Manuel Rios. This poor woman Poot had been abandoned by her husband; she thought that in the battle of our life it would be well to have a potent friend. And one day Rios told her that she was not paying adequate attention to his godchild and that therefore she must go to live at Yaxché, Don Augusto's noble *hacienda*. She was taken down by force, and in the *hacienda* was presented to a man to be his wife. In Yucatan there is a scarcity of labour. Well, it was two months ere she was able to escape, and then she ran to Merida, was seized by the police, delivered to this Rios, flogged, and sent to one of Don Augusto's other farms, near Uxmal, and provided with another husband. This occurred four years ago, but Rios has forgotten all about it. Don Augusto's brother tells me that he thinks the woman was a drunkard; and assuming this, then surely she was not subjected to

a proper treatment. Rios found he could not trace her, and he has forgotten all about the boy, which is a thing *padrinos* rarely do. And there is something which a Catholic would never do, says Rios, and that is to give a woman first to this man, then to that one, all within ten weeks. He has assured me that he never could have done it, since he must conform to Don Augusto's notions, and he adds that Don Augusto is a Catholic. . . . But I should not be hard on Rios for his memory. We have our imperfections, all of us, and Rios has acknowledged to me that his memory is bad. He scarcely could remember an appalling incident which had occurred five months ago, when one Ramirez, serving at the *hacienda* Yaxché, had committed suicide. 'El Dictamen,' the independent newspaper of Veracruz, gave all the details, and one may observe that the authorities of Yucatan have no affection for this paper. They have put the agent into gaol and probably he will be sentenced to a year or two, the pretext being that he is responsible for some insulting paragraphs in 'Yucatan Nuevo,' a paper whose existence and whose purpose (a Diaz and Dehesa candidature for the two chief offices of the Republic) have alike been long forgotten. In 'El Dictamen' I read how this Ramirez could not clear a certain area of land, which had been given him to do '*en fagina.*' The ground was heavy, and in the allotted time Ramirez had not managed to remove the trunks of several trees. So he was flogged—twenty-five lashes, says 'El Dictamen'—and he was told that if he did not on the next day clear that area and another of an equal size he would receive another twenty-five. The wretched fellow, who was ill besides, made his escape and was discovered, after several days, a

corpse.[1] 'Ah, yes,' said Rios, 'he had killed himself. Perhaps for a caprice, who knows? I think he was an alcoholic.'

'Did the coroner say that?'

'Who knows? What is a coroner?' His forehead was a map of wrinkles.

'Is there some examination?'

'Oh, I dare say; but I really don't remember what they do. You see, it has nothing to do with us. He killed himself outside the farm. His body was found there. Yes, it was dead.'

'And if he had died on the farm?'

'Oh, that is a different thing.'

'It would not have got into the papers?'

Rios frowned. 'Who knows?' he said. . . . 'But we never pay attention to what the papers say. You know as well as I do—lies! lies! lies!' he waved his arms about, 'oh, they are dreadful. Didn't the "Diario" say that you listen to the bad, old music of the band, here in the nights?'

'But don't they sometimes by accident have something which is true?' I ventured.

'Vile, abominable things! If I could have my way with them——!' He looked ferocious.

I reminded him that one could have a paper stopped in Mexico by merely charging it with having uttered libel. Such had been the fate of 'El Pais,' the most important paper of the capital, because a minor Government official said that it was libellous to

[1] J'ai perdu tout mon bonheur,
J'ai perdu mon serviteur,
Colin me délaisse.
Helas! il a pu changer!
Je voudrois n'y plus songer;
J'y songe sans cesse.

But Rousseau was no flawless prophet and only the second and fifth lines are applicable here.

publish that he had been put in prison for a theft. (But he did not persist in this denial.) 'If you are unwilling to proceed to such extremes,' I said, 'you——'

'May they all be taken to the devil!'

'You can bring an action, I presume, and get them to pay heavy damages—5000 or 10,000 pesos. Then they would be much more careful.'

'Lies! lies! lies!' He took me by the arm. 'What did they say of you—that you had watched a fire in Merida, when you were three hours distant by the railway? After that one can't believe a word.'

It seemed to me that he was not an expert on the subject of mendacity, and so I tried to show him that there is a difference, sometimes, between two statements that diverge from accuracy. 'Your employer, Don Augusto,' I observed, 'was of opinion that mere folly one need never contradict, but if they touch one's honour——!' And I don't think that I need have quoted Don Augusto. 'Come, why don't you get the paper fined 5000 pesos?'

He expressed contempt—I cannot say sublime contempt—in face and shoulders. 'But why should I hurt the paper? Let the poor thing live,' he said, 'if that is what it wants to do.'

I should have liked to take the photograph of Manuel in that great moment. 'And although this article is up against the honour of yourself and Don Augusto, I suppose it is a rare event for people of the farm to kill themselves?'

'Oh, let them be. Besides, we have enough to do with other things.'

I recognised that I was in the presence of a quite unusual man. 'If someone in the office here,' I said, 'insults you——?'

'Pooh! I pay his wages and discharge him.

'If you are insulted by a man who is not your subordinate?'—I mentioned one of his acquaintances —'what would you do?'

'Well, what is there to do?'

. . . . . .

I shall be subject to some criticism for alluding thus to Don Augusto and his clerk. They were of much assistance to me. I believe at one time Don Augusto came to my hotel, while I was breakfasting, for half a dozen mornings in succession. He would talk philosophy for something like an hour and then escort me in his motor to some institution. We went out to Yaxché and another farm, Tetzitz, which he had lately bought; a rumour came to me that certain years ago a woman of the farm had told the overseer that her husband was too ill to work and if he were compelled to do so she would go to Merida, to the authorities. On this the overseer was reported to have hung her up and syringed her with water mixed with *chile*. Don Augusto said it was a story he could not believe, but he was very willing to investigate. So one day we went out by tram, with several relays of mules who cantered most of the 26 miles. And at the *hacienda* we unearthed a venerable Maya who spoke Spanish very well and told us that the overseer used to treat the women always in that fashion, save that he did not put *chile* in the water, and the usual offence for which he treated them was drunkenness. . . .

It would be palpably unjust on my part if I were to speak my mind about the smaller *hacendados* and say nothing of the largest one because he had assisted me. I saw a letter in the 'Mexican Herald' written by a foreign cigar-merchant

of Orizaba ; this peculiar person said that it was most ungentlemanly for a writer to examine the conditions of the Valle Nacional's tobacco fields, accept a *hacendado's* hospitality, and then denounce his evil conduct. What he should have done, no doubt, in order to comply with the cigar man's sense of etiquette, was either to remain a score of miles away at Tuxtepec, in the hotel, or else to mention blandly to the *hacendado* what was his design. I found it quite embarrassing, but I discussed Matilde Poot and others both with Don Augusto and his faithful clerk. And I reiterate that Don Augusto was most helpful, not only in opening official doors—he was a kind of god in Merida —but with his conversation. Of the Governor, Don Enrique Muñoz Aristegui, he used to say that he was most laborious and honest, but was ignorant of human hearts. '*No conoce el corazón humano.*' This he said repeatedly, in English and in Spanish, fearing that I would not understand. It is a breach of confidence that I should write this down, but Don Enrique very probably has something similar to say of Don Augusto, and what could be better basis for a real friendship ? Don Augusto, by the by, knows English very well, but not so perfectly as to be destitute of sudden jewels. He was anxious to translate one day the Spanish phrase for 'I am an enlightened person' [*soy hombre ilustrado*] and he said, 'I am an illustrated man.'

From one who formerly in Southern Yucatan had served as *jefe politico* I heard that, consequent upon a wish of Don Augusto, he had sent out five-and-twenty soldiers to secure a dozen Yaqui men and women and an unborn child who had escaped. Two women and three men were captured by the troops, while the remaining refugees crossed over to Campeche. Subse-

quently Don Augusto asked this *jefe* to perform another service and to send up to his farm the two sons of a slave, who both of them were living in the *jefe's* village. 'Don Augusto made it known to me,' so said the ex-official, 'that these two were minors and should therefore not be separated from their parent who was on the farm. I answered that the age of one was twenty-four, the other twenty-nine. But he desired that I should send them. I refused; the young men as a punishment were put into the Guardia Nacional and Don Augusto got the Governor to name another *jefe*.'

I wondered if this was the Governor of whom he said: '*No conoce el corazón humano.*'

Here is the translation of a document drawn up by José Andrade, a notary public :—

> I certify and give it on my faith : that at the request of the Licentiate Don Tirso Pérez Ponce I sat in union with the witnesses who at the end of this declare themselves, in the house n^{r} 477 of the street n^{r} 64, it being half past three in the afternoon, and there were present before me the citizens Juan Pablo Can, married, day-labourer and adult, and David Gutierrez, married, day-labourer and adult, living at Yokat, and the aforementioned Can living at Ticul, according as they did manifest and say : the former, Juan Pablo Can, who for a long time living in the same place, served as a day-labourer in the farm Yokat of which the owners were respectively Don Felipe Péon, Don Eusebio Escalante, Don Raymundo Cámara, and Don Rafael Hernandez Escudero, whose persons he was wont to serve in the farm Yokat on the ordinary working days, withdrawing for repose to the town of Ticul, where he always had maintained his home, living in union with all his family, which is formed of his wife and sons Manuel Can, Santiago Can and Juan Pablo Can y Léon, all under age.—On the farm being bought by Don

Augusto Péon, he who makes the declaration was unwell, remaining in his house where he was being medically treated, and when for a week he had not been in a position to assist in the accustomed labour of the farm Yokat, the agent Señor Felipe Herrera gave order to Señor Don Cosme Solis to make it known to him that he should go, despite his illness, to the farm, and on the next day Señor Don Ricardo Ferraez, administrator of Yokat, conducted him to the residence of Señor Don Augusto Péon in this city of Merida, where he stayed for a term of 10 days and was taken to the same farm Yokat by the administrator Señor Ferraez, and on the same day he was given notice that he must transfer his residence to the aforesaid farm, which obligation had in Merida been laid upon him by Señor Don Augusto Péon and his commissioner Don Manuel Rios.—That a little time after buying the farm and in conformity with the strict orders whereby Juan Pablo Can and his family should establish themselves in Yokat, the agent Felipe Herrera and the administrator Señor Ferraez, personally, came with carts belonging to the same *hacienda* to fetch the furniture of Can which was in his house at Ticul and transferring it to the house which had been appointed for him in the farm. That on Saturday the 11th inst. Señor Manuel Rios arrived at Yokat by train and gave notice to Juan Pablo Can and David Gutierrez to prepare themselves because they had immediately to go to Merida in accordance with the wish of Señor Augusto Péon, which order was obeyed when the train returned at six in the evening, Señor Rios conducting them to this city to the house of Señor Péon, where they arrived at 10 at night, because the train, which was a special train to fetch them, suffered a delay. That on arriving at the house of Señor Péon neither David Gutierrez knew the whereabouts of his brother, the minor Mateo Gutierrez, nor did Juan Pablo Can know the whereabouts of his son, the minor, Manuel Can Léon, and they received notice that these persons were in Merida by means of the minor Santiago Can who came to the house of Señor

Péon and gave information of the house in which they were, and after permission which they got from Señor Péon, without saying what for, they went out in search of Mateo Gutierrez and Manuel Can Léon, whom they found.—In this state were brought before me the minors Mateo Gutierrez and Manuel Can Léon and in the presence of David Gutierrez and Manuel Can, their representatives, they deposed the following facts: that it is more or less 15 days ago since the Señores Cristobel Carrillo, Transito Escamilla and his father Juan Escamilla apprehended them in the town of Ticul and brought them to the barracks of that town, in which they were detained from 6 in the evening for a time of 2 days and during these, on a Sunday, at 7 in the morning, they were conducted to the *jefe politico* and he warned them that they had to go back to serve in the farm Yokat and if they did not do so they would be consigned to serve in the army for 5 years; and they replying to the warnings of the *jefe politico* said both of them that they would not go to the farm Yokat because they had never lived there and always had been settled in the town of Ticul. Immediately they were taken to the prison and placed in one room there, together with 4 others who are called Santiago Can, 17 years of age, Santiago Esquivel, Pedro Coh, and Liborio Uc, and when it was Monday at half past seven in the morning when the train arrived for Merida, they were brought to the house of Señor Don Augusto Péon by Señores Juan Escamilla, Manuel Rios and the chief of police, Don Cristobal Carrillo, in uniform; when they arrived at the house all 6 were locked in a stable under the care of a person whose name they do not know and they know him to be a salaried servant of the house. When they had been imprisoned for 4 days in the house of Señor Péon, the Señor Ricardo Ferraez took them to the farm Yokat, and on arriving there, not believing themselves servants of the farm, they got away at once to the town of Ticul, where they remained some days and on hearing that new orders of apprehension had been dictated against them they came to

Merida in search of an advocate to represent their rights. Thus they have expressed themselves, manifesting that they cannot sign their names, which has been done at their request by the Señor Francisco Buenfil R. before the witnesses citizens José A. Vadillo and Pedro P. Peraga, here present, of this town and adults, before whom those who make the declaration manifest that they have no wish to give services of any sort to Señor Péon nor in any farm which he possesses.—Given on my faith—Merida, March 13th, 1905.

One may add that the Señores Cristobal Carrillo, Transito Escamilla and his father, Juan Escamilla, are members of the police who are employed specially to hunt for 'refugees,' as they have taken to calling those free citizens 'who refuse to go on suffering bad treatment in certain *haciendas* which belong to those who have high sway in politics.' I have not met this Cristobal Carrillo or his comrades, but perhaps I do them no injustice if—presuming from their occupation—I assert that they are ignorant of human hearts: '*No conocen el corazón humano.*'

CHAPTER IX

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MEXICAN HISTORY

It is regrettable that I should have to write this chapter, not alone because it will be passing dull—a pile of facts—but on account of what Carlyle has said: 'Wilt thou know a man, above all a mankind, by stringing together beadrolls of what thou namest facts?' But they will merely be presented for the purpose of evolving out of them an atmosphere. The dusky potentate who squats immovable upon a throne of ivory in Timbuctu does not, in our imagination, differ from the King of Guinea—they are objects in a deadly vacuum, whereas if they would live for us they must have atmosphere. So far as I can recollect the lamentable day when I was not more versed in Mexico than most of you who read these lines, it was to me a land of Aztec battlefields on which the modern desperadoes skulked behind the cacti when they were not killed by Diaz. Possibly I thought he was a grim and necessary person, but my information went no further. It was rather like the bald announcement in the 'Morning Post' that Lord and Lady So-and-so have gone into the country, as compared with the more detailed information of the Press in Mexico which tells you that the same thing has been done by Señor Don Fulano and his virtuous Señora. Thus we

have a state of ignorance to be dispersed before the Mexicans stand out for us as real men and women. But the process of distilling atmosphere from facts is, in the case of Mexico, peculiarly difficult. You look upon this picture and on that—a lion lying down beside a lamb, another lion who is not unnatural, and what deductions will you make? We are not now concerned with other peoples who no doubt are far from simple, but the Mexican, indeed, is complicated. And it is upon the reader, I rejoice to say, that the successful brewing of this atmosphere depends. I merely shall provide the facts and try to ascertain in what proportion are the lion's natural to his unnatural proclivities. And from this medley of the colours—much of some, of others little—you will paint yourselves a picture. Even as the postal service out in Mexico is to a large extent effective in proportion to the care bestowed upon it by the public, so will you in this case have responsibilities. An enterprising old Dutch engineer was occupied in Mexico with something in the nature of a text-book and the data were supplied to him in Spanish by the various departments. The Director-General of the Post Office provided him with many details, and 'although,' said he, 'the working of the postal service does depend a great deal on the employés, yet if it is to be conducted with efficiency and to the satisfaction of the public, then there is a heavy burden on the shoulders of the public. We have instituted, for example, with some foreign countries the arrangement of the postal order. Certain countries, on the other hand—for instance, Spain and Portugal—have not arrived at any such arrangement with ourselves; and it is urgently impressed upon the public that they should be careful not to ask at any post office for

orders payable in Spain or Portugal, as they might inadvertently be issued.'

Mexico is full of contradictions : in Morelos on the sugar *haciendas* we would swear that patience of a most extraordinary, not to say excessive, character is in the master's bosom—30 cents a ton he pays for cutting cane, and after they have cut two tons, which is no heavy task, the men go home to idleness—and worse than that. They are contented, for they cherish no ambitions, and the local discontent which made them join Madero's revolution was occasioned chiefly by disputes regarding water-rights ; and when the water is at their disposal, as I found in one important district, they are apt to let it run to waste, and to continue with the maize instead of starting with the much more profitable sugar, which necessitates a certain energy at the beginning. So the peasant does not rise. In Yucatan he does not rise, but on account of other reasons. The Morelian labourer—if so he can be called—will go away if he is discontented, but the Yucateco scarcely goes until his poor, exploited body—no, when he is dead it can be still exploited. There is not much hilly ground in that Peninsula, but there is one small village half-way up a hill ; it has a graveyard underneath it and another one above. ' I shall be pleased to bury him,' the priest has said a hundred times, ' wherever you desire, and at no cost at all if it is in the cemetery down below. But I must warn you that a person who is buried there will probably go down to Hell, whereas the happy ones, who are interred above—it is a first-class cemetery, and we have to charge a fee —will, I have got no doubt, become good citizens of Heaven.'

Those who have not been good citizens on earth will

also suffer from what seems to us the waywardness of Mexico. Behind a double door, securely bolted, in the famous Alhóndiga de Granaditas, we discovered an emaciated boy. He hung his head when we inquired for what foul deed he had been so severely punished, while the rest of Guanajuato's prisoners—assassins and the perpetrators of whatever has been recognised and of such things as have no recognition in the Decalogue—were strolling round the sunlit galleries, a little too much crowded to be absolutely comfortable, but a prisoner is after all a prisoner. 'What have you done?' we asked the miserable lad, and while we waited for his answer we had too much time to see the terrible condition of the walls and floor, to feel that we had died a thousand deaths from the most evil stench. At last he murmured, 'I have been accused, they have accused me of the crime of theft.' But no, he had not stolen all the silver in the State of Guanajuato. And, talking of thieves, there was the Governor of Guanajuato, Señor Obregón Gonzalez, who did a merry trade with his *tienda de raya*, the shop from which his miners were compelled to buy, although the less-expensive village shop is near at hand.

Nor is the system of police less contradictory. The men who have occasion to commit a murder in Chiapas need not always fly across the frontier into Guatemala. If they want to be completely safe they do so—with the reigning President of Guatemala in possession it would really be too great an irony if steps were taken to molest an alien murderer. But the policemen of Chiapas are, I found, extremely tolerant. Not far from Tapachula, in the lovely mountains, lies a coffee *hacienda*, and it is the only one that is not German or American. I could not

learn if the proprietor was to be found or not, as he had lately killed his wife and taken the precaution also to assassinate the book-keeper. He would have told the judge that, as an outraged husband, he was fully justified—but the authorities did not disturb him, and perhaps he was in Guatemala and perhaps he was at home with his deceased wife's sister, whose equivocal position had induced him to destroy his wife. And in Chiapas the police can be as energetic as you please. 'Not long ago,' I quote from 'El Pais' of 18th April, 1911, 'some unfortunate labourers in the department of Chilón (where slavery exists with all its horrors, with its cruel punishments and tributes that are worse than death) attained their liberty and fled, with thousands of precautions; they were not in debt, they wanted nothing more than to be free; but they were followed by the agent of the farm; and three of them, a woman and a new-born child were stretched upon the ground; their life was taken by the Mausers of the amateur police. As this produced great indignation in the hearts of honourable people, it was necessary for the judge to make inquiries; those who had been culpable were lodged not in the prison, but in the municipal building. Presently they were declared innocent. What had happened? . . . And another Indian, a refugee, was dragged into the agent's presence,' I am quoting still from 'El Pais,' 'and this ferocious animal commanded that his legs should be cut off, as warning to the others, and that they should plant him in the ground'—the upper portion of his body being left to the ferocious sun. He did not die for two whole days. 'The municipal agent of a village that was in the grip of smallpox ordered that the victims should be driven out and banished to the mountains if they could not pay the

sum of 20 pesos for an adult and 10 pesos for a child.' We read in Dr. Dillon's book on 'Russian Characteristics' that some villages in which this malady was rampant were consumed by fire, the population being kept inside a ring of soldiers. Then it was no question that a money payment would exempt you, and at Monterrey, in northern Mexico, the doctors, who not long since tried to save as many of the people as they could, gave such a medicine to their smallpox patients that they at the same time gave an order to the undertaker's men, and I did not hear that any of them ever compromised for money. Poor Chiapas! which in 1822 came of her own free will into the Mexican Republic. It were almost better that she had remained a province of disastrous Guatemala. . . . We have said that Mexico is contradictory, but with regard to the police there is not much excessive kindliness to balance the excessive zeal. And if I could unearth some facts relating to this kindliness, how many should I want in order to obliterate the cruel facts? Villavicencio, Commissary of Police, requires a number of indulgent colleagues ere the scales of Mexican police administration can be thought of as approximately level. He is one of those who torture. Hipolito Olea, a barrister, denounced him in the School of Jurisprudence for the treatment that was given to one Astilleros, who had murdered his old mistress, Marie Poucel, and would not confess. The method used in this case was unspeakable, and seeing that the Commissary had a full supply of instruments in his police-court, one does not suppose that Astilleros was the only criminal or political suspect on whose person they were brought to bear. With many, on the other hand, he has employed the milder variation of suspending by the

"Il mondo è di chi ha pazienza."
"The world is his who has patience." *Italian Proverb.*

A Saint's Return
to his church, after being repainted.

Villavicencio.

thumbs. And he has certain cells made of cement in which he feeds the prisoners on *cecina*, a dry, salt meat; he will not give them anything to drink. If any girl should enter his police-court it is probable that, as they say in Mexico, there will be still another soldier for the President of the Republic. This Villavicencio was one of the police who killed the wretched and half-witted man Arroyo, after his abortive effort to assassinate the President in 1897. Villavicencio, Cabrera and Velasquez slew the man in prison, so that it was natural for them to be rewarded: we have spoken of the licence[1] which the former now enjoys, Cabrera was promoted to be chief of the police in Puebla. Both of them, for form's sake, were condemned to death for having killed Arroyo; and there is no doubt that such a sentence and analogous promotion would have fallen to Velasquez if he had not wanted to confess the crime. He was prevented by the judge, and later on the news was circulated that he had committed suicide in prison. And the newspaper 'El Mundo' printed an account of how he died when he had still three days to live. This is the same Velasquez who desired to marry Señorita Ricoy, but was balked by her confessor, Padre Tortolero, who did not approve of the police official and advised the girl to have no more to do with him. The Padre thereupon was seized and bound at the police-court, where they went on pouring alcohol into his throat until he died. . . . The Mexican is naturally cruel and one therefore would suppose

[1] One of the first acts of the de la Barra Government was to arrest this man with two of his confederates. They were accused of having, by the use of torture, got a false confession from some people in the city of Chihuahua, where a bank had been despoiled. The torture lay in putting guiltless people into coffins, with a menace that if they did not confess they would remain there permanently. It is said a former manager of this same bank is filled with the desire to travel.

that he is something of a coward. But the purely Indian population of the south is slothful even more than it is cowardly. That overwhelming climate and the centuries of hard oppression have induced a kind of artificial sleep. You can do whatsoever operations you desire and probably they will not waken. Let us go no further than Chiapas : it is several years since he of whom I speak was Governor, but he will not be soon forgotten. He was always thinking that he would (deservedly) be shot, and when one day a miserable Indian soldier of a guard of honour started fumbling with his gun and sent it off into the ceiling, lo ! the Governor swore that it was an attempt to do away with him. He therefore had this Indian suspended from the ceiling and precisely in the fashion we have indicated. Yet there was no rising of the natives; they cannot be aroused so easily from their prolonged, unhealthy sleep. No doubt it then became the duty of their more enlightened brethren to protest, but in their eyes this very Governor had merits, for he was much less addicted than his average colleague to the game of graft. Suppose you wanted a concession for a tramway or a sanitary work, then you would not be favoured much if you could claim to be his cousin ; he preferred that you should go to him accompanied, if she was comely, by your daughter. Just outside the chief town of Chiapas, 140 kilometres from the station of Jalisco, is the house of the concessions. ' While the highways,' says Terry's guide-book, ' are said to be safe, the prudent traveller will travel in the company of someone.' As for Indians who inhabit the less tropic regions, as for example the Huitchols, we are told by Lumholtz that they have no personal courage and they also seem to be devoid of cruelty, for if a man is ailing for a longish period,

The Market of Tuxtla Gutiérrez,
capital of the State of Chiapas, and 84 miles from the railway.

See p. 206

that is from three weeks to four months, they will not let his sufferings continue, but with his consent they squeeze the life out. Jars of corn and beans are scattered round the room, a fire is lighted and the patient is deposited upon a mat; then he is pressed with hands and knees. But if we make a study of the diverse Indians of this large Republic—Mayas, Zapotecs, Tarascans and the rest of them, we certainly shall find few vices and still fewer virtues that they have in common. They are merely rather better than the other Mexicans, but as they hitherto have played so small a part in the affairs of the Republic we may pass to those of Spanish and of mingled blood. They will themselves acknowledge they are cruel to the lower animals and human beings. As for cowardice: an operatic company was travelling by train towards Irapuato in October, 1910. Six military prisoners were being carried in the same long, second-class saloon, their arms securely fastened and the feet of some of them tied also. As a guard, there was a youthful officer with half a dozen men. The officer was pleased to dally with the chorus-girls. And when a member of the escort asked him for permission to supply *tequila* to the prisoners he carelessly gave his consent, and soon this local product of the *maguey* plant was being poured from beer-bottles down six receptive throats. It was not long before the prisoners forgot themselves and started quarrelling; indeed, so dire was the effect of the *tequila* on a certain one that he broke through the officer's preoccupation, for his words of ribaldry began to make inaudible the words of love. '*Carajo*, bind that fellow tightly! Draw his cursed arms together!' cried the youth, and as the soldiers executed his command the victim screamed for very pain. He begged that mercy should be shown him,

but the chorus-girls did not believe that he was really suffering; at all events they laughed, and their companion rose to put a stop to the discordant screaming. First he had the luckless one securely gagged, a process that one would have thought entirely adequate, and afterwards he struck him in the face until the blood rushed forth all over his white garments. But before the train arrived at Irapuato, the unsightly, helpless prisoner was taken to the lavatory, washed, ungagged and put in clean apparel. The young officer was not inclined to give more punishment, for he ignored the fellow's exclamations when he had been put again upon the seat among the other prisoners: 'I am unfortunate, you are the criminal! Take off your epaulets! I am unfortunate, by God but you disgrace the army!' And the attitude of all the other travellers, all those civilians who looked calmly on throughout the dastardly proceeding, was the attitude of cowards. . . . On the strength of this abominable story, to put down the Mexicans as over-prudent, does, I will acknowledge, savour of injustice and caprice. Far stronger would be my indictment if I were to take a census of the seven-and-twenty States of Mexico in order to reveal that they possess so many cowards. But I am not anxious to indict this people and I am not even anxious to assure you that my diagnosis is correct. The Englishman who undertook a journey to Boulogne, espied a girl with flaming hair and travelled back at once to tell his countrymen that such was the delightful property of all the girls of France, perhaps he could be routed by statistics. Yet we give you our impressions, he and I; we saw the ruddy damsel and the cowards. It is possible that if you really want to know how Nature painted all the girls in France you will decide

to put your faith in the statistics; it is possible that you will be misled.

In Cuba nowadays one hears a great deal of the prevalent corruption. Let us not forget the past of Cuba; she, like Mexico, was educated by the noble Spaniards, and the aim of this curriculum was to produce such marvellous, transcendent beings that one cannot wonder if it failed. The people of the colonies were either left in their own native state of ignorance and knowledge or—if they were members of the ruling class—it was proposed to send them on Icarian flights, and after they had shown conclusively and often that they were the sons of earth and earthly they were blamed for being so corrupt. This mode of education did not vanish with the Spaniards. For example, in the charming little library of Zacatecas they have got some copies of the 'Registro Oficial,' and one of them, whose date is 19th of September, 1830, has the following announcement: 'José Fernandez de Leon, citizen, professor by examination in the praiseworthy art of first letters and academician of the same, participates that he has opened his establishment and pupilage at number 3 in Damas Street, and that he may accomplish all his duties to the full he must confine his teaching to the branches of orthology, caligraphy, arithmetic, the Christian doctrine and orthography, urbanity, Castilian grammar—which deserve the first attention and in which he teaches boys according to their age and capability. Thus he is given credit, since the honourable people are sufficiently content with him for having kept his burden and received so many children. He has now the satisfaction of beholding numbers of them in illustrious careers, an honour to the State. He takes this opportunity to make it public that the

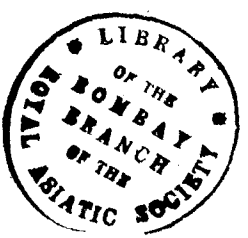
help and kindness, cleanliness and food provided for the children are the best, and for a moderate sum.' As in the Spanish days and as in 1830 it is usual that pedagogues propose; but if they would confine themselves to the arithmetic—so that their pupils who embrace a public office will not be accused of graft—then Mexicans would still be charging one another with corruption. There is that old, ingrained disposition to suspect their rulers, and political experience was not enjoyed by many. We should therefore, when we learn on unimpeachable authority in Mexico that Mexicans are bad, believe that they are not so bad as they are painted, and if haply there does not seem an excuse which we can find for them, we shall have less for those who came before and made of politics a close monopoly.

The facts which have been stated in this article would seem to disengage our love from that which is the quality of being Mexican. It even may be that you will prefer the Count who was *si jeune et déjà si Moldo-Valache*. And you may argue that the pupils of the Señor de Leon, citizen, can scarcely have achieved 'illustrious careers.' But we forget that Señor de Leon dwelt in a land of sunlight where a person's foibles are not hidden and where any slight disfigurement upon the face does not, as in some other countries, hide the face that is behind it. Aye, the Mexicans do not expect a man to be a flawless creature. Let him have the spots of cowardice and cruelty and fickleness and of corruption—he is not disqualified from an illustrious career. Sometimes, of course (but only when the man is dead or is a *matador*), no single spot will be admitted; no derogatory word is to be ever used in speaking of the early patriot Hidalgo, that enthusiastic priest

who butchered many, or of Don Benito Juarez, who is great enough to stand within the light of truth. Approach a Mexican (not an Imperial relic) and inform him that it is your wish to talk about the slaying in the citadel of Mexico, the *Ciudadela*. After you have made it clear to him that you refer to the terrific act of Don Benito he will utterly deny that such a thing took place, and when his rage has passed away he will be grieving that they should have told you such a quantity of lies. The savage slaughter in the *Ciudadela* has, indeed, been treated to the reticence of Mexican historians; among the few that speak of it is Don Ireneo Paz, the famous publicist, who did not only write 'Algunas Campañas' [fourth edition, 1910], but participated in them as a soldier and a writer—he composed, for instance, the whole Plan of Tuxtepec at the request of his unliterary friend, Porfirio Diaz. . . . We who pride ourselves upon our fairness will be apt to be impatient with a people that is always going to extremes. Nor is it possible for us to get approximately at the truth by not believing any figure till we have divided it by ten; our old idea was that the Latins of the New World could not but exaggerate. In 'El Pais,' a paper which was, like Iago, nothing if not critical, I saw a notice of four men, *rurales*, who arrived at a Chihuahua station last December in pursuit of rebels; they descended from the train, and on the platform were assassinated by the foe. This article was called: 'A disagreeable occurrence.'

They are contradictory, these Mexicans! I came out of the library at Zacatecas to revive myself with oranges, because the reading of those musty journals makes one see that there is something in the Mexicans which we shall never understand. About their evil

qualities, enfolding them, is the eternal quality of childishness. 'La Lima de Vulcano,' in its number of the 25th April, 1838, informs you that: 'it is related with sufficient sorrow that the French boats now blockading Veracruz have captured within sight of the town and even under the fire of the castle a Campeche schooner. If that is so, we are not so much oppressed to know the ship is captured as to learn the circumstances under which it happened . . . and the honour of the Mexican flag cannot let this insult go unpunished.' . . . They are children. As for governing themselves——! I threw away the remnants of the oranges, which I had sucked in the delicious, unæsthetic mode of Yucatan. Are any tyrants worse than children? I went slowly back into the library, and as I turned upon the step I saw two little girls pick up the orange débris and they saw that I was looking at them. Well, in one brief instant their brown eyes had guilt and laughter and despair and pleading and the quaintest resignation shining from them. More of wisdom came into those eyes than would be wanted for the governing of Zacatecas.


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Fco. I. Madero

CHAPTER X

DAWN AFTER DIAZ

THE REVOLUTION WHICH BEGAN IN 1910

THE EVOLUTION OF MEXICO

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRESIDENTS OF MEXICO	Porfirio Diaz (Old Régime) Francisco L. de la Barra (Interregnum) Francisco Madero (New Régime)
VICE-PRESIDENTS OF MEXICO	Ramón Corral (Old Régime) Pino Suárez (New Régime)
PROMINENT MINISTERS	J. Y. Limantour (Old Régime), *Finance* Vera Estañol (Dying days of Old Régime), *Public Instruction and Interior* Émilio Vázquez Gómez (Interregnum), *Interior* Dr. Vázquez Gómez (Interregnum), *Public Instruction* Ernesto Madero (Interregnum and New Régime), *Finance*
GENERALS IN THE FIELD	Navarro (Old Régime) Luque (Old Régime) Garcia Cuellar (Old Régime) Victoriano Huerta (Every Régime) Orozco (New Régime) Ambrosio Figuera (New Régime) Pancho Villa, ex-brigand (New Régime) Viljoen, the Boer (New Régime) Luis Moya (New Régime)
BRIGANDS	Mucio Martinez, Governor of Puebla (Old Régime) Reyes Spindola, Editor of 'El Imparcial' (Old Régime) Zapata, ex-groom of Son-in-law of Diaz (New Régime)

CHIEF OF POLICE	General Felix Diaz (Old Régime)
ORATORS	Bulnés and Batalla (Dying days of Old Régime)
EXILES (voluntary and otherwise)	General Bernardo Reyes (Old Régime) Many of the above
FRIENDS OF PORFIRIO DIAZ	Teódoro Dehesa, Governor of Veracruz (a very wise friend) G. de Landa y Escandon Lord Cowdray

UNDERNEATH a shower of roses Don Porfirio Diaz made a progress through the capital of his Republic on the 16th of September, 1910, and they were celebrating the heroic priest Hidalgo whose enthusiasm, as it were, had been the first stone of the new Republic. On the 16th of September, 1910—one hundred years from Hidalgo's rising—Mexico was far from being a complete Republic; even Rome, however, was not built within a hundred years, and Rome did not waste any of her time in arguing that she possessed no slaves. And whatsoever Mexico had left undone, she had at any rate expelled the Spanish Viceroy, she had executed Agustin de Iturbide her dashing son, when he assumed Imperial dignities, and she had executed Maximilian the stranger. All these actions would have had the strong approval of Hidalgo, since there could be no Republic while such men were in the Palace. It would have been irony to eulogise Hidalgo if his aspirations had been wholly disregarded. But the dashing Iturbide and Maximilian had been slain, and that was something. 'Viva la República Mexicana!' Surely good Hidalgo would have frowned on Iturbide when he locked the opposition members out of Congress; such a thing

could not be done by Diaz, for there was no opposition party on the 16th of September, 1910. And if Hidalgo had been in the streets on that excited day he surely would have thrown some flowers (for the President was driving past), and if a man asserts for more than thirty years that he is the Constitutional President, how can one contradict him? I do not think Hidalgo would have called him a Dictator; for Hidalgo was a simple old enthusiast.

'Viva la República Mexicana! Viva Don Porfirio Diaz! Viva el General Diaz!' and his carriage slowly passes onward. At his side, of course, is Don Ramón Corral, Vice-President, a younger man though pretty old in vice. The President looks like a gallant soldier coming back from a campaign: he waves his arm continuously, gracefully—as if he would bestow on every one of us a laurel leaf—and roses fall upon his arm. Corral is looking at us with his eyes half-shut—as if it were a microscope that he were looking through, to study little creatures of repulsive morals. By the carriage and behind it is the Presidential Staff on horseback. They are beautifully clad, they are a handsome corps—oh, one hopes that they will never be defiled by cannon smoke. A lady on our balcony has conceived a weakness, as have many people, for the *bonhomie* of Colonel Samuel Garcia Cuellar. She exclaims and he salutes her—in a month or two his right hand will have been shot off by the insurgents.

'Viva Don Porfirio!' The windows of his private house were broken on the 11th of September; it was done by anti-re-electionists. But politicians who express themselves in such a way! . . . No doubt they are disgruntled voters who have not been able to elect Francisco I. Madero. They should have the decency to hang their heads, for

it is due to their untoward intervention that the President has only got ninety-eight-hundredths[1] of the votes and by depriving him of the remainder they have shown themselves unpatriotic. And they want it to be thought that they are patriots! With flags of the Republic they have gone in a procession to the monument of Cuauhtemoc, the noble Aztec. Yes, a band of ordinary citizens who happened to be marching down the road to lay some flowers at the feet of Cuauhtemoc, which Hernan Cortés burned, allowed these anti-re-electionists to join them. One thing they had all in common: detestation of Corral, because he was Corral and because he was a member of the scientific party, the *cientificos*,[2] a guild of clever men whose principle was to exploit the country. They protested that they

[1] 'There can be no doubt,' said 'The Times' on October 27, 1911, 'that, had Señor Madero been allowed a fair field in the Presidential election of 1911, his success at the polls would have been as decisive as the success of his subsequent appeal to arms.' But this is an exaggeration, as—if we except the Northern States of Coahuila and Chihuahua—those who would have voted at this moment for Madero were the so-called intellectuals and their adherents. 'It is estimated by competent observers,' so 'The Times' continues, 'that 90 per cent of the population of Mexico were at the time of the Centennial celebrations last year utterly hostile to the administration then in power.' But the prestige of Don Porfirio would have prevailed; it wanted something more than noble words for Don Francisco to inflame the populace.

[2] 'He governs,' says Señor F. Garcia Calderon, 'with the aid of the "scientific" party—a group which believes in the virtue and power of science, exiles theology and metaphysics, denies mystery and confesses utilitarianism as its practice and positivism as its doctrine.' Of course, 'cientificos' was a nickname which the party did not apply to itself. The above description of them by the young Peruvian writer is taken from his admirable book, 'Latin America: its Rise and Progress,' of which an English translation has recently appeared. At the other end of the scale is a ridiculous book by an American, Mr. Nevin O. Winter, who claims to be complete and accurate. His book is published in 1913, and he is so certain that Porfirio Diaz is the President that he repeats the official story of his life, which has been told before. Mr. Winter says that it has not been his aim 'to advance radical views.'

were not politicians, and it is quite true they only interfered in politics when their own interests could be promoted. For a dozen years, as Don Porfirio grew older, they had gradually grown more powerful, and now they were surrounding him as with a tightly woven palisade of gold. He had not suffered any party to concern itself with politics, a subject that was his and only his ; but he was unsuspicious of the *cientificos :* lawyers, deputies and business-men and bankers—friends of his. The chief of them was Limantour, who was no politician but his faithful man, a man sent down from heaven to arrange the Mexican finances. All these *cientificos* were estimable people, friends of his. They had founded a newspaper, ' El Imparcial,' which was to support his Government. One day it called him ' the divine.' . . . And so, as Don Porfirio grew older, the *cientificos* waxed powerful. Their private fortunes flourished most amazingly ; they helped each other, and while they were always swearing fealty to Don Porfirio they saw to it that all the Governors who were appointed should be *cientificos.* These servants of the party were, of course, good Porfiristas—everybody who was anybody had to be a Porfirista—but they were also *cientificos.* And in September, 1910, there were only three Governors, I believe, out of the twenty-seven, who were unadulterated Porfiristas, relics of another day. As for Corral, when he became Minister of the Interior and Vice-President, he was not yet a *cientifico,* but the party put in Miguel Macedo as his Under-Secretary and he was won over. This Macedo and his brother Pablo, wisely sent by Limantour to London to be Financial Agent,[1] are two little valetudinarians who are said to have inherited their brains and their

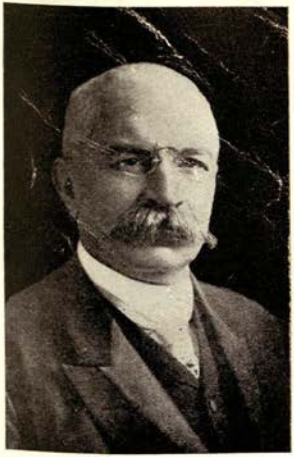
[1] This appointment has been cancelled.

Jesuitical qualities from a Portuguese ghetto. They are fascinating men. . . . But all the citizens who marched along with flowers for Cuauhtemoc abhorred the *cientificos* and felt that Corral was a burden on their necks; those anti-re-electionists went further in the business and opposed the President because he had not freed the nation from Corral. And now, on the 11th of September, the President was going to unveil a Pasteur monument. These enemies of order, said their enemies, must instantly be scattered to the winds or to Belem. So General Felix Diaz,[1] the chief of the police, rode with his followers into their midst; unluckily the horses trampled on the flags of the Republic and on those which had Hidalgo's portrait,—which produced among the citizens a feeling of exasperation. Some of them were bold enough to make for the police, and with chrysanthemums, their only weapons, to lash out upon them. Who knows what these desperadoes would have done to Don Porfirio? The citizens were just as wicked as the anti-re-electionists. Let all of them be haled to Belem. . . . Ah! if some had not escaped and run into the centre of the town, with an unheard-of cry: 'Viva Madero!' Lounging at the entrance of the Jockey Club a gentleman, well versed, presumably, in other animals than horses, said that this was madness which would have been interesting to Pasteur. 'Viva Madero! Viva Madero!' The gentleman curled his lip. 'He is a madman,' he observed, 'that Pancho Madero.'

[1] He is either the nephew or the illegitimate son of Don Porfirio. As a chief of police he was efficient, and he claims to be able to fill a loftier post. He is said to resemble Don Porfirio in his perseverance; whether he possesses any of the other attributes of his successful relative we cannot say. When he and Huerta slew Madero he was grim enough, but has he anything of Don Porfirio's grim humour and his organising power?

General Mucio Martinez.
See p. 226

General Felix Diaz.
See p. 218



Vice-President Ramón Corral.

A Quack at Pachuca,
explaining what the flesh is heir to.

'Yes,' replied another lounger, 'he has written a book.'

Headlong ran the citizens, the anti-re-electionists.

But on the 16th of September there was not a sign of them. As Don Porfirio in triumph drove along the streets he made you think about the driver of the horses of the sun. How many of us noted Corral, grimly sitting at his side? The day was glorious and few of the spectators but were blinded. In the ten or twelve cablegrams which every member of an embassy could send without payment—the first experience of cabling for a number of them—it is probable that Don Porfirio did not find anything worth being censored. Mexico was lavish and the diplomats were given what they wanted, save a moment for reflection. They made speeches on the grandeur of the country. Don Porfirio, they said and thought, is of all Presidents the most secure, since he is almost worshipped by the citizens. Those dreadfully important diplomats were so much occupied in finding adjectives to deck their speeches that they could not find the time to visit Calle Bucareli, where the Governor of the District was detaining those whom he did not consider ornamental. If they had been ambassadors he would have bought them clothes, for when the delegates of the Republic of Honduras made it known that they possessed no evening clothes the Foreign Office told them of a tailor, whom they patronised and whose account the Foreign Office duly settled. They were gratified, these delegates, and forthwith ordered a supply of shirts and socks, for which again they sent the bill to the mistaken Foreign Office—I, if I had been a taxpayer, would have objected to this covering of Honduranean nakedness while fellow-citizens of mine

were put aside because they were so ragged. And the diplomats were so much taken up with looking at their portraits in the Governmental papers—hardly one of them had ever been considered such a prophet in his own country—that they could not read the discontented Press. If they inquired about Francisco I. Madero they were told that he was an idealist, a visionary who was rich, a grandson of Don Evaristo Madero, the multi-millionaire. 'Besides, you know he never wrote that book of his.'

'In fact,' said a diplomatist who knew one of the three Porfirista Governors, namely, Don Teódoro Dehesa of Veracruz, 'in fact he followed the example of Corral, who copied from a dictionary—you remember, doubtless.'

'Well, Madero is not foolish. He is good at business, but he never wrote the book himself.'

So much one learned about the man who had come into prominence by making speeches up and down the country with the kind consent of Don Porfirio, and who was locked up in a prison on the 16th of September. Once his propaganda had been thought to be so harmless. He was merely echoing the Constitution when he advocated an effective suffrage —oh! a very splendid thing—and when he was opposed to re-election of the President was he not merely echoing the words of Don Porfirio? 'No matter what my friends and supporters say,' quoth Don Porfirio at the end of 1907, 'I retire when my present term of office ends, and I shall not serve again.' But the President imagined that his voice and that of Don Francisco were both crying in the wilderness. He looked with some indulgence on the younger man, who coming back from France and luxury had settled to drink water like his peasants and to eat their food;

the President had never been unfaithful to the simple diet of his ancestors. But notwithstanding Don Porfirio's attitude, the Governors and the police were far less gracious and they put as many obstacles as they could think of in Madero's path. They told the President that everywhere the pilgrim was arousing popular enthusiasm. 'It is for the grand old Constitution,' said the President.

'But he wants to introduce purity into our politics!'

'We have all been young——'

And several of the Governors sighed, particularly he of Aguascalientes, who was at the time of life when certain people love to spend their days in organising questionable fêtes; he of green Tabasco, Abraham Bandala, who had come to be so aged that he had no time to give his prisoners a trial ere he shot them; he of beautiful Michoacan—a territory almost virgin still—who was too old to do anything but stroke his beard.

'We have all been young,' said Don Porfirio, 'and I have not forgotten the reforms that I desired so fervidly.'

'But would it not be safer——?'

'I have thought of that,' said Don Porfirio, 'but I don't want to permit an accident if I can help it. He belongs to a powerful family. And just because of that I tell you it is better he should beat the drum and not an upstart lawyer. Don't you think that I am right?'

But afterwards Don Pancho agitated more severely, stood for Presidential honours—failing any other candidate—and thus he was imprisoned, first at Monterrey, where the Madero influence is strong and where his proclamations, written in confinement,

showed that he was author of his book. Then they transferred him to San Luis Potosí. 'I am quite disappointed in the man,' said Don Porfirio. 'Who knows? I might have put him in as Governor of the State of Coahuila, if he had behaved himself; we really must have young men here and there. In Sinaloa I selected, on account of this, Diego Redo, and although the voters were absurd and had to be imprisoned. In Jalisco I have also settled on a clever youth, because I liked his father. If the people say his cleverness will, like Diego's, be employed for his own benefit at their expense, I answer them that even those who are the youngest of us may have learned too much.'

And thus October came. Such diplomats as had survived the hospitalities went back, and I presume that those who ultimately paid the bill, poor Mexicans, were swept away from each side of the railway track. As for the Government it was contented, thinking that the country had been advertised. Now Mexico would be admitted to the brotherhood of cultured peoples. She had opened a new powder factory and had enlarged the prison.[1] Now the fame of Don Porfirio would be established. He would never be regarded like Cabrera, President of Guatemala, who persists in clinging to his office despite the sixty-six ingenious and dull attempts which people made upon

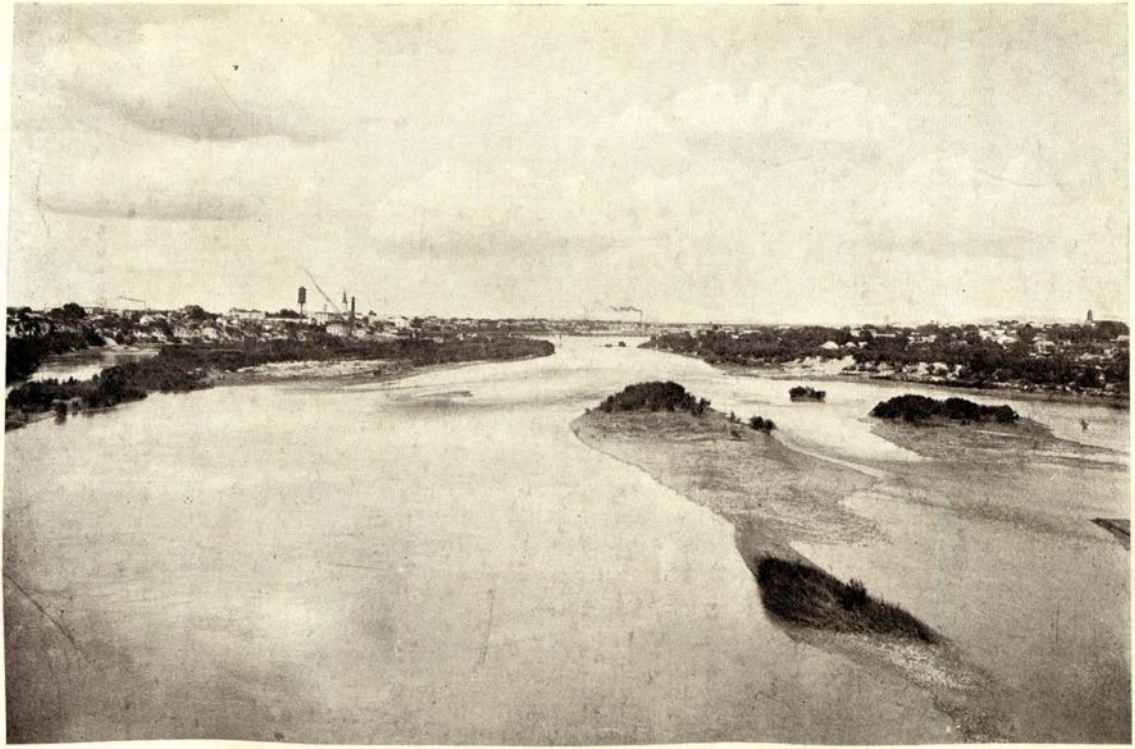
[1] Not to be unjust I should say that in this month a University was founded and the first stone of a charming legislative palace laid, and the supply of drinking-water made more copious. As for the ephemeral delights, such as a ball in the Palace with 30,000 electric stars in the ceiling and among the roses of the specially constructed room—no other would have held an orchestra of 150; a fairyland entertainment on the rock of Chapultepec, a mimic battle on a lake with all the fireworks from Paris, a banquet in a cavern by the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon—and so forth and so forth—in a bewildering multitude, they must have taken months of work, and, verily, each one appeared to be the work of artists.

his life before he shut himself up permanently in the Palace, and has now to face no peril but electric currents that have so far failed to satisfy the engineers who put them on the telephone and in his bath. No; Don Porfirio was President by the desire of nearly all the Mexicans. 'I have so many friends in the Republic,' he said to Mr. Creelman, 'that my enemies seem unwilling to identify themselves with so small a minority.' And indeed there was no party but Madero's which opposed his re-election. Both the Democratic and the Reyist parties were against Corral, these latter having the calamitous desire to make Bernardo Reyes the Vice-President. He is said to have been loved when he was Governor of Nuevo Leon —in his first term of office he was not unpopular. If you desired to win a suit you had to have his son-in-law for counsel, but it must be remembered that we are talking of Mexico. In his second term, after Diaz had dismissed him ignominiously from the War Office, he was cursed by passing peasants in the streets of Monterrey. He had come back like a beaten hound. He was said to be popular among the troops; how many of them knew that when he was commanding at San Luis he assassinated a couple of drunken soldiers who were lying on the floor of the barracks? He looked in as he was going home from the casino and he shot them. If he had become the President of Mexico he would with difficulty have been hindered from embroiling the Republic with her northern neighbour, not merely because he disliked Americans—when Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of State, went down to Mexico he was the only Governor *en route* who would not go to meet him at the station—but his popularity, like his appearance, was of the cowboy order; his impulsive-

ness was only held in check by fear of Diaz. It was rumoured that no peso of his money need have any shame about its origin, but that alone is not an adequate equipment for a high official. When he was commanded to transfer his energies to Europe he informed the Reyist party that he was a soldier and must go. He went by night. A demonstration had been planned, but the electric current once again was on the side of the authorities, and so the town was plunged in darkness and the sudden exit of Bernardo Reyes was not noticed. Diaz would not let this kind of man become Vice-President and occupy a portion of the limelight. And Madero's party, I am glad to say, had resolutely set itself against the lofty aspirations of this General.

One might suppose the word *mañana* is not in the Mexican vocabulary, since Madero's rise became so rapid. When he got away from San Luis and crossed the frontier at Laredo in disguise, the Government was laughing at him. He had made himself ridiculous. He would be simply adding one more to the band of Mexicans who dwelt perforce in the United States, whence he would undermine the Government as much as any of the other discontents; as much, for instance, as the brothers Flores Magon by their eloquent socialist tirades had undermined it from Los Angeles. . . . But the Madero movement was preparing for a long time in the dark. One may compare it with those gases that assemble slowly and then bring about an earthquake.

Yet it so befell that certain of the shocks were premature. When everything was highly charged a Mexican had the misfortune to be burned alive in Texas, and this mode of death was urged by his own countrymen—the crime was heinous. Then the mob



New Laredo (Mexico) and Laredo (U.S.A.)

with the Rio Grande, which for hundreds of miles forms the frontier. This river is erratic, not only in its very varying volume, but in its direction, so that an international enquiry found not long ago that a large town which had always thought it was in the United States, is, more than half of it, in Mexico.

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of Mexico's capital seized on the opportunity for an anti-American riot; they destroyed some windows and pulled down a little flag that was suspended from a toy-shop. But the whole affair was mild, especially in view of the hostility felt always for Americans. That people has itself to blame: the dignity of the United States is not so much resented as the impudence of individuals; the great Republic does not usually send the better class of its inhabitants to Mexico, and very striking is the contrast when a courteous Indian peasant stops to pass the time of day with you. 'Tis said that the Americans are busy people, but in Mexico they don't subsist, like those islanders, by taking in each other's laundry; they are far more often taking in each other.[1] And this does not earn them the respect of the natives. There was a similar riot in Guadalajara, where the Americans made painful exhibition of their nerves: they filled their houses both with food and guns, nor would emerge into the pleasant streets; and there was only one life lost, that of a local boy whom an American shot accidentally. The riot in this town of gardens was produced directly by the lynching, as Rodriguez the sinner was a child of this fair city. But in Mexico, the capital, there was among the rioters more than a single motive. It was animosity against the Government which broke the windows of 'El Imparcial.'

And thus in several towns of the Republic those Maderists who should not have come as yet into the open were impelled to do so by the sound of turmoil

[1] And so there is a story that in such and such a year when the uproarious festivities of Thanksgiving were at their height in the American Club of Mexico City, one of the young members rose to make the great suggestion that all present should announce their real names, for fun.

that was in the air. A large supply of arms and ammunition was discovered at Pachuca, while at Puebla an adherent of Madero fired for six hours on the soldiers and police. Aquiles Cerdan, grandson on the maternal side of a former Governor of Puebla, will go down to history as a misguided but a valiant man. He was assisted only by a friend or two and by his family, the ladies shooting at the soldiers and haranguing the spectators with the greatest zeal. His little son was loading for him all the day, regardless of the fact that he exposed himself. And on the roofs and the adjacent church were several hundred of the foe. But Mucio Martinez, the disastrous Governor of Puebla, stayed all day inside the barracks, making military dispositions, so we are told. The fight was furious, and when Cabrera the policeman tried to force an entrance Cerdan's sister shot him through the heart.[1] She had been picking off the soldiers with remarkable success, and Miguel Cabrera was a lucky man to meet his death in such a way instead of in one of the mediæval methods which he had revived for his profession. Cerdan had no wish to kill for killing's sake—a colonel who burst in upon them was bound up with ropes and locked into the bathroom. Ultimately soldiers stormed the house, but Cerdan was not found until some hours later, in the middle of the night, when he disclosed himself; he had been hiding underneath the floor. A soldier happened to be in the room and Cerdan gave himself up to him, a prisoner. But he was doomed: the military man put up his gun and shot him dead. The corpse was taken to the barracks; presently in the blue

[1] This lady, with a view to doctoring a weakness of the heart, accompanied Madero and his family when, in September, 1911, they set sail for Yucatan.

garments of a labourer it was displayed outside the barracks' door, to serve as an example. He had fought against a despotism, like Hidalgo.

We are now in the second half of November. The authorities are called upon to stifle certain bands that have appeared in old Tlaxcala, in the State of Hidalgo and in the neighbourhood of Rio Blanco, Orizaba, where the French cotton-mill proprietors are not in fear of any Truck Act and where consequently it is very simple to persuade the men to be Maderists. But the factory, since that affair of 1908, has always got sufficient soldiers on the premises, and there it seems that Don Porfirio is executing—that is just the word —those drastic notions of the traveller who said that Mexico would be a fine place if it were not for the Mexicans. . . . These premature uprisings are defeated; many luckless fellows go to prison and the Government congratulate themselves that all has ended well. 'The plans of Madero have utterly failed,' says the 'Mexican Herald,' a subsidised newspaper written in American. 'The Government of to-day is strong, rich and efficient, besides having the support of the immense majority of the country's inhabitants and the moral weight of an enlightened public opinion in its favour.' The 'Mexican Herald' is a sheet which rubs one the wrong way; forty years ago the country inns had always got a pile of newspapers against the coming of a coach whose passengers the brigands had entirely stripped. The 'Herald' was not in existence then, no more was I, but what a destiny it would have been to find oneself enveloped in a paper such as that! 'As for Señor Madero,' it says on 19th of November, 1910, 'if his share in this affair is as represented, he will lose what little credit remained to him in the judgment of all

right-minded persons.' Unluckily for the Government and its insincere acolytes, Madero had a good deal of credit at the banks. And this egregious 'Herald' also says that: 'We do not, however, attach undue importance to this aberration, to this so-called Maderist conspiracy. . . . Is Madero in his right mind?' I believe the 'Herald' did discover that he had a liberal mind and would allow them to continue to endanger their immortal souls if so it pleased them. But, on the other hand, if they resolved to say what they believed, they certainly had got no ground for hoping that he would reward them with a subsidy. The Government was in November as mistaken as the 'Herald,' but it erred through folly and the fools have got a certain right to be forgiven. Among those people who are taken up in Mexico, to gaol, are a number of poor peasants and a number of more educated men, such as an engineer [1] who had been nominated by Madero as provisional Governor of Tlaxcala. This gentleman, Manuel Urquidi, employed his time in learning German and translating from that tongue a book on electricity. The man who has misgoverned poor Tlaxcala for some four-and-twenty years is not too brilliant in Spanish. The educated captives are retained for months without a trial, in accordance with the customs that have hitherto prevailed in Mexico; the helpless peasants when they are found innocent are told that they may go. Suppose they come from Orizaba and do not possess the railway fare—well, they will not get home quite so quickly.

[1] When the Revolution triumphed he became an Under-Secretary of State.

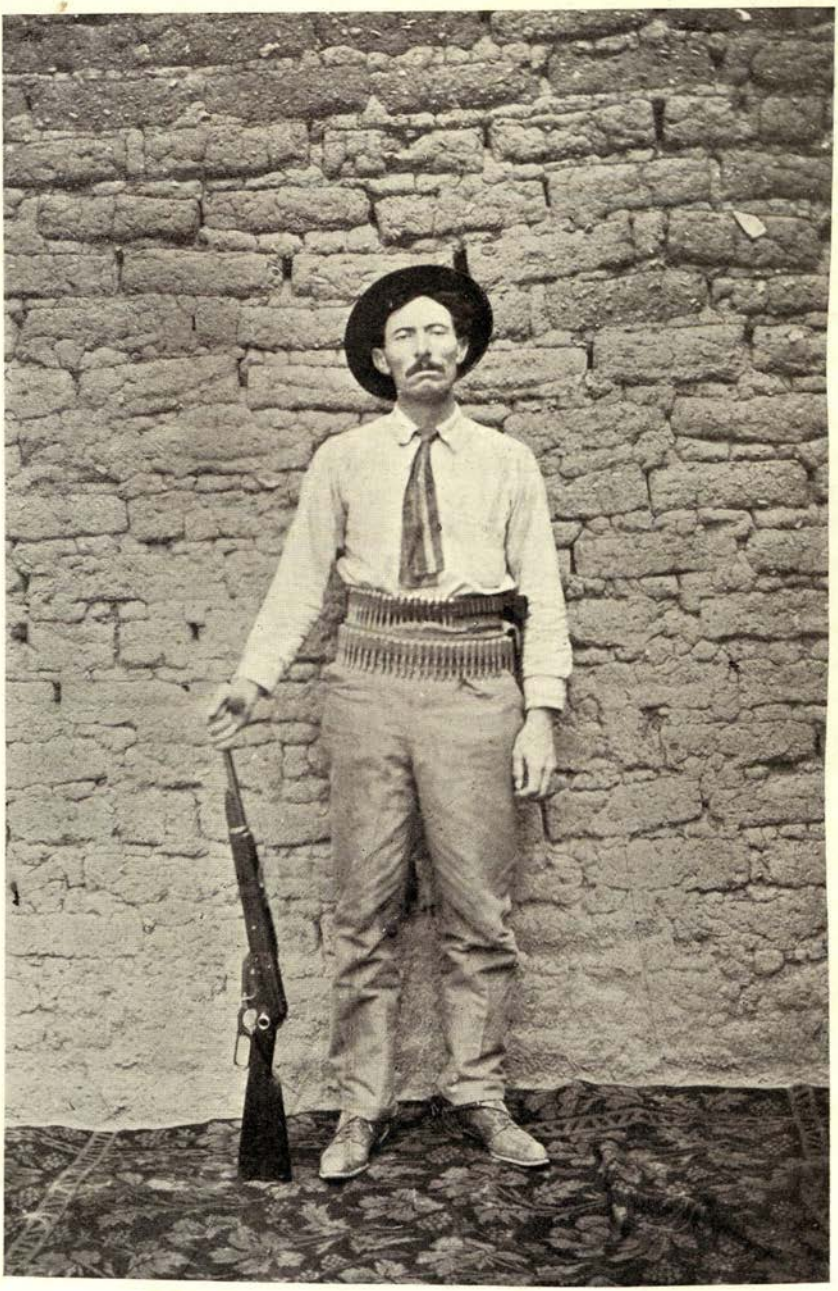
About this time the northern States of Coahuila and immense Chihuahua showed that they would want some pacifying. But the Government was not uneasy. It would drive the Coahuila rebels into the inhospitable mountains that contain '40 species of mammals, 16 reptiles, 5 batrachians, 4 fishes and almost numberless insects.' 'In Chihuahua, Señores,' said General Diaz to a deputation from his native State, 'it is a thing of no importance. If they ever reach five thousand I shall take the field myself, despite my years.' When they passed that number, reaching far beyond it, they were over all the country, and perhaps he thought that it was better if he stayed at home and moved the little flags about upon the map which he had on the billiard table. To this deputation from Oaxaca he said also that the whole revolt was with the object of depressing Mexican securities. If this were true it would be needful for us to revise our sentiments regarding the idealism of Madero. That the stocks were kept comparatively motionless was due to the activity of Mexican financial agents in the Old World—buying, buying, buying. I do not believe that Cerdan or Madero had this kind of impulse. Certainly it seems peculiar that any man should for six hours be facing certain death in order that the Mexican securities should fall. Perhaps the President believed what he was saying and the simple-minded populace is always ready to ascribe to the financiers that which otherwise is dark, inscrutable. Of course, it is the work of those nefarious financiers! And at this time Señor Limantour in Paris was attempting to convert the other half of the Mexican debt. He found, however, that financiers were not buying, buying. I am told that he denied in the 'Figaro' that there was any truth in certain cables

then appearing in 'The Times.'[1] But the financiers would not buy.

Meanwhile there was much activity among the rebels of Chihuahua, and they were not disconcerted when the Government denounced them as so many bandits. It is true that there and elsewhere they would liberate the prisoners, but these were often held in custody for a political offence or the suspicion that they were acquainted with the family of a political offender. Pascual Orozco, junior, who now appeared as military chief of the insurgents of Chihuahua, was resolved to punish without mercy those who should give way to brigandage. This Pascual Orozco used to convoy silver from the mines into the city of Chihuahua, being very much respected.[2] His adherents were not in the field exclusively to fight for Don Francisco's plans concerning suffrage and no re-election. They had been so thoroughly exasperated by the local Government, the *jefes politicos*, who were not more arbitrary in Chihuahua than in other parts, but the inhabitants of those wild

[1] But when you are in Paris and discourse about a distant country you have not the means or inclination and the leisure always to be accurate. 'The Press in Mexico,' said Limantour, 'is never censored.' I could laugh at such a thought! At six o'clock each evening a gentleman came from Chapultepec to 'El Pais.' He did not say, 'Thou shalt not print this telegram,' but as a friend who had peculiar access to the truth, he deprecated the appearance of an unveracious message. On the true ones he was wont to put his imprint, 'O.K.,' in blue ink.

[2] He returned to this career when the new Government, which he so greatly helped to bring about, was well established. As he reached Chihuahua city in the flush of triumph nothing less could satisfy his worshippers than to demand for him the Governorship. He took, however, the command of the State rural forces at a salary of 8 pesos a day; it was he who listened to the multitude who had complaints to bring, and thus his popularity increased still further. He remained to quell disturbances which the elections might produce, then he withdrew to private life. . . . And then he took the field again, Madero being President. Perhaps Orozco simply was dissatisfied because of the delay in settling the agrarian question, and perhaps he could withstand his worshippers no longer.



Pascual Orozco.

regions are not so long-suffering as many of their brothers. Also in Chihuahua was the question of gigantic *haciendas*, which, besides the direct damage that they do to the small farmers, have an evil reputation in the matter of tax assessment, while they are apt to leave great stretches of the country undeveloped: Limantour came back from France with land legislation on his programme. . . . Well, Orozco showed himself a competent guerilla chieftain. There was sent against him General Navarro, who is not adapted to this kind of warfare. He is elephantine, moving with enormous care, and with an overwhelming army. He did not wish to experience the fate of one of his commanders in the gorge Malpaso. Thus he travelled carefully and saw no rebels. Towns and villages along the Mexican North-Western Railway and as far west as the borders of Sonora were continually being taken. 'In a little time,' the Government declared, 'we shall surround them. Have no fear.' But those who knew how formidable was the nature of the country said that it would be as well to come to terms by changing some of the detested *jefes*. Those who knew how bitter was the feeling and how wide a sympathy was felt for the insurgents, thought that Don Ramón Corral, whose health was shattered by his mode of life, should not become Vice-President. If only Don Porfirio had recognised his grand mistake of having forced the people to accept this man! He knew the feeling, for about the 20th of June, 1910, he had had a conference with Dr. Vázquez Gómez on this subject, and he said, 'I am convinced that if I go away and Corral serves as President for two months there will be a revolution.' But though he did consult the famous doctor for his deafness, he was deaf to his political advice.

And Vázquez Gómez, afterwards elected to the Vice-Presidency of the Anti-Re-electionist Club, informed him that his own continuance in office could perhaps be tolerated, but that Corral's resignation was essential. Diaz thought that he would live through this term and the next, wherefore it did not matter in the least who was Vice-President. He had the comfortable feeling that he would attend the funeral of Corral [he did so, but in Paris]—in the meantime let him be Vice-President, because he did what he was told. If people hinted that it was unpatriotic to have such uncertainty attached to the succession, he replied that he knew best. . . . Many Governors and others have since then been incapacitated by an illness so persistent that it has obliged them to retire to Paris[1] or at least to Mexico City. And Corral was in a dreadful state. (The specialists whom he frequented afterwards, in Paris and in Berlin, could not help him.) But Don Porfirio did not propose to let himself be dominated by the followers of mad Madero. He himself was not distressed at all, but like a war-horse in the meadows he was young again. For several years he had not felt like this. And on the first day of December he and Corral took the oath: he with a hoarse, loud, jovial voice, Corral as one who scarcely knows what he is saying. Don Ramón himself had begged the President to let him go back into private life, to supervise his vast possessions in Sonora; but the President was obdurate and Corral took the fatal oath. If only Don Porfirio had listened! And if he also had resigned he would have put a crown on his career.

[1] This wealthy colony is called '*Colonia de la Bolsa.*' One of the parts of Mexico City, the haunt of pickpockets and others, is known by this name. (*Bolsa*=purse.)

But when he tentatively bruited this, at once the flatterers, the courtiers, the 'Society of Friends of General Diaz' rushed round to Chapultepec and begged him as a patriot to reconsider—and I do not say that they were under the necessity of bringing forward many arguments. For one thing he would not have heard them, as he sobbed so loudly.[1]

So the beginning of December found things rather doubtful in Chihuahua, though that misnamed organ 'El Imparcial' said every day that Pascual Orozco's forces had in the last four-and-twenty hours been decimated and disheartened.[2] Things were likewise dubious in many regions of the country and in the capital. These oaths should have been taken in the newly built chamber, which was furnished down to the spittoons. It is a place from which the public cannot be excluded. We were told that it was incomplete and that the ceremony would take place inside the School of Mines, a venerable and exclusive

[1] The fount of tears in Don Porfirio was never dried. On these occasions when he let himself be nominated once again he used to weep, and when he paid his annual official homage at the tomb of Juarez, though he is reported to have subsidised a book which ineffectually tried to drag the great man from his pedestal. 'Oh, my great teacher!' Don Porfirio would cry, 'oh, my great teacher!' And in the proclamation which he issued once at Huajuapan, he invited Mexicans to choose between himself and Juarez—'Juarez who has dreamed he is a prince, Juarez the coward with his insensate despotism, Juarez with his mob of vile Cubans and of cringing parasites.' He urged the Mexicans to choose between this Juaraz 'who by Machiavellian wiles has managed to implant a poison in your hearts' and Diaz who is 'your sincere friend, your brother. Let them choose between a disloyal, tyrannical and parricidal government' and Diaz. Then he used to weep beside the tomb, but 'the tears of penitents,' says Saint Bernard, 'are the wine of angels.'

[2] If only we could feel as much confidence in this official chronicler as in old Bernal Diaz, the *conquistador*, who, for example, when he writes about the battle of Otumba, says that certainly on this occasion it was owing to the presence of St. James astride his milk-white courser that the victory was with the Spaniards. 'I myself,' he says, 'did not behold him, and this was, no doubt, because of my innumerable sins.'

structure that is sinking into the uncertain ground. The President came by a route that was changed at the last moment, and though Mexicans are undemonstrative on these occasions it was strange that we, the foreigners, should be the only ones to greet the old man on his way. . . . It would be wearisome to give the marches and the countermarches of Chihuahua, when this town or village was acquired by the insurgents, how they burned the archives—and their past, as by the tyrant *jefes* it had been recorded; how the cumbersome Navarro made his progress through the district and how some of his subordinates achieved distinction. How the villagers did all that in them lay to help Orozco, firing on the Federals from roofs and hill-tops, not providing them with any food. How small were the demands of the sombre-clad troops! Such food as the *soldaderas*, their resourceful female comrades, could collect, and such medical attendance as the *soldaderas* could bestow, and they were satisfied. I met a doctor in Chihuahua City who had offered to betake himself to any part where Federals were operating; this was not accepted, as they had one doctor with the troops.[1] There is a Mexican Red Cross Society, but as it waited until April, 1911, before it said that under certain circumstances it would take the field—we shall postpone discussing it. How faint was the enthusiasm for this war, among the Federals! 'They are our *compadres*,'

[1] Before we are indignant with Navarro let us have the fairness to examine how the native invalid was being treated in the towns. At Cuernavaca, which is something of a show-place, a resort of pleasure, there was at this time and for long afterwards one hospital in which 'the beds have strong iron frames, but plain boards take the place of a mattress. There are no sheets, no clothing for the sick or wounded, and when a patient is carried to the hospital . . . the clothing in which they arrive is never changed, and the only protecting cover is a blanket . . . and, despite it all, some are known to have recovered. The only precaution ever credited to the place seems to be con-

so they said; and yet in spite of everything these men of Don Porfirio, gaol-birds mostly and political prisoners, did not *en masse* go over to the rebels. It is true they went in small detachments, jumping from the trains if there was not an officer with a revolver at the door; and four of them in uniform came to the *hacienda* of an Englishman, requesting some employment. As the war prolonged itself, this kind of thing became more common: soldiers could be seen at Ciudad Juarez actually pulling off their stripes as they descended from the train; nor could the officers be totally impassive to the glamour of the Liberating Army, as Madero with good reason styled his forces. General Luque[1] suffered most severely; he promoted a young Yucatecan officer called Pino not alone for his deserts, but owing to the vacant places. One day, near to Juarez, eighty federals were sent to give their horses water; sixty of these men evaporated. But the Government, who took precautions not to let these incidents be known, believed that this was natural if Mexican met Mexican. That there was any widespread sympathy for this Madero they did not believe. He had proclaimed himself 'Provisional President,' and been inaugurated on his property in

nected with a man suffering from what is believed to be leprosy. He has a room apart from the others and is kept under heavy guard. In the general ward patients with open wounds were bunched with those suffering from infectious diseases. Two convalescent patients, one suffering from black smallpox and the other from erysipelas, took their meals from the same dish. The only desire of the patients who have any interest in life is to escape. At night it is necessary to place heavy locks on the doors, and in the daytime a guard is necessary to keep a watch on those who are able to crawl or walk.'

[1] Luque is the man who, several months before, when Yucatan had some domestic troubles, urged his soldiers to possess themselves of Valladolid by promising rewards that are not usually given nowadays. He let them sack the town, a Mexican town! But some of the victims were not Mexicans; some of them were Turkish women whose ear-rings were pulled roughly out, and a Turkish girl of twelve who was so treated that she died on the following day.

Coahuila at the same hour as Porfirio Diaz spoke the formula in Mexico City. Oh! he was a mountebank. But it would be as well to stop his wretched escapade —the eyes of all the world seemed to be veering round to Mexico. And Diaz thought about 'The Tiger of Santa Julia,' one Negrete, who had slain his seventeen men and was himself now to be shot. The good old days, the good old days in which the Government would have employed this fearless, indefatigable personage in Coahuila, with the promise of free pardon if he did the job. Aye, Diaz thought about the Tiger very wistfully. This was what they had to pay for being so much civilised. He sent commissioners into Chihuahua with an offer, but the rebels who remained in arms would have the punishment of death. These overtures were not accepted, and the rebels went about their business doggedly. They were not paid, but care was taken of their families. And when they rode into a village for provisions they would either pay for them or give a note that would be honoured when the cause had triumphed. Many foreigners, in mining camps and so forth, who exchanged supplies for notes were rather under the impression that they had been robbed. And other foreigners were disinclined to put their money on the rebels. 'This affair will be forgotten in a month,' Lord Cowdray said to me when I returned from Chihuahua before Christmas; and during one and a half hours he tried—in such English as he commands, which at all events is superior to his Spanish—he tried to induce me to send a certain cablegram to 'The Times.' 'You can write or cable that you stake your reputation on it.' I demurred, but he was positive. And as he had known Mexico for many years and many parts of Mexico, I suggested

that it would be well to give his name and say that he would stake his reputation that within a month, etc. He hesitated, on account of modesty. But afterwards he said that he was willing.[1] 'Ask him,' writes Mr. T. P.. O'Connor, who admires in him the man of action, 'ask him why President Diaz outlived his power in Mexico, and he will say a few words.' And, alas! on 7th of May, 1911, Don Porfirio said in a proclamation that 'it is impossible to foresee when the disturbances will end.' Perhaps Lord Cowdray thought the rebels' strength had been exaggerated; anyhow, the Government was strong enough to spare him 250 of their most competent warriors—the rural police. At a distance of 25 feet from each other they had to prevent the irritated Indians from approaching too near to an oil-polluted river and igniting it as a revenge for having their supply of water ruined. 'The President is intensely loved and admired,' said Lord Cowdray, 'throughout the length and breadth of the country.' And if Don Porfirio had followed good advice he would have known that there are times when you should not press down your system so profoundly on the people. You may go so far that of a sudden with resistless violence they hurl themselves into the air, destroying your machinery; and as they fall upon your fields and rivers change them utterly.

With the new year no assistance came to Don Porfirio from the inferior officials, those who are in

[1] I have not singled out his firm to make remarks upon; it simply forced itself, beyond all others, on my notice. When Lord Cowdray, for example, aired himself as to Madero, and was urging me to send that optimistic cable to 'The Times,' I had not asked for his opinion; and now, looking back with wisdom that comes after the event, he must be glad that I did not dispatch the cable.

closest contact with the people everywhere. 'The smaller saints,' says a Bulgarian proverb, 'will be the ruin of God.' Yet if wisdom travels slowly to the Governors of Mexico (except Don Teódoro Dehesa) it cannot be expected to go very hot-foot to the *jefe político* of an outlying district. For so many years the country has enjoyed a sort of peace, and Don Porfirio has said that anyone who breaks it shall be drowned in his own blood. The *jefes*, therefore, made no effort to conciliate the Revolution; on the contrary, they were fomenting it, as they saw nothing but Maderists and Maderists, whom, of course, they had to crush. Their private enemies assumed the shape of damnable Maderists, but if you did anything at all or nothing it was always at the heavy risk of being branded. In the State of Puebla, for example, dwelt an idle *jefe* who made over his administration to a lady friend. She mulcted people, put them into prison, just as if she were the *jefe*. One day, after having listened to a husband's story, she commanded that the lover of his wandering wife should be imprisoned. She did not inquire the name, but when this gentleman was in the lock-up he sent word to her that he was grieved, and then she knew that she had dealt with a dear friend. 'Yes, yes,' he said when he was talking to her after his release, 'but now the husband is at large and it is inconvenient.' So forthwith she gave orders that the husband should be taken to the cell from which the lover had been rescued. 'God above me! What have *I* done? Why should *I* be here?' exclaimed the husband. And the lady answered, 'You are a Maderist.' . . . Revolutionaries were thus manufactured in all parts of the Republic, only two small States, Colima and Querétaro, both very backward States, not coming into line.

With the suspension of the guarantees a little later, those who fell into official clutches were disposed of very swiftly. And where one was slain a dozen rose. It then began to exercise the Government as to the money of their foe. This could not emanate entirely from the pocket of Madero. What proportion came from the United States? A good deal, certainly. Madero said that he would write a book to demonstrate that nothing was received from the Americans. But among the very large number of Mexicans who lived in the United States—owing to their President and owing to the desperate condition of the labourer—much sympathy was felt with the insurgents. Of all the twenty-seven Republics in America there is but one from which the people emigrate. A labourer in Mexico is the most patient of all animals; yet he will turn. Between his master and the law's caprice he is not to be envied. Possibly he finds that the United States are paved with other things than gold; however, he will have enough to send a contribution even if it be not more per week than what his village schoolmaster could earn in Mexico, about 4s. 6d. It may be thought that this is not a princely wage for pedagogues, but in the State of Zacatecas it would be appreciated, for the Governor sent out a document not long ago which stated that there were no funds available for such a purpose and advising all the schoolmasters to seek another occupation. Zacatecas is supposed to be a wealthy mining state. When Luis Moya, the insurgent chief, began to take it and Durango under his control, he forced the banks to pay him what was standing to the credit of the tax-collectors, while he paid a schoolmistress, and I presume the schoolmasters, whose salary had not been given them.

This digression shows that the official Mexico was somewhat barbarous and that if the Revolutionaries, save those who were with Madero and Orozco, were such bandits as the Government declared, it would have been to the general benefit if the supply of them could have been multiplied. . . . The contributions of expatriated Mexicans were not the only ones that came from the United States, for it was by this route that opulent and more enlightened landowners of Mexico contributed. Although no money was received from the Americans, Madero could not close his ranks to volunteers, who were impelled by love of freedom. In America, that is to say among the population of the street and plain, the government of Don Porfirio was anything but popular: they had perceived that it was a burlesque Republic, while the presence of political offenders and the publication of a certain set of articles were influencing many. Whether the young volunteers were animated by a love of freedom or adventure, or even booty, one could not expect Madero in each case to ascertain by an examination. If he had rejected them they would have joined an independent band, such as the one which worked in Lower California. The aim of these opponents of the baited Government was to establish there a socialistic State, and while at the beginning of the year Chihuahua and Oaxaca and Tabasco gave the Government enough anxiety, this Californian problem was unique. So they availed themselves of 'El Imparcial,' which called the wrath of God and man upon the daring rascals. I do not think that I pay undue attention to this paper, since there would have been no revolution if the sinister activities of Reyes Spindola,[1] its editor,

[1] So that he should not be interfered with all the paper which the Press of Mexico required was only to be had from an expensive factory.

DON FRANCISCO

Madero.

From the *Mexican Herald*.

had been discouraged. But the *cientificos* had put him there, had put him more or less at Don Porfirio's service, and had given him *carte blanche* to try to ruin everybody else's reputation. Until he was obliged to run away from Mexico he wielded a pernicious influence. But on the Lower Californian business he was almost funny, saying this attempt to found a socialistic State could not be adequately censured; it was horrible, it was immoral. But the movement came to nothing. . . . We have alluded to Americans who at this time were fighting for Madero. General Diaz remonstrated through the Embassy in Washington, requesting also that a keener watch be kept upon the frontier, since the rebels were importing arms and ammunition and supplies. The frontier is of an enormous length, and the Americans, not aided overmuch by colleagues opposite, did what they could. But Don Porfirio should have remembered that it was the help of the Americans, against Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, whereby he was elevated to the Presidential chair. And when with Juarez he was fighting Maximilian, 'we saw and touched projectiles of war of American manufacture, marked U.S.A.,' says A. F. Casoni, who was a captain in the Imperial army at the capitulation of 20th June, 1867, and afterwards wrote 'Le Drame Mexicain.' Madero had some other foreigners among his troops—of course, a Garibaldi, grandson of Giuseppe; some Australians, they say;

Their charge was 18½ cents per kilo, which was more than double the price in England, and the duty hindered importation. As the cost of producing a book was thus made most exorbitant I fancied that if Don Porfirio had heard of this he would have put an instant stop to a monopoly which was antagonistic to the Progress that has ever found in him its chief support (*vide* Edicts). What was my surprise to see that Porfirito, his son, is a director of this paper factory and he himself a stockholder. And as such one can only congratulate him, since it pays 8 to 10 per cent on over seven million pesos of capital.

and Viljoen the wily Boer, one of the members of a Boer colony which had been set up in Chihuahua and, whatever be the causes, had not flourished like the similar endeavours of the Mormon.

For a time we have not spoken of Navarro. It was better, for he has been occupied in bayoneting wounded *insurrectos*. Even in this lurid book I cannot reproduce the photograph I saw when in Chihuahua. But it left no doubt, because the bayonet could not have entered so unless the victim had been lying down. And then Navarro left all else and marched due north to save Ciudad Juarez, which Orozco was besieging. All the bridges on the railway line between Chihuahua and Juarez were destroyed, and as Navarro went with infinite precautions it was thought that he would not relieve the place. Orozco found himself unable, having poor artillery, to seize this celebrated little town, and he retired. Our old friend General Luque could not be dislodged from Ojinaga, which is a small town in Chihuahua's wilderness. He had no opportunities to bayonet the wounded, since he could not venture from the town, his forces adding up to ninety-eight. There had arrived with him the remnant of a full battalion of 600; such as could escape had joined the rebels. Luque knew that they would not dislodge him, for he made the women and the children walk about the *plaza* and the streets and so there could be no bombardment.

In February it was clear to Don Porfirio that something must be done; so General Mucio Martinez,[1]

[1] The inhabitants of Puebla City flew to put their shutters up and flew to arms one February afternoon because a shot was fired by a policeman at a mad dog. Mucio Martinez had incensed the people so profoundly that an outbreak was expected every moment. In his

Governor and scourge of Puebla during twenty years, got ill. He struggled hard against it, taking train on two occasions for the capital, where he consulted with the President most anxiously, because he had not yet done all that he could do in Puebla. But the President informed him that he had done quite enough, and that he should resign himself to sickness. Other functionaries would be failing soon; a veritable plague was looming over them. Whereat Don Mucio cursed roundly.

'*Mucotito!*' quoth the President, 'if you knew all that I know——'

'Shoot the devils!'

'It has gone too far. In fact we may be shot ourselves. The soldiers——'

'Oh, you talk as if the Federals were like the dirty troops of Puebla State. It isn't over all the army that you have to keep a guard of Zacapoaztla Indians. By the way, we have them now in Puebla at the barracks and the prison and in other places; and I must confess I like to see those fellows with their scarlet blankets.'

'What! Perhaps you do not know that we have

amorous affairs he was a grisly satyr, using Pita the *jefe politico* as his confederate. He was the real owner of the twelve or fourteen gaming-houses which the law prohibited entirely and in which a country farmer would be drugged and robbed. He ruined countless people through his machinations with the Pulque Trust and always, always he preserved the favour of the President—it is said for an annual consideration of between 30,000 and 50,000 pesos (after the seducing of the German Consul's daughters). Finally, it was apparent that he could no longer be sustained. In 'El Pais' a couple of instructive articles were printed: 'El Canto del Cisne'—the Swan Song. Let us merely note that to provide the funds for paying interest on the enormously increasing debt, it was not pulque which was made to pay, but water! Could a sacrilegious hand be laid on pulque or on meat or any other article whereof Don Mucio and his friends had the monopoly? But now I understand that nearly all the fine possessions of Don Mucio, for which he could not show a title, have been passing into other hands.

had our troubles with the officers; yes! the officers of the regular army.'

'Shoot them! Have them tried at night and shot at daybreak. But I surely needn't tell you this?'

The Presidential face remained immovable, save that his eyelids slowly fell. 'And they are usually very young,' he said. 'Who knows? Who knows?'

'Man! you should have more faith in your old comrades.'

'Young . . . so young.' The blue eyes of the President were full of tears, as when he wept at his defeat upon the plain of Icamole. 'But it was of you, my friend, that we were talking. Go back now to Puebla and have your secretary to compose the proclamation.'

'*Carajo!* but I am not ill.'

'Then someone of your family is ill and you must go with her to Germany or France.'

'And I can't appoint an acting Governor? Don't you think that in a few months——?'

The General stamped his foot impatiently, and in the proclamation Mucio announced that he must go to Europe. What he did was to deprive himself of his moustache and, thus disguised, continue in the town of Puebla, which is called the City of the Angels.

This was the beginning of the end. The President recognised that he was now on the defensive. And the rebels naturally were encouraged. Colonel Ahumada, who had ruled Jalisco with intelligence, became the Governor of Chihuahua. But the gleams of sunlight for the Federals were very fitful, almost like the visits of the President to gay Guadalajara, the capital of Mexico's chief state, Jalisco, whither he has been but once in all the years that have elapsed since he had General Corona murdered. Now the

Federals had given up as hopeless the repairing of the railroad from Chihuahua City to Juarez and the rebels notified that elsewhere any train with soldiers would be fired on. This was not an idle threat, and afterwards, long afterwards, the Government had the brutality to send their soldiers by the common trains and sometimes with a load of dynamite. What can you do with such a Government but blow it up ?

On 6th March at Washington the War Department (as in June, 1908, September, 1908, and July, 1909) issued mobilising orders ; on the 16th it was said that 20,000 were in camp at San Antonio, Texas. I was told by competent authorities at San Antonio that it was rather more than half this number[1]—let it pass. The Mexicans do much the same ; for now the standing army has been found to be much smaller than on paper—one of the most extraordinary features of the fall of Diaz was that on his arrival in Spain he said he had been under the impression that his army consisted of 28,000 men, whereas it was precisely half as numerous—while it is a fact that General Torres,[2] fighting Yaquis in Sonora, telegraphed down to the capital for such and such supplies. They could not well be sent from Mexico—not alone because communications were so bad—and therefore money was dispatched, so that the soldiers should be properly equipped, and Torres with that money could have given them two

[1] The particularly well informed correspondent of the 'Morning Post' in Washington, Mr. Maurice Low, said in the issue of May 5th that the American army was in no better condition to undertake a serious campaign than she was at the beginning of the Spanish war. He added that even to secure the 11,000 men at San Antonio the authorities had found it necessary to include more than 1000 raw recruits.

[2] When the Revolution was triumphant, this notorious ex-Governor fled into the United States and issued the announcement that he did not purpose to return to Mexico, 'because,' he said, 'I have no friend there.'

kits apiece. . . . Now were these troops at San Antonio to intervene? Mr. Wilson, the American Ambassador in Mexico, was rather apprehensive, but his Government knew well that even if they should assist some of their countrymen they would endanger many others, and the mob of Mexico would not draw fine distinctions between '*los Yanquis*,' as they call them, and the English and the Germans and the French. Also, there is a strong feeling in America that Mexicans themselves should settle their disputes and that Americans who live there cannot claim a treatment better than is given to the natives. Both the Federals and *Insurrectos* had displayed consideration for the foreigner, and he, for his part, if he had a stake in Mexico was usually on the side of Diaz. He remembered the concessions which he had received, the bribing was so common that it was accepted like the sunlight, and forgotten. They had grown accustomed to the system, and Madero certainly had paralysed all business. Don Porfirio requested that the troops should be withdrawn and he was answered that they had come down to execute 'maneuvers.' It was well to choose a district every year which had not previously been utilised; and if they were more numerous this time than they had ever been, was that not natural in the United States? The general opinion there was hostile to an expedition, which they also knew would be no promenade. Why had the troops been sent? Did General Diaz ask for them? He had a precedent, since Señor Izabal,[1] when Governor of Sonora, quelled an outbreak at the mining camp of Cananea with the help of military

[1] But Señor Izabal was too eccentric, possibly, for us to use him as an illustration. He was photographed at Hermosillo with eleven Yaqui heads behind him in a semicircle, stuck on rifles.

from the States. If General Diaz, feeling insecure, did not invite them, were they really aimed against the Japanese? A story runs that Don Porfirio has been perfidious, has made a treaty with Japan and that the document was photographed by somebody from Washington. This is not probable: Japan has naught to gain by such a treaty. If she gets her vessels into Magdalena Bay[1] before the enemy, then Mexico can utter protests, but that is all that she can do by way of making her neutrality respected. There is another party, though, which may have brought about the sending of the troops, for have the *cientificos* not numerous and influential business friends in the United States? And could this not be an ingenious attempt to stop the war by thus exploiting the insurgents' patriotism?

Madero's army was not yet in a position to attack important towns; they rode about Chihuahua, taking little places and becoming every day more skilful. Had they had the arms of their opponents they would not have been so long about this Revolution. But the time was near when they were to receive a good supply of Mausers, often with a man attached. And every day the Government was losing in prestige. Not only that, but foreign money would not enter the Republic. And commercial life became more

[1] After San Francisco, this is the best harbour on the whole Pacific coast of both Americas. The six years' lease by the United States came to an end in 1910 and has not been renewed. In the event of war between Japan and the United States its value to either side would be inestimable. Mexico herself, if she were not reminded by these two great Powers of the bay's existence, would have occupied herself with it no more than she has done with all the rest of Lower California. 'The *jefe politico* of Ensenada, L.C.'—said the 'Mexican Herald' of December 16, 1911—'has advised the Department of Gobernacion that for lack of a print shop the publication of the official paper has been stopped since last March, but they hope to resume later.'

stagnant. As to manufactures, nothing seemed to flourish save the powder factory which had been opened in September and whose products were considered bad, although the Army Secretary, General Gonzalez Cosio, told the army more than once that they were good.[1] The other implements of war cannot be made at home; and uniforms are wanted rarely, as the soldiers strip their dead companions and are subsequently stripped themselves of their excessive garments. . . . Then it was that Señor Limantour came over the Atlantic. On arriving at New York he said that all the troops in Texas had been sent there for some exercises, but he did not understand the movements of the Yankee warships that were cruising off the coast of Mexico. How can these ships, he said, co-operate with the troops in the general manœuvres at so great a distance from the natural base? It was not clear to him; and then he made a fine courageous speech, wherein he said that if there should be intervention all Mexico would be united to hurl back the foe. This caused him to be popular in Mexico. His journey, mile by mile, was

[1] On the 23rd of June, when the war was over, it transpired that General Mondragón, chief of artillery and furnisher of some of the supplies, was inaccessible. The Mexicans are not averse from spreading rumours, and the deadly ones on foot regarding Mondragón were numerous as were the bullets of the Civil War—on every one of which, so it was said, he made a profit of a cent. Besides, they were, so it was said, of such bad quality that more than anything they caused Navarro to hand over Ciudad Juarez to the rebels. Also the artillery, which Mondragón himself perfected, is alleged to have been rather futile and the bills of the contractors very swollen. It was always such a goodly sight, the handsome fellow with his waving, black moustache, his endless decorations and the strut which seemed to go so well with his heroic name. Would it be possible for any Mexican again to revel in the sight? Or, in the lines of Lewis Carroll on the father being photographed, shall we in this uncertain world assure the Mexican of one thing which is certain, namely, that he would contemplate the distance with a look of pensive meaning? . . . On the formation of Huerta's Cabinet in February, 1913, General Manuel Mondragón was made the Minister of War.

telegraphed down to the capital, and when he got there he was splendidly received and for about—about a week he was quite popular. They spoke of him as if he was the one man who could patch things up, although he has said always that he is a mere financier and no politician. But he was a shrewd observer, said the people—and with reason. Had he not laid down a programme of reforms, such as the sub-dividing of the large estates ?[1] Had he not said that there was much improvement possible among the

[1] The problems in connection with the land in Mexico, the size and the legality of many holdings, call aloud for an inquiry. But one ventures to suppose that many Mexicans were quite prepared to let Madero have his chance—the task was hard enough—and many of the working-class of Mexico would, I believe, regret that Mr. Honoré J. Jaxon, of Chicago, visited this country and on their behalf addressed the 44th Annual Congress of the Trades Unions of Great Britain. This enthusiastic French-Canadian—he took a part in Riel's revolution and is still an amiable firebrand—spoke with much severity about Madero to the Congress, and informed them that it was impossible to stop the firm determination of the working-class of Mexico to 'abolish private ownership of land and of the instruments of production and exchange.' I was not present at the reading of this manifesto, which concludes: 'Fraternally and sincerely, THE WORKING CLASS OF MEXICO—by Honoré J. Jaxon, Special Envoy to Europe on behalf of the *Insurrectos* of Mexico.' But when I had an opportunity in London, at the end of January, 1912, of meeting Mr. Jaxon I did not so much deplore the sentiments of this great document; how could one shed cold water on this kind of thing?—'As an immediate sequence to the success of this their heroic struggle for land and liberty the workers of the entire world are freely invited to participate as individuals in the material benefits of this expected victory.' But I was grieved that Mr. Jaxon, whose sincerity I do not doubt, should have apparently been drawn into this matter by the brothers Flores Magon, the implacable foes of the Mexican President. Their journal, printed at Los Angeles, he calls in his address 'our newspaper'—and I believe that if the Special Envoy had found time to go to Mexico it would have been a course to recommend. He talks of the 'enlightened attitude of these workers who in every quarter of Mexico are refusing to give up their weapons and are reoccupying and cultivating their lands without regard to the parchment titles held by the financial ring. The latter gentlemen are now busily engaged in bargaining for the invasive support of their inequitable claims by the Governments of Germany and France and other foreign powers. In fact, it is stated that nearly half a billion of money is already pledged for this purpose.' One is astonished that he can refrain from being in the midst of such tremendous business.

jefes? Yes, in Paris he had spoken like a lion, in New York as if he were a lion's whelp, in Texas—nearer to Porfirio—he spoke as if he were a man, while in the capital of Mexico he spoke as Ministers are wont to do. The President made much of him, and with his help did an unprecedented act—reorganised the Cabinet. Except for Limantour himself and General Gonzalez Cosio, who had had his teeth drawn years ago, none of the Old Guard were retained. A telegram was sent to Reyes bidding him return, but he had lost his glamour. With regard to the new Ministers, one must recall that they are merely secretaries of the President, appointed and to be dismissed by him. They are in no way under Parliamentary control. Moreover, in the present case they none of them had taken part in politics and their opinions were unknown, save those of Señor de la Barra. As Ambassador in Washington he had not raised his voice; he merely made himself the tube by which the Government of Mexico discoursed to that of the United States. He celebrated conferences there with Dr. Vázquez Gómez, and returning to his native country brought the reputation of a careful, cultivated, unoriginal official. The other Ministers were worthy men: for instance, he of Public Instruction, Jorge Vera Estañol, had worked himself from indigence and absolute obscurity to the position of a leading lawyer. He was educated by the State, and in return for this he never ceased from teaching at the School of Jurisprudence, though, of course, he could have spent those hours more lucratively. One portfolio, which had been held by Don Ramón Corral, was vacant, and Dehesa travelled up to Mexico. For twenty years this philosophic statesman had been ruling Veracruz. He made a good part of his fortune in

Between Veracruz and the Capital. *See p.* 250

Diódoro Batalla. *See p.* 254

Dr. Vázquez Gómez.

the custom-house, but honestly, since it was he who had the perquisite of taking a proportion of the value of the goods improperly declared, and it was long before the merchants could get used to making candid declarations. Then Dehesa, who reminds one (in appearance) of a mediæval cardinal, invested profitably both in houses and Murillos. He was much admired, and when he took the road to Mexico the country said that they would have an excellent new Minister of Gobernacion, which has no exact equivalent with us: he is the link between the State Governors and the Federal Government, he has authority over the Federal District and the various territories; perhaps one might call the post a glorified Ministry of the Interior. Dehesa was a strong man—he received the Yucatecan exiles and rewarded them with good official posts; he is a meditative man who can be roused to passion if you speak to him about the *cientificos*. His animosity against their chief, Don José Limantour, has been notorious; he thinks, moreover, that he could make just as shrewd a Minister of Finance. Well, maybe it was Limantour who sent him back to govern Veracruz, for Limantour could threaten that he would resign, and he possessed the confidence of Europe. But Dehesa may have seen that this new Cabinet would not live long, and Don Porfirio most probably obtained from him the perspicacious notion to win over Dr. Vázquez Gómez with this bait. And so the Ministry of Gobernacion stayed unoccupied. However, it was not for one portfolio that the insurgents had been fighting. And at last the admirable Indian, Vera Estañol, took this post also.

On the 1st April Congress reassembled, and the President, amid the deepest expectation, read his message. He was all in favour of the principle of non-

re-election as well as of the other requirements, so far as they were known, of the rebels. He rebuked them, of course, for having taken arms against a President [he had risen against two], but he appeared to be inclined to give them 60 cents for every 50 they demanded. By this time the popularity of Limantour had waned from its abnormal height. They look at him askance in Mexico because of two things: on the one hand, he is punctual, accurate and energetic; on the other hand, to put the matter with a due regard to the conventions, he has not grown any poorer on account of his official post. All eyes were turned on Don Porfirio. Would it be peace or war?

The next few days saw the beginning of a Parliament in Mexico. Theoretically there had been one for these many years, but nobody had noticed it. The members, nominated by the President or chosen under his auspices, had done no more than stand up, every now and then, to wave their hands—which is the way in which they vote. Apparently the subjects that engrossed them always were the minutes of the last meeting and a quiet ruminating as to whether this or that Republican should be allowed to waive his natural antipathy of orders, ribbons, stars and so forth, in consideration of the merits which the Chinese Emperor had somehow seen in him. But now they suddenly began to legislate, and on the largest questions, while the public swarmed to listen. There is room for several thousand, since the House is built in what was once a theatre and the construction has not varied. Stalls and stage are occupied by deputies, all the remaining parts by audience. On the 1st April cavalry and a battalion of detectives were employed without the Chamber and within, but for the ordinary sittings they dispensed with cavalry, and the detectives

are discreet. But most discreet of all is an attendant who brings water to the deputies; he puts a glass beside the speaker, who has soared excessively into the sky; the speaker gazes at it and descends to earth. They talk of re-election and Porfirio. One gasps to hear the kind of things they say. Will not the President chop off their heads to-morrow? But the public yell with joy. When, on the other hand, a deputy who is suspected of a leaning towards the President desires to speak, they hiss him as he rises from his desk and as he walks in the direction of the tribune. When he speaks, with sarcasm, a member of the audience shouts, '*Fuera!*' ['Out with him!']; the cry is taken up, '*Oh! Fuera! Fuera!*' but the deputy who is presiding issues no commands. A youthful law-maker, who speaks like Romeo at the break of day, is cheered deliriously when he urges that non-re-election should become the rule for deputies. 'The people,' he exclaims, 'do not love us for ever!' He would have the judges relatively permanent, but no Governor should be succeeded by a relative—no! not unto the fourth degree of consanguinity. The next gentleman I could not hear because a most vigorous debate was being conducted in the Press gallery. However, he may not have been worth hearing. From another gallery a clarion voice sang out, 'We are losing our time!' And the next speaker, one Lozano, a pugnacious person and a follower of Don Ramón Corral, was forced to shout like any sailor in a storm. He said Madero was unpatriotic, and when this was loudly questioned he replied that he would meet his interrupters afterwards, outside the House. But Lozano was unreasonable. 'Tell me, is it so?' he asked, 'Yes or no?' 'No!' shouted someone. 'You are drunk!' screamed back Lozano. The

alluring subject brought at least two orators into the fray: Diódoro Batalla of Veracruz and Francisco Bulnes, the historian. Here we can ask again—was it going to be war or peace? Not war, as Don Porfirio was beaten. Hitherto the deputies unfavourable to the President had been a little crude, but these two men spoke, in their different ways, for what is best in Mexico. 'All those who have reached office here,' Batalla said, 'have clung to it. Santa-Anna was continually making trips abroad and apocryphal visits to the corners of the earth, but he returned precisely after the completion of the period of the acting President and he resumed supreme command. The figure crowned with a halo of glory, the most exalted figure in our history, Benito Juarez, lost at his last re-election a portion of his hold on the people through his wish to continue in power. Lerdo greatly risked his popularity, weakened his prestige and cooled the love of his fellow-citizens when he accomplished, against wind and tide, his re-election.' Then Don Diódoro declared that with the country a mixture of illiterates [30 or 40 per cent] and a great mass of egotisms, with no adequate number of citizens to march as vanguard of the laws—even Tolstoi would have tried to be re-elected. 'Some say that laws are neither good nor bad, but depend on the people behind them to defend them. If we are going to wait for good laws until we have made good citizens with bad laws we will never arrive at the desired point.... Let us pass laws for education, let us not delay their passage till all Mexicans are educated.' He held up to scorn the flatterers of Don Porfirio. 'Upon their heads,' he cried, 'be the blood of Chihuahua!' His denunciations and his raillery and his amusing gestures make of him an idol. Not while he speaks

does the audience exclaim, as to another deputy, 'Talk with more reason!' Don Diódoro—whose bedroom[1] is the crowded scene of great political activity while he rolls to and fro in bed till it is time for lunch—Don Diódoro can please himself. He can even be malicious with regard to Bulnes, the admired historian who sits for Lower California and probably has never been to that abandoned, inaccessible domain. Then Bulnes, with a learned discourse, answers him. The public is not so delighted with his exposition of democracy, for he is too profound and too allusive. But his wisdom, aided with the tricks of oratory, gradually conquers them. He paints the desperate condition of the country during seventy years of independence and the means whereby the President and his advisers brought about, from 1880 onwards, a more placid state. His picture of the Peace of Diaz, that has been so much extolled from hemisphere to hemisphere, is hardly calculated to appeal to foreigners, those foreigners whose interest in the advancement of the Mexican has not been equal to their vested interest. And when this famous peace was being broken it was natural that they should echo the emphatic hope of Lord Cowdray that Madero would be seized and shot. 'Never, never had there been a work,' said Bulnes, 'so sincerely patriotic and so cleverly concocted to prevent us being traversed by a single wave of that old bellicose, light-hearted nightmare. They wanted Mexico to play the most bucolic of the symphonies, producing notes that should be a mere tumult of the meat and bone.' The articles of 'El Imparcial' were sedative: (*a*) 'What is the influence of cold upon the Russian character?' (*b*) 'Investigations as to the industrial activity of

[1] I grieve to say that he died suddenly on June 3rd, 1911.

ant-hills.' (*c*) 'Progress of the botanic science in Manchuria.' . . . Down upon the dreamy, romantic, tremulous, audacious spirit of youth was turned a shower-bath of statistics, physical statistics, commercial statistics, criminal and matrimonial statistics; a literature of numbers, the formidable eloquence of the treasury reserve; a theatre without buskins, a honeyed history without criticism, a science without daring. . . . And public opinion applauded enthusiastically, with immense sincerity, a spectacle which it had never seen nor dreamed of seeing, namely, a sky without clouds; but it is such a sky that freezes up your harvest; . . . and applauded most particularly when they found themselves in vessels ornamented with rich garlands, gliding on a waveless sea; but as there existed no free Press the lighthouses were all extinguished. Then the hurricane was feared no longer, since the atmosphere had been made thermally uniform; but let them not forget the dreadful quiet of the reef. . . . 'We took,' said he, 'no thought of the people, on whose head the bureaucrats were dancing; finally we thought there was no people, until they rose in resentment, dazzled by a light of gold and grandeur which was cast upon them by the ruling classes and was not the sun's light.' . . . The orator reminded them that on 21st June, 1903, he had said in the Liberal Convention that if Mexicanism be contrary to Porfirism he voted for the Fatherland. 'And not one of you who are listening to me, not one of you deputies would be here,' said Bulnes, 'if he had avowed himself as anything but a Porfirista.' He reminded them that General Diaz had his merits and that in this hour when the dictatorship was passing they did not do well to fling contempt and nothing but contempt upon him. 'It is true he has committed errors and,

I grant, all sorts of crimes against our democracy; but it is also true that this democracy so foully treated, was one that could not live, for we have never been able to be democrats, and no tribunal has punished or can punish those who violate and who demolish phantoms.' With regard to Don Porfirio's merits, 'you cannot demand,' he said, 'that a personal Government should have two independent Chambers, Sovereign States in the Federation, a Press so free as to build up among the people an acquaintance with the whole depravity of anarchism, professors who officially may damn the Government, immaculate tribunals that will put a stop to all injustice. The function of a dictatorship is to give peace and wealth, to give protection to science, art and literature, to give the time wherein the people of itself can, slowly or swiftly, create the foundations of its freedom; and this has been done by General Diaz in a way that few could imitate. . . . The great mistake was when we emerged from the infernal chaos of the demagogues to enter into the chaos of silence, the chaos of the social formula, the chaos of a peace which smothered our insensate dogmas, our romantic follies and our mighty talk, our turbulence that was so ruinous, our wretched quarrels, but also at the same time our old, easy licence which in many ways resembled freedom. There lay the great error, in having overlooked the people's rights through being taken up in a magnificent and brilliant work, whose object was to sacrifice all things and souls unto material improvements; so that there should be but one sensation—that of the gasoline penetrating into the motor's cylinders; but one sole thought, the moral and the intellectual abdication of the race; but one phenomenon, the rise of a plutocracy. And this great error,' said he, 'causes

us to stand here naked like a bacchanalian woman; it is certain that the peace has been assisted by the railways, telegraphs and port works, telephones and aeroplanes, and what you will; but these benefits are different portions of the structure which as it becomes more vast requires cement more strong, and the appropriate cement was in the definition of Benito Juarez: "Peace is the regard for others' rights." That is to say, peace is justice; this was the cement and we did not remember it; here is the secret why the whole work seems to be upon the eve of toppling over.' He concluded with this sentence: 'Gentlemen, I have great hopes that when these various reforms held out to us are realised, the people will profit by them. Should it not be so, the people would be lost; for they would go on giving their adherence to the cursed law of the Latin-Americans: To destroy when you are weary of obeying and obey when you are weary of destroying.'[1]

Don Porfirio, as we have shown, had not been helped by the behaviour of the small officials when the Revolution was more critical. Now, when he stood a beaten man, all his concessions and his army impotent to stop the tide, one looked in vain for his great friends—the 'Society of Friends of General Diaz.' They were very quiet. As they thought about the nasty situation it occurred to one of them that they were not political but merely private friends. 'Tis true that they had urged him to continue in his office,

[1] So much for the apologists of General Diaz who have sought to justify his tyranny by sneering at the Chamber. 'Mexicans,' they say, 'are quite incapable of legislating': just as if the ludicrous—which I have not in this account by any means slurred over—were eschewed by legislative bodies. And the journalists and deputies of Mexico would find it hard to be so little Latin-American, so little human, as to rise from thirty years of stern repression and refrain from being somewhat irrepressible.

and it was a thousand pities they had stepped on to the field of politics. A thousand pities—they would never go beyond their sphere again. Of course, if Diaz in his private life had need of friends they would immediately present themselves; but he had not been murdered yet. The shameful President of this Society, Don Guillermo de Landa y Escandon, was glad to think that as the Governor of the Federal District he had raised around himself a wall of popularity. The large amounts which he had given to the poor, those plans which he had propagated for amelioration of the workman's lot—would they not tell? He had been virtuous, not joining in the *pulque* trust because he was the Governor. Well, he made more money from outside the trust; that was an accident. And if he sold this poison to the poor, did not the others sell it? And if as Governor he benefited certain companies which gave him wealth, did others act in other ways? No; he was popular, and popular he would remain. And Governor he would remain. Poor, strutting Don Guillermo really does believe that he means well.

By this time it was not the President but Limantour who was in supreme command. This Revolution had astonished Diaz so completely, had bewildered him, had left him dazed. The programme he had cherished in September was to be the President of Mexico for ever and for ever. People might say that he lusted after power, but they had spoken evil things of Miguel Hidalgo whom they now were celebrating with such fervour. In a hundred years, if by that time he were dead, the many books which vowed that he was great would surely win the day against those few perverted books. So in September he was well at ease and Don Ramón Corral was at his side. Perhaps it

was unwise to leave the world, unpatriotic to leave Mexico in such uncertainty regarding the succession, for he surely would survive that dissipated fellow. Should he take unto himself a young and vigorous Vice-President who would attract the country? What! there might even be some resignations from the 'Society of Friends of General Diaz.' . . .

In December, eleven days after he and Corral took the oath, he was consulting with a merchant as to how the people could be brought back to their old docility. This merchant, a Tabascan, told him that with such and such reforms it would be possible, he thought, to blunt their anger if it was too late to win their love. Tabasco and Chiapas had been smouldering, he told the President, for many years: in both of them a great deal has been done by Nature and a great deal of iniquity by man. So Don Porfirio requested him to make a memorandum of the remedies, however drastic, which he thought were wanted. And in due course it was written and a copy sent to Limantour in Paris; when this Minister returned to Mexico he met the merchant and, not knowing how the memorandum had been instigated, he remarked that the propounding of such plans made him quite eligible for Belem. And by the time when Limantour came back the harried President was in a whirlpool of conflicting memoranda, being pulled to this side and to that, and with no prospect that he would emerge into the quiet water. He would never see again, so much he knew, that method of paternal Government. This changing Mexico would never tolerate a repetition of the tactics of the railway merger when it was arranged by him and Limantour and others, the country only hearing of it afterwards —to some extent. Nor would it now be possible for

him and Limantour to let the country learn by telegram from London that one half the debt had been converted—if, indeed, it ever was; yes, if, indeed, it ever was on those conditions. All was changing, and the changes that he made on his part did not stop the runaway chariot, simply brought him near enough to swallow up the dust. He was bewildered, baffled, and he threw himself into the arms of the sagacious Limantour.

Meanwhile the fighting still continued. Luis Moya, the large, bearded farmer who was subsequently slain upon the field of battle near a village in which his betrothed, a schoolmistress, was living, had the revolutionary forces of Durango and of Zacatecas. Many tales are told of this heroic, simple man; one evening he left his thousand followers and in a motor came to Torreon, the seat of many industries, where Chinamen particularly thrive. He left his motor in the suburbs, took a cab and drove about the place, to study where it might most easily be captured. Then, although his photograph had been in all the papers, he beguiled an hour or so at a saloon, and, wishing always to improve his stock of information, visited a cinematograph. At Agua Prieta, on the northern frontier, and at Cuernavaca, the umbrageous haunt of tourists, in Morelos, and throughout Guerrero, the wild mountain-state, resounded cries of death and panic. In Guerrero it was Don Ambrosio Figueroa and his stalwart brothers with La Neri, a most vehement young Joan of Arc, who marched to victory. They took the capital, that Montenegrin sort of place, poor Chilpancingo, and the Governor, Don Damian Flores, made his exit in a packing-case. It had been the ambition of this really honourable man to build a a road to Acapulco, and he realised, he told me, how

the State was backward. But in his too-short administration he had made small headway; there was general discontent, and the authorities did not resemble Flores half as much as they resembled the white-haired commandant at Iguala, who displayed a flag of truce—displayed it from the church's tower, and when Don Ambrosio Figueroa came unarmed across the *plaza* with some five or six companions to confer with him, a volley rattled from the church and nearly all of them were shot. This ancient sinner, in an hour or two, was duly executed; as for Flores, who had been a schoolmaster in Mexico, the capital, and was at all events an earnest man, I hope that in his packing-case he was not shipwrecked, as were we, on our return across the broad and raging Balsas. It was as the Liberating Army of the south that Don Ambrosio's insurgents swept from the Pacific, from the mountains. . . . On the Arizona frontier, opposite the town of Douglas, there was much manœuvring, for the rebels wanted to compel the garrison of Agua Prieta to fire over into Douglas, which they did, to the undoing of American spectators. This small town capitulated, and Porfirio Diaz, who was always wont to pay the soldiers regularly so that they would still be faithful—'What had I done,' he said once at Chapultepec in answer to a toast, 'what had I done to obtain this generous and self-denying sacrifice, that voluptuous sacrifice, to shed their blood for my blood?'—Don Porfirio thought it was opportune to give the soldiers now one peso daily. That is what he advertised, but whether they received it is another matter, for the serjeants take advantage of the gambling habits of their men, and as they make advances always calculate so much commission. It is to be doubted whether during all these hundred years there

was the least improvement in the soldier's lot. A comrade of Hidalgo, Don Gregoris Melero y Piña, says: 'And Ximenes had not one peso for the journey to Saltillo; and I told him not to be afflicted on account of my battalions and that he should give them not the smallest piece of money till we came into the said Saltillo, and that with his mess alone and with two boxes of cigars which I preserved we should be rich; my soldiers thought that all which I had done was good, and as for the remainder of the army I went out to search for funds (which not a few were willing to provide, in view of interest) and in a little time we got 4000 pesos.'

Clouds were gathering on every side when Don Porfirio secured an armistice. It was to last for five days from the 23rd April, but this did not prove to be sufficient. As the spokesman of the Government, a judge was ordered to proceed to Juarez, and a couple of unauthorised ambassadors—Esquivel Obregon and Oscar Braniff—tried their hand at treaty making. Obregon had been the unsuccessful candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the Anti-re-electionists, when Dr. Vázquez Gómez beat him, and he now was anxious to be prominent; while Oscar Braniff had his eye upon the governorship of Guanajuato. But the Braniff brothers are the progeny of a most clever Irish-American mason who became a multi-millionaire, and a clever French maid who survives. From this good ancestry they have descended far enough; when they attempt to play a part they usually are like that one who excited merriment by posing on an airship and ascending to a height of several yards. Another one composes songs, alas! and yet another one endeavours to make Mexicans be peaceable. He was quite angry with Madero when his efforts

failed. The Government, of course, had no alternative but to accept whatever terms Madero gave them, yet they would not swallow the initial one, the resignation of Porfirio Diaz. Don Porfirio, that is to say, would not accept it, though a number of his officers declared that quite enough had now been done to save his face. 'I shall resign,' quoth Diaz, 'when I am assured that I can do so without injuring the country. If I go at present it would be to let loose anarchy, and if I fix a date it would deprive the Government of all stability. No! when my conscience tells me that the land is pacified I shall depart.' And so the fighting was resumed. 'I will,' said Don Porfirio, 'pour out the last drop of my blood, if it is wanted, for my country.' Hundreds of his countrymen were yet to feed the Revolution. 'But I promise I will go,' said Don Porfirio, the man who made all those promises at Tuxtepec in 1876. Upon a Yucatecan *hacienda* I was shown a tree with scarlet flowers which is popularly called the Tree of Tuxtepec, because the fruit that one seems justified in hoping for is not produced; in place of it there is a harvest of discoloured, knife-like objects. Possibly the 'Daily Mail' knew all about these attributes of Don Porfirio, when, as the triumphant foreign editor informed me, they requested him to be their Special Correspondent. But in this respect, at all events, 'The Times' was not, as Mr. Garvin has called it, the sad associate and victim of the 'Daily Mail.'

While the peace negotiations were in progress, the Maderists and the Federals of all that part of the Republic which was not included in the armistice had been continuing the struggle. Those who sympathised with Don Porfirio thought it was opportune to sneer at his opponent for the insubordination

of the rebels in the rest of the Republic ; and it would have been much more agreeable to Don Porfirio if all the discontented Mexicans had rested on their arms awhile, until he could get General Reyes back into the country. Even if the armistice were not to be extended to the minor leaders, and in the Madero district were to last a fortnight, it was felt that General Diaz, Special Correspondent of the ' Daily Mail,' would thus recuperate himself, and with his enemies disorganised, their zeal relaxed, he would be able much more easily to bring about the perfect peace which he had *ex cathedra* been announcing to the world. If, on the other hand, Madero's armistice was broken in a week, then it was quite inevitable that Porfirio would fall, since the official status of the revolutionaries had been recognised and the United States would have no reason for not following the Government's example. Don Porfirio's ambassador, Judge Carbajal, made every effort to prolong the talking, and on the 3rd May Madero yielded him another period of three days armistice. Madero was quite ready to give up his own position ; he would not—except by popular election—take an office, and his relatives would also step aside, if General Diaz would be equally a patriot. The Constitution had been disregarded during many years, and now the rebels were determined to enforce it ! They would not allow the Government, which had been vanquished on the field of battle and was utterly discredited, to get the better of them in diplomacy : five members of the Cabinet and fifteen Governors must be Maderists till the time of the elections, and the rebel army must be paid. A rumour had already circulated that Madero owed twelve millions and a half of dollars to the Standard Oil Company ; he was indebted, and incalculably, to his followers'

enthusiasm, to the tyranny of Don Porfirio's *régime*. These questions of the Governors and Cabinet were on the table, but the stubborn President refused to think about his resignation while the country was disturbed. The Papal envoy, prompted by the wife of Diaz, tried if he could not cajole him, but 'I came into my seat,' the old man said, 'among a shower of bullets. That is how I shall depart.' Four thousand students of the capital requested him to go, a deputation of the working-men besought him not to be the cause of further bloodshed. He pretended to be adamantine and extremely patriotic. He could point to Puebla, where the bandits, so he said, were murdering the Spaniards; but a wealthy Spanish *hacendado* had invited some insurgents to a banquet, rendered them incapable, and telephoned for Federals. Is it surprising that a vengeance was exacted? At Pachuca, the great mining camp, it was impossible for even Don Porfirio to label the insurgents as so many bandits; they were in possession of the town and in the *plaza* and with great formality they executed one of their own men for looting. Everywhere the rebels marched to victory and showed that they were worthy of it. In the north and in the centre and the south they were prevailing; Don Porfirio was in a plight as hopeless as was Mazatlan, the western port, whose tax-collector, Federal officials, and the postman had escaped on to a gunboat, with the funds. And then Madero, grieving that the blood of Mexicans should still continue to be shed, announced that he would waive some of the peace conditions, while Porfirio should for the moment not resign. This resolution was, of course, unpopular among his warriors, but he could probably have kept them from attacking Ciudad Juarez if one Colonel

Tamborrel—reputed to have been an adept in the ways of mathematics, but the mathematics he employed as usurer were very simple—if this Tamborrel had not sent messages which taunted them with cowardice.

Ciudad Juarez, with the custom-house and with huge stores of rifles, ammunition and quick-firing guns, fell on the 10th of May, but not until 180 men, including Colonel Tamborrel, had been killed and 250 had been wounded. It was Colonel Viljoen's opinion that this large proportion of men shot was owing to the closeness of the range of fire. Navarro's army had been beaten[1] by small farmers and by tradesmen. He himself with many of his officers was seized, and unlike many of them he did not break his parole. The dour old soldier, in the riddled town which had resisted during three long days, sat in the *jefatura*, now become the Palace of Madero's Government, the meeting-place of his new Cabinet. In vain the rebels shouted for Navarro's head; they still remembered what his bayonets had done on those Chihuahua battlefields, and they were for avenging Cerro Prieto, in which place, when guarantees were not suspended, he had ordered thirty peasants to be taken round the corner of a house and murdered, as they could not prove—at all events were quite incapable of satisfying him—that on the previous day they had not been in arms against the Government. Madero had enough to do without the task of shielding his late enemy; he therefore drove him in his motor to a place at which he could wade through the Rio

[1] The subsequent court-martial of Navarro, when his late opponents had come into power, was a good but not by any means a solitary instance of Sir William Gilbert's vogue in Mexico. It is a very rare occurrence, even in Central and South America, for a President to behave as did Comonfort on 19th of December, 1857, when he joined a revolution against his own Government.

Grande into Texas. Some of the Americans among Madero's men had looted in the streets of Juarez. Villa,[1] one of his assistants, jealous of the foreign legion, tried to murder Garibaldi in a restaurant across the border, and was finally disarmed by American Secret Service agents. So much for the local difficulties, and the pedestal to which he had ascended and from which he could dictate to Diaz was not made securer by the fighting which continued. As the Army of the South came through Guerrero it was pointed out that they were disobeying Don

[1] The career of this eminent bandit and general officer is typical of Mexico, where cotton mills and Pullman cars and thousands of industrious foreigners have not by any means expelled Romance. The parents of Pancho Villa had a small farm, in the State of Durango, to which he succeeded. With his mother and his sister—a girl of great beauty—he looked after the farm, leading a most active, hard and healthy life. His sister had a number of suitors, among them a local magistrate; and one day when she vanished Pancho fetched a priest and rode with him across the mountains in pursuit. They caught the couple, whom the priest immediately married; then the husband was compelled to draw up his own death certificate, the brother-in-law killed him and the priest prayed over him. The others then returned and Pancho would have lived quite peacefully upon the farm if the *rurales* had not tried to capture him. For fifteen years he roamed the mountains with two faithful cowboys and although there was a prize of £2000 on his head. He pillaged farms, he robbed the travellers and helped himself to cattle. In his more than eighty combats with *rurales*, forty-three of these were killed, while he himself was eight times wounded. . . . Then Madero rose and Villa saw that as an active politician he might take an honourable place again among his fellow-countrymen. And in fact he did become a sort of national hero, a hero of the Revolution. He became a General of *Rurales*. Now and then he lapsed into his brigand habits, for example at Parral, where he is said to have gathered from the Banco Minero and other banks the sum of £18,600, out of which he handed over to the Revolutionary funds exactly £13,600. This happened after he had been devoting himself for a long time to Madero's cause—Raoul Madero, the President's young brother, was one of his most ardent admirers—and by this time Pascual Orozco was in arms against the cause. General Pancho Villa made out a receipt for the money which the Banco Minero gave him and he added that it was booty of war, so that it would not be repaid by the Federal authorities. He pointed out that the Bank had for too long been furnishing money to Orozco in the north; now for a change they must give a little to the south.

LOS PUJOS PORFIRISTAS

---Señor expresidente:-no le quepa á Ud. duda; el único camino que nos queda para volver á colar es la gatera, ó sea la evolución.

Porfirian Yearnings.

This, from the *Imparcial*, represents Don Porfirio being told by one of his Ministers that evolution (hence the tail) is the only system which offers them a dog's chance (*gatera*, lit. a cat's door-hole) of returning to power.

Francisco, while the very act of having taken Juarez was held up as proof that he could not restrain his men. 'While there is any fear of anarchy,' quoth Don Porfirio, 'I shall remain.' But now, with Juarez in their hands, the revolutionaries would not listen. Many of them thought their leader had been far too patient with the foe.

Now while the Revolution, which undid so much of wrong, was near its close, there came to Mexican affairs a much-belated evolution: Don Porfirio's new Minister of the Interior submitted a new suffrage law, which had two fundamental principles, viz.: the publicity of all acts connected with elections, from the preparatory registration to the actual polling and the computation of the votes, as also the intervention, subject to given rules, of political parties legally organised in the country for the purpose of sustaining given principles and supporting given candidates for office. Hitherto all parties, save the President's, had had a most precarious existence; and, as we shall see, the parties that came gradually into prominence were often hostile to Madero, but with him it was to be an era of free speech. When several ladies started to harangue the *insurrecto* troops at Juarez in an effort to procure adherents for the filibusters, Mexican and eke American, whose socialist Republic was not faring well in Lower California, Madero let them have their say, though he was hotly urged to have them silenced. This and many other proofs he gave of the progressive spirit, but the good proposals that Porfirio was making were but golden pieces offered to his judges. By the system which prevailed throughout his thirty years the polling officers committed all the fraud and violence he wanted; now the different political parties were

to have the right of vetoing officials when the nature of their occupations made their independence doubtful. We were not again to have the edifying sight—which I had—of an Indian voter[1] handing in his card to four men sitting round a table who, whatever may have been their humdrum occupation, were just at the moment swindling one another at a game of monte, and on the reverse side of the Indian's card they put their score, and when they had used the card they tore it up. . . . Another bill, long overdue, which now was placed before the deputies dealt with the distribution of small tracts of land among the people. Limantour himself had said in France that the possession, not to speak of the acquiring of, those vast estates in Mexico was pregnant with abuses.

Since the north was clearly settling down—the captive Federals were sent to reconstruct the railway—it became imperative for the Red Cross

[1] Yet when the Revolution had aroused the Indians and their brothers it was not so long before they all went back again to sleep. At the beginning of December, 1911, the municipal elections in the capital were marked by glacial indifference. Some of the polling places were not installed at all and others not until half-past twelve o'clock. 'The Government candidates,' we were told, 'have won an easy victory.' So then the Revolution has not by itself sufficed to give the Mexicans their freedom, if the sovereignty is abdicated to the public power. It has been urged that Mexico must have compulsory democracy, that if the people do not wish to exercise their rights they must be forced to. But it is the public power alone which has the necessary force at its disposal. When the people will not vote, then someone votes on their behalf. And that someone else is always the same. 'Tis useless to disguise the fact. These things occurred when Diaz was the President and they continue. . . . But the axolotl—Mexico's strange reptile—can grow up. For many years it was supposed that these inhabitants of Lake Texcoco (who are called thus from the Aztec *atl*—water and *xolotl*—slave) were never able to transform into adults, who would have soon become extinct if at the age of six months they had not been infant prodigies. However, it has now been ascertained that this repulsive-looking larval salamander can develop, under favourable circumstances, lungs and tail. But those who do this and embark upon a new existence as lizards are not many.

Society to do or die. They died. For months they had been saying that the country was too mountainous, and also that the army guns were better than the *insurrecto* weapons, so that Federals were seldom hit, and with the others they could scarcely sympathise ! Then, in a night, a new Society—the White Cross—sprang upon the world, its chief an energetic Texas lady, granddaughter of General Mejia who was shot with Maximilian. This Society went out into the field at once, begged money everywhere in every manner possible and otherwise, and was enabled to accomplish a good deal. . . . Down in Guerrero's pine-clad mountains was a lady of the utmost energy, the leader of a formidable band of rebels. She—La Neri was her name—had operated near the ancient port of Acapulco ; now she turned towards the capital, and it was understood—a letter being intercepted—that she with her own fair hands was anxious to decapitate Porfirio. They say that he, with his bluff humour, spoke about Guerrero as the State in which an erring woman started the disease of pinto,[1] through cohabiting with a crocodile. The leader of the Army of the South, Ambrosio Figueroa, had in vain sent one of his three stalwart brothers to make terms with Diaz. He had seen him in the capital and told him that it was no other than himself who was responsible for all the Revolution. ' You have made,' said he, ' this Revolution.' ' *Como ? I.?* What do you mean ? ' cried Diaz. And the leader of 8000 troops explained that it was owing to Corral's appointment. ' I have many cannons. I shall put you down ! ' so said the President, and Don Francisco travelled back into

[1] A species of leprosy which is prevalent in parts of Guerrero and Chiapas. Black spots emerge on the face and spread until the entire face is covered with a blue-black blotch.

the mountains. There his brother made a proclamation which could leave no doubt but that this army was quite loyal to Madero. 'The Government,' he said, 'will make arrangements with us after we discard our noted chief,' and this 'would weaken the force of the armed protest which all the sons of Mexico have settled to maintain.' One of the reasons why the war must be continued was 'because when we asked through our peace representatives for the resignation of General Diaz, he answered categorically that he would not resign, and only promised in his manifesto that he would retire when his conscience indicated to him that peace was firmly established. The revolutionists put no faith in the performances of his conscience, but only in truth and justice.' Figueroa's force was larger than Madero's, better armed and infinitely better trained, although the Boer who was Madero's chief-of-staff had inculcated much of his experience. If Don Porfirio complained that they were bandits, though they did keep perfect order, though the army's business was conducted in a large house with a set of books and clerks and typewriters and the essentials of a well-established business venture, if the chief of that half-convict army made complaint—well, who would listen? In the State of Puebla was a force of 15,000 rebels who had seized 3000 Mausers from the Federals and six machine-guns.

There was only one bright spot for Don Porfirio, since he received a declaration of unaltered loyalty and great respect from the 'Society of Friends of General Diaz.' If he waved this valuable document he would be able, doubtless, to send all the *insurrectos* running home. The 'Friends' were, many of them, taking steps to leave for Europe, but they made such mighty flourishes—it is the custom—underneath

their autographs. . . . However, let it not be thought that all the richer folk, except Madero, stood—if that word is appropriate—beside the President. He had won favour with capitalists, he had maintained the public credit and what looked like order, by the disregard for human rights; and yet some of the wealthy class had always been in opposition. Now from Aguascalientes came the stirring news that two or three young gentlemen who had been nothing more than members of the *jeunesse dorée* were upon the warpath, and, indeed, they did not go light-heartedly, for when they found that a Maderist had been giving way to brigandage they had him shot. And fighting for the cause were General Tapia, commander in Atlixco, who a month before had been a shoemaker with daily wages of a dollar, and Jalisco's General Aragon, who was a barber.[1] This was just like dear old times, when soldiers were impromptu; for example, General Zaragoza of the 5th of May, and his subordinate Porfirio Diaz. . . . While the Government was swiftly losing ground the country was emerging from the shades of barbarism. A proposal came before the Congress—and in three days was, with some improvements, made a law—to set free those who were imprisoned on account of politics. The Revolution had been everywhere triumphant in a military sense and a political . . . and if the Government commanded that whole States should be delivered over to the rebels, it was certainly unreasonable to continue holding in confinement the unarmed adherents of the Revolution. Just at this time Cuernavaca was evacuated and the

[1] The native colonels of the eighteenth century were not endowed, says Humboldt, save with gorgeous uniforms and royal decorations by King Charles the Third of Spain, and thus equipped one could perceive them at the counters of their little shops.

Army of the South replaced the garrison and the police, who silently departed in the night of 20th of May. There was no semblance of disorder; when the rebels had been in this lovely and historic town for thirty minutes they arranged for patrols and forbade the furnishing of liquor to their men. The riotous examples of Pachuca and of Uruapam were not followed; at the first of these, before the rebels shot a man for looting and thus calmed the more exuberant companions, all the prisoners had been released, the prison burned, the archives also—in accordance with the general custom—burned, and many things blown up—the miners being perfectly familiar with the use of dynamite. Meanwhile the Governor was concealed, and after he had been unearthed and put into a temporary cell he wrote enormous letters to the Press, because he wanted to explain that he had been abandoned by his men—the Revolution being all too popular—and so he was, he said, no coward. Uruapam of the tiled, squat houses in the middle of her coffee trees and negligent banana trees and all the flowers of Paradise, was made the victim of her prefect's cowardly behaviour. 'Its people,' says a guide-book, 'are pleasant,' and they probably would have remained so if the prefect with the soldiers had not run away; these ninety men had sallied forth to meet a body of Maderists who were said to be upon the outskirts of the town, and as the prefect changed his mind and led them back into the *plaza* he was greeted by some boot-blacks who exclaimed, 'Viva Madero!' He was quick to gather the significance of such a demonstration, and he made a speech in which he said that he was sorry to be so unpopular. The less deserving Indians of the neighbourhood—it was a Sunday,

Lake Patzcuaro, on theway to Uruapam,

in the country of the Tarascan Indians, who offered stout and unexpected resistance to the captains of Cortés. According to Prescott (vol. iii., appendix, p. 346) the "*Tarascans* have a tradition that *Tezpi*, their *Noah*, escaped from the great flood in a boat filled with various kinds of animals and birds. After some time a vulture was sent out, bat remained feeding on the dead bodies of the giants, which had been left on the earth, as the waters subsided. The little humming-bird, *huitzitzilin*, was sent forth and returned with a twig in its mouth. The coincidence of this account with the Hebrew and Chaldean narratives is obvious."

they were idling in the pretty *plaza*—shouted with the bootblacks, and immediately the prefect, Salvador Gutierrez—let his name be known—went off escorted by the soldiers. Merchants and the leading citizens besought him to allow the troops to stay, but he required them for his personal protection. Then the rougher element felt their own courage rise amazingly, and as the military disappeared they hurried off to storm the gaol. They gave 300 prisoners their freedom. It was all that Manuel Coria, an old gentleman, could do to ride among the angry mob and to dissuade them for a time from plundering the stores. At last they came with knives and axes, would have murdered him (the prefect-substitute), and started looting. While the men were thus employed the women and the children from the age of four were waiting in the street to carry off the goods, and when this method was too slow the mules were brought and loaded and were driven to a place of safety in the woods. Not only were the public records used for bonfires, but the ledgers were all taken from the stores and burned. On Monday night Maderist soldiers reached the town, declaring that when they had found the worst offenders they would shoot them, and it has been said that three score men were executed. Such a lamentable orgy was avoided by the citizens of Cuernavaca; seeing that the prison guard had been removed while it was dark they had the prudence to collect a lavish breakfast for the prisoners and thus to keep them occupied—while other citizens got ready flowers and flags and painted out the name of Diaz everywhere—and then the rebels came, flung would-be rioters into the prison, issued an announcement that the price for looting and for gathering in crowds was death; this had a tendency

to quiet the more restless ones, and soon the civil Government was being well established.

'Adaptiveness,' quoth Emerson, 'is the peculiarity of human nature,' which would seem to prove that there is something human in the 'Mexican Herald,' for it was engaged at this time in assuming a convenient attitude with all the speed that it considered decent. During these last weeks it had allowed a jeweller to advertise upon the page that once was kept for leading articles, and on the intervening space they talked about Hawaii. Yes, when they announced that Diaz would resign, the 'leader' was a calm discussion of the labour problem in the Sandwich Islands. The resignation of Porfirio was in the peace agreement of the 21st of May, when it was settled also that Corral should vanish and that de la Barra, Foreign Secretary, should become the President *ad interim*. 'Henceforward the hostilities which have existed in the entire national territory of the Republic shall cease,' it said, 'between the forces of the Government and those of the Revolution, those forces to be dismissed in proportion as in each State the necessary steps are taken to guarantee tranquillity and public order.' Some time would elapse before the rebels of the whole Republic could be notified. And as in many States the Revolution had been due to hatred of the Governor-despot, the retention of an armed force till new Governors could be installed would constitute a guarantee. It was impossible to trust Porfirio Diaz, though we cannot say that it was he who instigated the attempts to bribe Orozco, and —by means of one de Villiers—lure Viljoen, and assassinate Madero. 'When the peace is finally secured,' so said Madero to his soldiers, 'you will have the privilege of leaving, if you like, the army.

There will be no conscription. The army which in future will uphold the liberty as guaranteed by the Constitution will be made of soldiers who come in of their free will and who receive good pay.' As for the Government which, after Don Porfirio's departure, would be constituted, it was evident the rebels had no real plans ; they had a genius for makeshifts, and in no round hole was there the spectacle of any square peg being harboured. It was truly wonderful how the Maderists bore themselves, and though we must not imitate that book of Bourget's which depicted all the Protestants as scoundrels and the Catholics as angels, we were justified, I think, in claiming that Madero, Dr. Vázquez Gómez, and the rest of them were more than men of promise. We had got their conduct in adversity to guide us, and when they were taking over the Republic it was at an hour of such high chaos that the very fact of their survival was a wonder. In Guadalajara there was such rejoicing at the news of peace, the bells were rung and happy citizens with flags and branches in their hands assembled in the *plaza*—five of them were shot by the *rurales*, and, in consequence, the rash young Governor resigned. In other days he could with absolute impunity have checked the demonstration, but the people's character was changing. Hard by, in Colima, forty bandits—fifteen of them carried arms—knew very well who was Porfirio's governor. In that unlucky little State some sportsmen had, a week or two before, been shooting birds ; the soldiers thought that they were rebels and incontinently shot a couple of them dead ; the other one escaped, but on the morrow he returned with both his hands held up as a precaution, and the soldiers shot him in the back. Such was the bravery of Señor Don Enrique

O. de Lamadrid, the Governor; he did not hesitate a moment in delivering Colima to the bandits, though the garrison was better armed and much more numerous than they. But it is questionable whether any bandit could be more nefarious than Don Enrique, under whose administration you were punished more severely if you stole a bean than if you killed a man; indeed, a murderer had only to become the servant of a wealthy *hacendado*. Don Enrique's term of office was approaching its conclusion; in a certain night some years ago another sort of a conclusion had been probable, when he had staggered from a banquet—walking, quite exceptionally, unassisted—to the chamber of the *hacendado's* wife. Just as preposterous as these two Governors were other representatives of Diaz. We have seen at Uruapam how the rebel troops were summoned for the maintenance of order, and the whole Republic would have fallen into anarchy if they had been less vigilant. The mob—maliciously excited by the old *régime*—was eager to avail itself of golden opportunities. 'If I go at present it would be to let loose anarchy.' *Yes!* Don Porfirio delayed his going. On the 24th of May the Chamber overflowed with citizens, who took by storm the seats of diplomats and Press and the Supreme Tribunal. Swaying to and fro, they hardly could await the message of Porfirio's resignation. It was not to come, a handbill circulated through the crowd announcing that the people were deceived again, that Diaz did not purpose to resign. The crowd was in a wild confusion instantly, and the police, who tried to clear the galleries, were impotent. Amid the howling tempest one could hear a bell, but not the chairman's voice. '*Viva Madero! Muera Diaz!* The resignation! The resignation!' Finally

Don Manuel Calero (afterwards a Minister) yelled out the news that it would be to-morrow. 'No! no! to-day! Now! We demand the resignation!' Other voices could be heard: 'People, you have been deceived! They are not going to resign! Quick—to Cadena!' Sweeping out into the daylight they bombarded with a shower of rocks the building of 'El Imparcial,' and there would probably have been no bloodshed if a member of the secret police had not flung an insult or let his revolver off—the stories vary—at a working-man. Then the offender fled into a hat-shop and was there besieged. A large detachment of reserves came dashing to the Zócalo with their revolvers drawn; they rained a shower of bullets into the retreating, struggling mass. The Zócalo or Plaza Mayor or Plaza de Armas is the spot whereon, in 1325, the migrant Aztecs laid the city's first foundations, since they there beheld a royal eagle of extraordinary size and beauty with a serpent in his talons and his broad wings open to the rising sun—this picture was emblazoned on the flag of the Republic. Grisly scenes took place upon the Zócalo in Aztec and in Spanish times; the 24th of May—if details were related—would be held as not inferior to those. The house of Diaz in Cadena was protected very well by soldiers and police, but such as were within—the President himself lay stricken with an ulcerated tooth—could hear the frenzy of the people crying, '*Viva Madero! Muera Diaz!*' He had been their President throughout another day. And on the next day he resigned; between the bedroom where he tossed in agony and that luxurious apartment where the Cabinet was gathered Limantour went to and fro. 'Not once,' said Limantour, 'did he think of himself. Every thought he expressed was for the future of his country.

His resignation must for ever silence those who could not find another criticism than that he perpetually lusted after power.' Tricoloured flags without the royal eagle and the serpent fluttered everywhere.

And let us see what Diaz wrote: 'Señor'—it was the chairman of the House of Deputies whom he addressed—'The Mexican people which has so generously lavished honours upon me . . . which seconded me patriotically . . . that people, sir, has risen in armed bands, declaring that my presence at the head of the executive is the cause of the insurrection. I know of no act imputable to myself that could warrant this charge; but, over and above the fact that I may have offended without knowing it, I am not the person to be a judge as to the merits of my own case. Therefore, respecting, as I have always respected, the will of the people, I come before you now, in accordance with Article 82 of the Federal Constitution, to resign unreservedly the high office of President of the Republic, to which I was elevated by the vote of the nation, and I do it the more readily in that by retaining the office in question I should be exposing the country to further bloodshed, to the loss of its credit, to the destruction of its wealth, to the extinction of its activities, and the risk of international complications. . . . An ampler and more dispassionate survey will lead to a true estimate of my acts, allowing me when I die to carry with me the consoling sense that I have in the end been understood by my countrymen,to whose welfare I have devoted and will continue to devote my entire energies.' The populace, in large bodies of 5000 and in smaller ones, paraded joyously through all the streets; some had a military band and some an orchestra of violins to lead them—it was like a merry picnic. And the total list of casualties

numbered thirty-eight—one unidentified person dead and thirty-seven wounded, among whom there were eleven injured by bullets. Great activity was shown by the White Cross Society, and by the Red Cross, which had taken a new lease of life. The services of these benevolent associations were appreciated, so that motors and the members decorated with the badges of the two societies were heartily applauded as they sped along. I hear that comments of the most favourable character were made all over the town. And demonstrators went unhindered through the suburbs, to the music not alone of military bands or fiddles; there was that which is evoked from empty cans—*música de petroleo*, they call it—and one cannot surmise what the natives in this hour of triumph would have done without the precious Standard Oil tins. So the feared and famous Trust did, after all, participate in Mexico's good Revolution.

No one will deny that under Diaz Mexico had made a notable advance; the Government was even patriotic in a way. But it pretended to derive its power from the people's will, whereas it stifled the expression of such will, it was a military oligarchy. Such a system must involve subservience and ignorance, while at the same time nowadays a ruler has to feign at least that he is on the side of education; and with even such a semi-education as Porfirio provided such a Government becomes impossible. When, as the 'New York Evening Post' observed, the repressed millions are able to read their own history and laws and to think about them and to know what the democratic movement is in the world outside, their demand for a share in the Government can no more be restrained than can their intellects. And it was the new generation, which Diaz for very

shame could not refuse to help create in Mexico, which proved his undoing. Political ideas had been let loose, and their ferment in the popular mind made the usurping of government by a clique no longer possible. Education, as John Morley has said, cannot deny its own children. If in Mexico, or India, or the Philippines we venture to open closed minds and teach to young men liberty and self-government, we must not be astonished if the lessons are applied even to our own discomfort. Diaz did not merely fall because the army proved a vain thing, but because the people had it in their hearts that he should fall. In August, 1909, a most serene and loyal article appeared in 'El Imparcial,' whose object was to show conclusively that revolutions had become impossible in Mexico. This odious journal, subsidised by those who held the country, was among the foremost causes of the Revolution. Now they published a long, clever editorial—'Ni amigos, ni enemigos'—wherein they said that for the future they would be serene, the kindly critics, not the friends and—for the best of patriotic reasons—not the foes of Don Francisco. As for being subsidised—had they committed errors? They were human, and the very day-star does not always shine with equal radiance. The subsidy had been employed in lotteries and gifts to the subscribers of the paper; partly it had been directed to the forwarding of social and artistic works, and partly to the publication of a handsome supplement (which now they would perhaps not be in a position to continue); partly it had been employed in paying for a period of fifteen years the hundreds of mechanics and those other workers and the thousands who had lived by selling this most popular of journals. 'Ni amigos, ni enemigos.' Some days later 'El

Imparcial' replied to certain scoffers whose malevolence or absence of sagacity had given a distorted reading to the manifesto. But by penetrating, so they said, into the Mexican psychology they found that the misguided conduct of their critics had been owing to the novelty in Mexico of a pure, independent paper. They would be not of Porfirio Diaz nor of Don Francisco I. Madero, but of all the people; they would place themselves upon a lofty seat, and be impartial, loyal and serene. Some others who had been the tools of Don Porfirio did not desire to operate with any new *régime*, for Coahuila's legislative body put itself against the man who was appointed by Madero to be Governor *ad interim*. This Don Venustiano Carranza, who had come into the war like any feudal prince, with cohorts of retainers, was accompanied by *insurrecto* soldiers to his new position. In the previous elections, to be sure, he was if not the popular at least the opposition candidate, and it was Don Porfirio's party which had given office to the legislative body. Then a law relating to elections was not ratified by the assembly of Tabasco, though the Chamber in its recent strivings after evolution had approved. With the prevailing notions as to freedom and the fearless hunger for reforms which permeates society, this action of Tabasco—in upholding, as it does undoubtedly, the legal right of States—is capable of serious developments. But those who then succeeded Don Porfirio would not, like him, lay the foundations of their house amid the pestilential meadows where no rivalry can rear its head. And of the parties that were to participate in Mexican affairs, perhaps the most important, after the Maderist party (and in union with it), was the Church. Men and money are at her disposal, both the willing and

unwilling peasants whom the *hacendados* can control, and money to a greater sum than the capitalisation of all the Government banks. For years the Church has been obliged to wield a rather subterranean influence, but now, with formal programme and with admirable candidates, it has emerged into the daylight. We who stood and watched might well be fascinated by the situation : in the days of Diaz, who officially opposed the Church, it was in ' El Pais ' and ' El Tiempo,' organs of the Catholic party, that the politics of Diaz were subjected to the most efficient and relentless criticism ; if they could assail that Government with something like impunity—Don Trinidad Sanchez Santos of ' El Pais ' was, as we have mentioned, offered an asylum in almost every house which has a secret chamber when he was compelled to hide himself in February, 1911 ; the most pompous little journalist who owns and edits ' El Tiempo ' has a secret chamber on the premises—how would they not assail the liberal, milder Government ? Madero was inclined to place them in the same position as they have in the United States, and that is a position which the Catholics of Lower Canada are now asserting is ideal. Where you have, as in the Mexican Republic, such a number of illiterates (a good deal more than half the adult population), it is questionable whether such a freedom can be granted, and it is not certain that the grant of it would satisfy the Church. Yet under the Australian ballot and the broader franchise it is probable that she, far better organised than was Madero's party, would—if there had been no bargain—have defeated him at the elections.

' I will,' said Don Porfirio, ' pour out the last drop of my blood, if it is wanted, for my country.' But

How they bombard Editors in Mexico.

Office of the *Heraldo Independiente*.

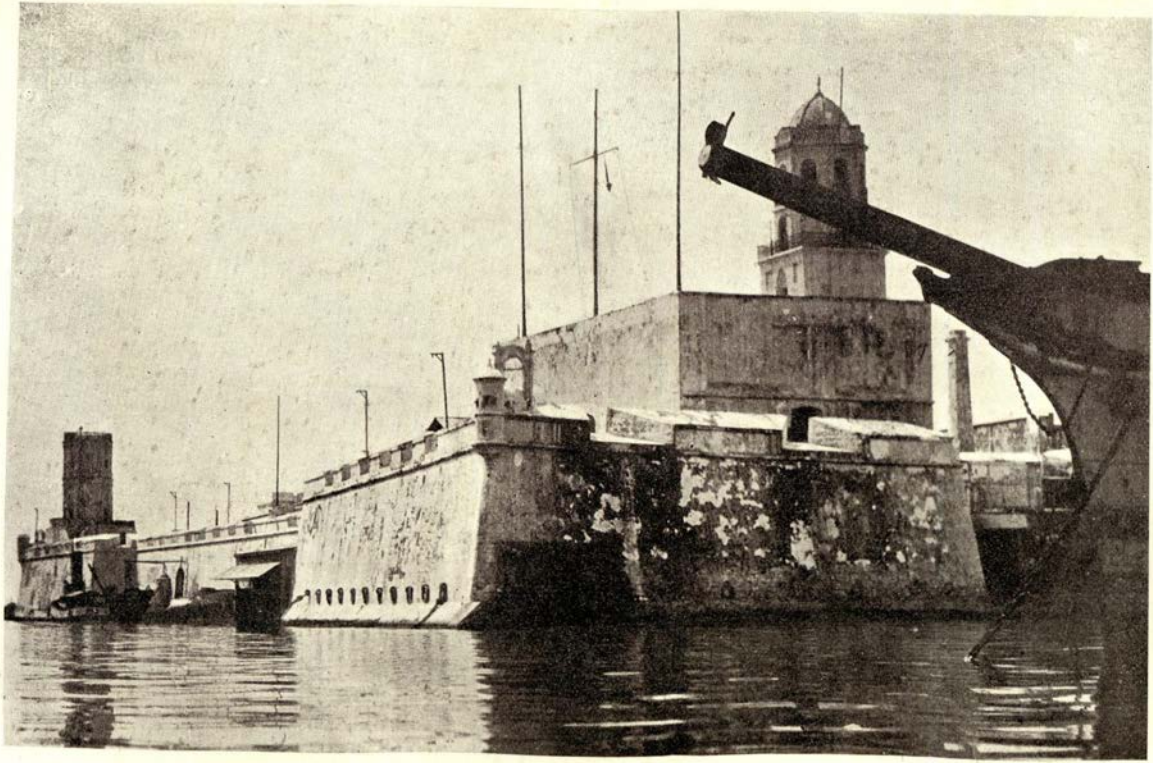
A "Shoofly" built round a Train

wrecked by revolutionaries near Huamantla, on 24th May, 1911, two days before the flight of Diaz.

this grievous want did not arise, it seems. At any rate, on the 26th May, just as the grey wings of the dawn were gliding over that high mountain ridge, the famous warrior stole away. The bullets which, he told the Papal envoy, would be needed at his going were, as far as possible, dispensed with, and to guard himself against them he had two whole trains of soldiers under General Huerta: a battalion of the Zapadores in a train preceding his, part of the twenty-fifth battalion in the train behind him. Thus he hurried down to Veracruz, and though the bullets came *en route* at Tepechualco—for he thought it was expedient to take the narrow-gauge, less ostentatious line—his escort only lost some six or seven killed. 'I will pour out the last drop of my blood,' said Don Porfirio when he was thinking of his faithful army and police—the number of assassinations they and others had committed in compliance with his will has been put down by good authorities at, roundly, 30,000. When at last he came to Veracruz he was in such a state of—shall we call it toothache?—that he had to be extracted from the car by two attendants, and removed upon their shoulders. Veracruz, for reasons dating back to 1879, is not the place where Don Porfirio would come in search of health, and these few necessary days before the boat could sail were spent in Messrs. Pearson's house, with many soldiers guarding him, the British flag above. On the 28th May a sea-breeze, so they tell us, made the torrid port more bearable; perhaps it was not strong enough, this breeze, to carry from the dungeons of the island-gaol, San Juan de Ulua, the complaint of sixty prisoners to the ears of Don Porfirio. It had been necessary for Lord Cowdray (of Messrs. Pearson) to obtain some lands upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec,

where he has built a railway which will have an interesting competition with the Panama Canal. A most handsome price was offered for the lands that were in the possession of the family of Madame Diaz; and the President, when it was paid, disposed of other lands at Acayucan to Lord Cowdray's firm. The native owners of the soil did not agree to this arrangement. Whether, as I hear from one source,[1] the land was Government property, or, as the other sources say, the land was native property, it is a fact that when it was transferred to Messrs. S. Pearson and Son, the natives rose—they surely could not think this firm would be a more nefarious landlord than the Government which then prevailed—and when the troops came down a number of the natives fell (again this number varies greatly with the source of information),—'Lord Cowdray is like Napoleon . . . when his plan is thought out,' says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, 'he is certain of the results, and has all the joy and none of the terrors of battle'—and it seems from all accounts that some 300 were dispatched to prison, where they stayed without a trial. The tuberculosis in San Juan, which removed Rosado, an aggressive kind of lawyer, played such havoc on the men of Acayucan that, with the assistance of some other causes, only sixty of them—I have got these figures from the doctor—still survived. Their land is not the best for grazing, but is used for that; and even if the natives who remain upon it have declined to pay their rent it gives a healthy occupation to some English cowboys. At San Juan de Ulua

[1] Somewhere Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells about the water-sprite Malinche, saying: 'Tis a pretty legend, and one of, oh, so many!' Yes, when Don Porfirio was flying she declares that 'unarmed the ex-President descended from his car' [the rebels being round about it] 'and took part in the engagement.'



San Juan de Ulua.

The corner-stone was laid in 1528, and it was the last Spanish stronghold on Mexican soil, the flag being lowered on the 15th February, 1824. Many of the dungeons are half flooded at high tide, so that the prisoner sits immersed to his chin in salt water.

also—but I fear that Don Porfirio did not remember this—was one Sarabia, a youthful journalist, a Madero who had failed. You should not take arms against the ruler of your native land—if you have got no chance of winning; and Sarabia has paid the penalty with three years of unmitigated darkness. When Porfirio arrived at Veracruz he was in the enjoyment of a lamp, and now he has, of course, been liberated. . . . Whatever may have taken place at Acayucan it is certainly the fact, as Mr. Hugh Pollard said recently in the 'Daily Graphic,' that corrupt officials have sold large portions of Mexican land to foreign companies. The Indians living on the land have protested, but as they could produce no title deeds—how should natives have title deeds?—their land has been sold to white companies, who in turn have sold it to ranchers, who enclose the water with wire fences, or to agricultural companies, who only employ contract or convict labour. No wonder the white man is disliked.

Illegal honours[1] were accorded on the 31st May to General Diaz, who should not have heard the nation's anthem play at his departure. And perhaps his old companion, General Huerta, was affected by the situation when he made a speech, declaring that, whatever people might assert, these troops would always be at his disposal. 'They are the only portion of the country,' so he blurted out, 'which has not gone against you.' The ex-President, in black, a

[1] How much better was he treated than, a hundred years before, the *Virgen de los Remedios!* This image, brought across by Cortés, was the object of much veneration, and was ultimately, on the outbreak of Hidalgo's movement, clothed in general officer's apparel and invoked as Patroness of Spain. The rival image, the *Virgen de Guadalupe,* proved to be the more efficient, and a revolutionary general pulled the general's sash from off the Spanish Virgin and made out a passport so that she should leave the country.

Panama hat in his hand, stood like a soldier on parade. The soldiers who were facing the veranda of that barn-like, wooden house—some wearing sandals, some with shoes, their garments more or less dilapidated—were the men who had protected him at Tepechualco, where some sort of plan—not well matured—was in existence to prevent his flying from the country ere he had disgorged his wealth. 'If Mexico should be involved in difficulties, then,' he said, replying to his grim old friend, General Victoriano Huerta, 'then I will return with pleasure. I would place myself there at the head of all the loyal forces, and beneath the shadow of that flag I would know how to conquer once again. . . . If the Fatherland should ever want my services, then solemnly I undertake, as a gentleman and soldier, to be always at the soldiers' side and underneath their flag, so that I may defend the cherished soil of Mexico until I have poured out my latest drop of blood.' Among those who went with him on the German boat was General Fernando González, son of that González who was nothing but a simple soldier and had been preferred by Diaz to a hundred abler men, in 1880, to succeed him, with the subtle plan that Mexico should be so smitten by the contrast as to call back in despair its former President. Fernando, sailing on a German boat, had been until a week ago the Governor of the State of Mexico, but had resigned one day and rushed across the mountains on his car; he hoped the situation which he left behind him would be dominated. This Fernando, when he was elected to the office by the President—he used to chuckle as he told the story—travelled to his capital, Toluca, on the day of the election by the local Congress. An officious personage demanded whether Don Fernando had some property or had been born within the limits

of the State, and on receiving negative replies he said that it was awkward, as no man could, by the Constitution, be elected who should not be qualified in one of these two ways. Another personage perceived that they had got three-quarters of an hour before election time; he speedily went out and on behalf of Don Fernando bought a house. That evening, when the election had been held, the house was sold again, and at a profit of 300 pesos. *Tempora mutantur*—I hope that Don Porfirio will pardon me this Latin tag—for Diaz was constrained to steam away from Veracruz on board the s.s. 'Corsica' in 1875 with him who afterwards became the President—González *père*. . . . You could not, at the time and later, be quite positive of open roads for either your own person or dispatches out of Mexico. The prostrate power behind the throne, chief of the *cientificos*, Rosendo Pinéda, tried with a *nom de guerre* to steal from Veracruz. 'But we,' so said the 'Daily Mail,' 'to be quite sure of getting good dispatches, we took the precaution of securing Diaz as our Special Correspondent.' Was it not a master-stroke? And when the searchlights of the fortress struck the s.s. 'Ypiranga' as she glided out into the darkness of the gulf, a man was seen close by the rail, apart from other passengers, and gazing through his glasses. 'Embittered,' so we read, 'and disappointed he may be, but that he will keep altogether to himself throughout the trip is not anticipated by his friends.' The moonlight fell upon the brazen instruments which had been playing at the wharf, it fell upon the white apparel of the peasants who were clustered there behind the soldiers. And the vessel glided out into the darkness. Quickly in the fort of Santiago, after having fired a salutation to this traveller, the guns were growing cold, and in the

captain's quarters, with a tropical rapidity, the garlands of the girls of Veracruz were fading. So departed from the shores of Mexico the Special Correspondent of the 'Daily Mail.'

And so a thoroughly carnivorous old gentleman had been succeeded in the despotism by a water-drinking, undersized, pacific vegetarian. Madero—de la Barra's unofficial adviser—was, in fact, the Lord of Mexico, and if it were not for his opposition to the re-electing of a President, one would have reason to consider with anxiety if he could bear the strain of adulation for so long a period as did Porfirio Diaz. Don Porfirio, of course, in 1876, proclaimed that he would never let himself be re-elected; but there is not any Indian blood in Don Francisco I. Madero, and whatever be the virtues of the Indian he is monstrously conservative: he will, if it is in his power, destroy new-fangled implements of agriculture, seeing that he likes the old ones; he will not deny devotion nor centavos to a saint who recently was deaf to him, and whose wood image at the time was subject to indignities; he will not be disposed to go from public into private life. The man who made the promises at Tuxtepec was not of purely Indian blood, as, for example, was the daughter of a poor old man who was bewildered by the swift and excellent Canadian tramways of the capital. Half-way to Guadalupe, an adjacent shrine, the countryman was caught by this electric innovation, both his legs were torn from off him, and as he was lying on the road his daughter knelt beside him, stroked his head, and softly asked him, '*Papaito*—does it hurt you?' But there was enough of Indian in Porfirio Diaz to account for the resistance which he offered during thirty years to anyone who tried to pull him down. . . . What of

the Indians who climbed into the temporary Cabinet ? Emilio Vásquez Gómez and the better-known Francisco come from Tamaulipas. They were born to poverty, so that the elder studied for the law and subsequently was enabled to support his brother, who from 1880 until 1889 was learning medicine. Four of the five examiners, in March, bestowed on him a white ball, and in May the young man beat the fifth examiner in open competition for the chair of pathology. He practised in the State of Veracruz at Coatepec, he studied in some European towns, he represented the Republic at a Moscow Congress and a Congress of the deaf and dumb in the United States. He wrote a book to prove how in the very heart of the Republic, in the Federal District, one was only offered a defective education; he became the President of the Academy of Medicine, and then, in April, 1910—not having taken any part in politics—he was elected by the anti-re-electionists to be Vice-President. Emilio, a week before, was thrust into Belem because the Government believed he was the manager of these elections. They accused him of provoking what was, at the time, undreamed of—Revolution, and it was November when the brothers, like Madero, settled temporarily in Texas. Don Emilio became the Minister of Gobernacion, Don Francisco Minister of Education. They and other Ministers have made mistakes, but, to repeat the words of Limantour on the 30th May, 1911—and I fear he was disposed to be sarcastic—' these gentlemen will do a great deal better than we have done, and I wish them well.' Both the brothers suffered disappointments in the period of de la Barra's Presidency. Don Emilio was not considered a good Minister because he settled every question out of hand with a supreme indiffer-

ence to all red tape. If anybody told him, for example, that he had been fighting for the Revolution and was —— pesos out of pocket, Don Emilio—perhaps the frankest and most sympathetic person whom I met in Texas—straightway gave an order on the national exchequer for the money; so that, with Madero's strong approval; he was asked to send in his resignation; thereupon his followers of the 'Pure Liberal' party chose him as their Presidential candidate. He was defeated. His brother's claim to be Vice-President on the Madero ticket did not prosper; at the National Convention, and with the approval of Madero, he was set aside for Pino Suárez, who is said to have given proofs of discretion, moderation and statesmanship at the Juarez Peace Conference. He was for many years a publicist in Yucatan, where he enjoyed general esteem, and in 1909 was occupying the dangerous post of president of the local opposition. Dr. Vázquez Gómez was exasperated by his brother's fate, and as, by taking on the leadership of what is known as the Central Anti-re-electionist Party, he displayed an inclination to assist Madero's enemies, it was considered by the future President that Pino Suárez would be more adapted to be second in command, while, as Minister of Public Instruction, 'Dr. Gómez,' said Madero, 'can continue to lend great service to our party. I am only sorry that he does not accept graciously the result of the Convention which was adverse to him.' The Central Anti-re-electionist Party—which consisted of the original Anti-re-electionists who refused to be merged in the Progressive Constitutional Party, as the followers of Señor Madero then called themselves—selected Dr. Vásquez Gómez as their Presidential candidate.

Some have criticised Madero for appointing his own

uncle[1] Don Ernesto to the office held so long by Limantour, and the reply that Diaz recognised the competence of Don Ernesto and desired him to accept this very post is not such a complete reply as that the foreigners in Monterrey, which is commercially the most important town of the Republic, cannot think of anyone more fitted than their fellow-citizen, the banker, for the charge of this portfolio. And, by the way, Don Rafael Hernandez, Minister of Justice, has been criticised, and on the ground that formerly he followed Don Porfirio; to this the answer is that everyone who gave his service to the State was bound to follow Don Porfirio, and seeing that Hernandez was a man of brains [these have since been blown out by some followers of Felix Diaz in the streets of Mexico]—it was more profitable that he should be utilised than that the whole administration should be drawn from that minority which was Madero's family, or from that scantier minority which was in opposition always to Porfirio Diaz. With regard to Manuel Calero, Minister of Industry, 'he is,' said Don Francisco I. Madero, 'not alone no member of our party, but a Porfirista, and he has been for a long time. As we thought that he possessed ability to fill the place, he was appointed.' And in answer to some observations by the Señor Vera Estañol, ex-Minister, he said that 'many Governors who are not of our party have been put in office: the States of Morelos, Querétaro, Guanajuato and others have executives that were not named by the anti-re-electionist party; the Governor

[1] And the nephew of Porfirio Diaz, General Felix Diaz, who was chief of the police, a man of some ability, is not frustrated in his efforts to become the Governor of Oaxaca. He addresses to the citizens a manifesto, humorous in parts, on the promises which oft are made by candidates and on the destiny of these fair promises. Oaxaca puts her faith in Señor Juarez, Don Benito's son, who has inherited not only a great name, but likewise no great humour.

of the State of Mexico, for example, I did not even know by name, while the chief executive of Nuevo Leon is the president of the Superior Court, and was named under the Diaz Government.' As to the task they had in front of them, Madero and his friends were under no illusion save that which was owing to their youth. 'Confidence,' once said the great Lord Chatham, 'is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.' The conditions were both new and strange. An electoral system had to be contrived and put in working order. By the side of these electoral colleges the country stood in direst need of numerous political kindergartens. Mexico's best orators were wanted to inform a people then embarking on self-government what are the limits set to legislation, and how time is wanted, even by the most impatient of us, to establish large reforms, and how—in Don Benito Juarez' oft-repeated, oft-forgotten words—peace is the respect for others' rights. We could not prophesy in Mexico. But while there would be dangers consequent upon the Revolution—peaceable pursuits, divested of an alien excitement, would not all at once attract each member of the rebel army; some of them would be reluctant to forgo their free cigars and drinks and tram-rides, and their swagger, and revolvers, and their double and their triple cartridge belts—and while there would be dangers consequent upon the old *régime* and others of a character more deeply founded, such as the disintegrating movement, we thought that we were not injudicious in believing that the country had a happy future, both for natives and for capital. Supposing, for the sake of argument, we said that the majority of Mexicans would always be, as often in the past, incapable of ruling the Republic, State or village. Yet the wrong they do would be corrected or restrained

by greater criticism of the Press and of the National Assembly. . . . '*Soy Fronterizo,*' says the son of those bleak uplands in Chihuahua that sustained the Revolution; '*soy Mexicano,*' says the dweller in the central valleys, who is more inclined to wait in war and peace until he knows that his adventure will not be too speculative; '*soy Yucateco,*' say the slave and the slave-owner of that curious peninsula which is too busy to pay much attention to the rest of the Republic.[1] And

[1] In 1848 Yucatan was reincorporated with the Mexican Republic. Until then and from the time when they were liberated from the Spaniards, these two had not always been united. After three years' reluctance on the part of Yucatan they were joined together in 1824. In 1829, 1832 and 1834 their relations were extremely strained, and in 1840 Yucatan set up an independent Republic. (It was in October of that year when the 'True Blue,' a British schooner, was seized by the Yucatecans for alleged smuggling, and 'in insolent and peremptory terms,' says Rafael de Zayas Enríquez, the encyclopædic patriot, did H.B.M. corvette 'Comus' cause the Republic of Yucatan to deliver the ship, to pay an indemnity of 8000 pesos, and to 'swallow the outrages.') Texas was the foreign state to which the Yucatecans were attracted. In a pamphlet of 1842 ('Protesta de Yucatan contra las violencias del Gobierno provisorio de Mejico'), we find them declaring that the three Texan warships were only with them for defensive purposes and that even if they cruised off Veracruz and Tampico, it was only to observe whether an expedition against Yucatan was being prepared. By the way, on the title page of this pamphlet there is a group of American artisans, agriculturists, soldiers and sailors underneath a flag on which is the word 'Constitution' (in English), while in the clouds above there is a temple on whose architrave is the word 'Liberty.' Don Andrés Quintano Roo, the renowned statesman and poet, was sent on a mission from Mexico to his native Yucatan, in order to induce it to resume the old connection. After various vicissitudes this came about in 1848, when the ruling class in Yucatan was forced to call in the assistance of the Mexicans against the Mayas, who were in revolt and were taking a complete revenge for everything which they had ever suffered from the whites. The panic-stricken Yucatecans made an offer of the sovereignty of their country to the Spanish or the British or to any other foreign Government which was prepared to send them speedy and effective help. An envoy was dispatched to the United States, but James Buchanan, the Secretary of State, would do no more than recognise Yucatan's independence. He declined emphatically to support its annexation. So there was no help for it and Yucatan, which at this time included Campeche, was compelled to come to terms with Mexico. . . . But if a non-Yucatecan were to be appointed governor of Yucatan he would have a situation as uncomfortable as the Banus of Croatia who is sent from Budapest.

there is a danger that in this way the United States of Mexico will break into three separate republics. As the Revolution terminated there was vast enthusiasm for Madero. 'If I were a poet I would write poetic eulogies,' said Mr. Elihu Root; 'if I were a musician I would compose triumphal marches'—to the greater glory of Porfirio Diaz. And there would be many like this acolyte of Mr. Roosevelt, eager to rejoice with him who had achieved success. The large majority of Mexicans would be sincere, because it was a change from Don Porfirio's prolonged *régime*, and, on the other hand, because it was a change; the large majority of foreigners would do their best to seem sincere, and thus assist their business. If it once is bruited round the world that Mexico is on the eve of many revolutions, that it will relapse into the state of Honduras or pitiable Nicaragua or mediæval Guatemala, then the work of many years will be undone. The confidence with which most of the foreigners in Mexico regarded Don Porfirio Diaz was needs outwardly transferred to one whom they would willingly have shot a little time ago from motives of pure business. . . . As for General Bernardo Reyes, the theatrical old hero of the army—well, we were not always told of what occurred at Orizaba—as, for instance, when a dozen of the more loquacious mill-hands were shot dead in March, 1911, and the editors of all the journals kept a corresponding silence—but we do know that in Orizaba, Reyes, who had been permitted to return, embraced the revolutionary chief, Rafael Tapia. Those who were so fond of dreaming that Bernardo Reyes would assemble round his banner the remains of Don Porfirio's army and of the discredited political machine perhaps did not realise as keenly as did Reyes that the militarist day was over, that the army

IN FULL HARMONY

The Interregnum.

From the *Mexican Herald*.

had been beaten by the nation. A proposal that the army should be merged in the insurgents for the purpose of restoring order was, by many critics, called fantastic and impracticable. But with Reyes' help, it was a problem to be solved. The elevation[1] of the lucky volunteers above the men who have attended military colleges and been promoted chiefly by the flux of time is always and in every country much resented by these latter. In the United States, when General Wood was thus promoted after the campaign of Cuba, such a storm arose that even now, from time to time, the darkness reappears. And Reyes, if he could have satisfied the rebels and preserved the honour of his old companions, would indeed have powerfully aided to upbuild the country. He had long been nourishing a plan to make the army popular and democratic by conscription. Formerly, in easy times, he won the adoration of his troops; and now he prayed that during the uncertain times

[1] At all events Don Agustin del Pozo, rebel leader in the State of Puebla, issued on the 20th of June a statement saying that 'in several newspapers I see they have bestowed on me the rank and style of "General." Our noble Army is an institution which I honour most profoundly, and this rank, I feel, is inappropriate for anyone except the soldiers who by studies and a long career have gained it, after many steps, or those who in campaigns, like Pascual Orozco, have become renowned for heroism and for military genius. But as for me, I am not dedicated to a soldier's life and I was not so fortunate as to defend upon a battlefield the liberties of my dear country which a despotism had disdained for thirty years; some trifling work I undertook, to help the Revolution which was headed by the liberator, citizen Francisco I. Madero, caused me to be nominated chief of all the revolutionary forces in the State of Puebla; and when I accepted this responsible and high commission it was only on account of patriotic duty which demanded all my power and the absence of all selfish interest whatever. Since it may be cruel irony to call a man a "General" when he has got no right to the distinction, I would beg that you do not apply to me this title, for I say that I am no more than an honest citizen who strives and hopes, so far as it is given him, to serve his country, now that he is called upon to serve. The Revolution has been made to conquer freedom and not military rank. Let us abandon this and use our energies to make us free.'

he might conduct himself in such a way as to achieve the admiration of the world. His country in a few months had gone back to where it was some five-and-twenty years ago, for the reforms of Diaz often did not penetrate below the surface. We must judge the former President by the material at his command, if we are ready to assume that he availed himself of all the good his country had to offer—and in that case also we acknowledge that a house deficient in foundations is, before aught else is done, to be destroyed. *Reculer pour mieux sauter*—and with de la Barra, Reyes and Madero working side by side, another and more stable house, employing certain features of the fallen structure, was begun. A few months would not be sufficient; but if five-and-twenty years are wanted—then we may lose hope in Mexico.

New brooms sweep clean, and if Madero could not make a clean sweep of the devastating lotteries and of the bull-fights—de la Barra had not witnessed such a fight until, as President, he was at one which they arranged to help the widows of both Federal and *insurrecto* soldiers—yet Madero would assuredly be more consistent with his old idealism than the Socialists had been in Lower California, for just 600 dollars were sufficient to persuade the sixty last surviving Socialists to go their way. What Mexico requires is not alone a larger portion of the light: to raise, for instance, the indigenous and varied people into citizens of a republic. (While in 1911 the debt of Mexico per head was only 14 dollars, and much less than that of Argentine, the prosperous republic of the south is in the presence of an infinitely smaller native burden.) Mexico requires that ancient evils should not, in the present dispensation, worm their way to power again: the *cientificos*, who are the shrewdest of intriguers,

must have no recuperation as they once had from another rout. It happened that in 1897, when Macedo was the President of the Casino Nacional and the notorious Pineda sat on the committee, these and other *cientificos* were dispossessed. Macedo grew quite truculent before he would exhibit the accounts, although when they were seen at last his attitude was not surprising—for he has a reputation as financier, he was designated by Porfirio Diaz to be the financial agent here in London. And the plate of the Casino was discovered in a house of prostitution which Pineda patronised. A dividend was paid by the Casino in that period—and that alone—in which the *cientificos* were ousted; for when they resumed authority this institution failed. What Mexico requires is that, as Governor Gonzalez of Chihuahua said, there should be no extension or renewal of monopolies. 'We shall not take away the riches of a foreigner who holds them legally, but we are up against the Diaz system of the granting of concessions, with the ruinous emoluments demanded by our politicians. Mexico has been exploited by the foreigners for many years, until the people, as a whole, have nothing. (The industrial advancement has not benefited 20 per cent.) We were on the verge of becoming a nation of paupers, but the special privileges [1] shall be stopped, if we can do so. Foreign

[1] Let it not be thought disingenuous of me if I now quote from the pages of the 'Mexican Herald.' But the new *régime* enabled it to have a column which it called 'Free Speech.' On Friday, June 23rd of the year before last: 'The demand that a thorough investigation must be made,' it said, 'of Mexico's big business concerns, particularly those that worked under Government concessions and with which members of the old administration were directly or indirectly allied, is growing not only among members of the new *régime*, but also, it seems, among the business element here in the capital. . . . Forming themselves into an organisation body for the purpose of giving moral and, if necessary, financial assistance in the movement of the new body politic in

capital we shall invite, but it must enter into competition with our own. Undoubtedly the foreigners who profited so greatly by the Diaz system will be hard hit by the new *régime*, which is determined to build up the country and ameliorate the sad condition of her people.' [This Governor was executed summarily when Felix Diaz and Huerta came into power.]

ridding this country of graft and corruption, a committee of business and professional men is said to be not only contemplated, but actually launched in this city, and is preparing to give every assistance possible in cleansing the political, commercial and financial life of the republic.'

On June 25th, Francisco I. Madero authorised the publication in the 'Herald' of a statement that it was his purpose to investigate closely and faithfully the conditions of all Corporations which had dealings with the Government, as well as all Government officials against whom charges might be brought, based upon adequate evidence of corruption or of wrong-doing. 'There has been considerable speculation,' said the 'Herald,' 'as to the reason why the Aguila company was selected as the first one to be investigated by Madero agents, and an explanation may be found in the report that has reached Madero to the effect that Lord Cowdray when he left Mexico last April went to Washington and New York and, after conferences with Henry W. Taft and John Hays Hammond, induced Hammond to see President Taft repeatedly and urge upon him the necessity of American intervention in Mexico to protect big interests here and suggesting the probability that England would intervene if the United States did not. It was reported yesterday that in line with the investigation of other big companies, concessions, contracts and methods of doing business here that Lord Cowdray's other interests in Mexico would be included, not only the Tehuantepec railway, but his big contract work as well.' Soon after this Lord Cowdray, who had hurried back from England to New York, was said to be endeavouring to sell his oil interests to an American company. 'The report had it,' said the 'Herald' on July 15, 'that there was every probability that the sale would be made in the near future, but it may be stated on good authority that those who are conversant with the plans of the Maderos do not share this belief.' It quoted from a personage who was in close touch with the situation and who said that the Maderos did not wish American capitalists to buy possible lawsuits in Mexico and for that reason and that alone they were doing everything in their power to prevent this proposed sale. Lord Cowdray went to Mexico and in the 'Nueva Era,' the semi-official mouthpiece of the Maderos—the editor, Juan Sanchez Azcona, being the man who was appointed Madero's confidential secretary—it was written that 'after a campaign of several weeks dedicated to an unsuccessful attempt to transfer his immense oil properties in Mexico to the Texas Oil Company and the Gulf Refining Company, Lord Cowdray has left New York for Mexico. . . . Now

Foreigners the most benevolent may say that in the people likewise there must show itself this good determination, which has often been to seek. And with regard to making it more easy for them by the abolition of monopolies, it seems to me, for instance, that consideration should be given to the Monterrey Iron and Steel Works. There is duty of 3½

it is known by everybody in Wall Street that the representatives of the two companies mentioned were convinced that the oil concessions of the Pearson Company are not a good investment and that they have been advised by lawyers that the concessions are in danger of being revoked if put to the test in court. It is said in Wall Street that these two *cientificos* [Landa y Escandon and Limantour, who helped Lord Cowdray, as did others of the discredited *cientifico* group, to obtain his colossal concessions from the Diaz Government] have exercised pressure on the American companies through European financial interests to persuade them to take the oil properties of Lord Cowdray. . . . In Wall Street it is said that Lord Cowdray told two or three of his associates there that he would soon control the new Government of Mexico as easily as he had that of General Diaz. Both his friends and enemies in Wall Street (he has both) await with considerable interest news of the activities of Lord Cowdray in the City of Mexico.' When he called upon Madero, 'I assured him,' wrote the latter in the 'Nueva Era,' 'that if he has duly complied with the respective contracts he has nothing to fear, as my Government will respect contracts and concessions which have been formulated with the late Government and which have been effected in due form and in compliance with all legal requirements.' . . . 'That Congress, when the present body . . . is succeeded next year by a more Liberal Chamber, may order investigations,' said 'The Times' in a very interesting article on 21st November, 1911, 'is possible. But there would be much surprise if such action lead to anything more than minor alterations in the terms of a few concessions and perhaps to the inauguration of a campaign against certain Trusts.' . . . At the fall of Madero's Government, in 1913, Señor Manuel L. Lujan, agent to the United States of General Orozco, declared that when Señor Gustavo Madero, brother of the President, was in New York he made arrangements with the Standard Oil Company to 'kill' the competition of the Aguila [Eagle] Oil Company in Mexico. Señor Lujan directed the attention of the Senate's Sub-Committee to the fact that three days after the Madero Government was established a Bill was introduced in the Mexican Congress annulling concessions granted by President Porfirio Diaz to the Eagle Oil Company. And on 17 February, 1913, the New York correspondent of the 'Daily News,' in referring to the reported resignation of Madero and succession of de la Barra, cabled that 'the news was official, for it came from the British Legation and was inspired by Lord Cowdray, whose immense Mexican interests were backing the ex-Provisional President [de la Barra].'

to 5½[1] cents Mex. a kilo on I beams, which in Liverpool or Antwerp cost say £7 a ton; on rails, which cost in England about £5 a ton, there is duty of 2½ cents a kilo. On a steel building at about £18 a ton (laid down in Mexico) the duties, taking into account the galvanised iron and the bolts, come to about £7 a ton; so that when a man erects a sugar factory of average size it costs him 21,000 dollars Mex. more than he should pay—the total cost being 600,000 dollars. It appears to me that Mexico does not derive an ultimate advantage from a tariff on the jute productions, and the British Minister was wont to chaff Lord Cowdray, who in England advocates free trade while for the Orizaba jute mill he must have protection. All the jute is from Bengal, and the resulting sacks are more expensive than if they could be imported. When I asked the manager for a defence of his position he explained that 1800 Mexicans were given employment. But it is extraordinary, it is shameful, that for at least three years the country has been buying maize from Argentine and elsewhere. Let the 1800 men be put to agriculture. And as we are on this subject we encounter what is Mexico's most urgent need: the need for patriots. When the fraternal strife was over and the Government began receiving claims for compensation, there would step into the office Señor Don Fulano, with a business-like expression. 'Practically all my farm has been destroyed.'

'Ah, what misfortune! And at how much do you place the value?'

'Half a million pesos.'

'Many thanks. Will you be kind enough to

[1] The lower price is for steel beams in the rough, as they leave the mill; the higher price is for beams cut to the correct size and drilled.

come in several days? The documents shall be prepared.'

The second conversation, as a rule, was not so long:

'Here are the documents. I trust that you will find them accurate. Of course, one's memory is human and my clerks are here to help you. They inform me that the value of the property, as you assessed it for the payment of your taxes,[1] is precisely 20,000 pesos.'

It was not sufficient that, for Mexico's salvation, de la Barra, Reyes and Madero should have striven with united effort: de la Barra, the most prudent diplomat, and Reyes who was like a meteor, and Madero who was like a star. The people from the highest to the lowest had so much to learn, so many years they should forget. And it is not enough if they congratulate themselves for having more than followed Emerson's advice to hitch your wagon to a star. Let them remember that the conduct of Bernardo Reyes, opportune as it might be, would possibly give way to his impulsive nature, though one must acknowledge he secured some victories against himself that are a marvel, he the hope of the Porfirian remnant, of large vested interests and of a portion of the beaten army; while Madero—with a halo from the field of battle—sane, clean-handed, resolute, courageous, was backed

[1] It is worth recording that this system which establishes the tax on land is, as it were, the poor relation of the system of New Zealand, and New Zealand prides herself on being, in such things at all events, a good deal in advance of other countries. There the valuation is conducted by State valuers, and if the owner is dissatisfied he may appeal to the Assessment Court, and if he still believes that it has been too highly valued and the valuer refuses to reduce it, then he can require him to purchase the property at the assessed value. On the other hand the valuer, if he thinks that the Court has made an unfair reduction, may require the owner to consent to what he considers a fair selling value or else he will purchase the property *at that value* on behalf of the Government. These are two points in the 'Valuation of Land Act, 1908.'

up by partisans enthusiastic and fanatical, by followers who brooked no opposition, and by money. Towards October, when the President was to be chosen, this triumvirate did not continue to be perfectly harmonious. De la Barra, to be sure, went on the even tenor of his way; so shrewdly had he weathered all the difficulties of the interregnum that his stern refusal to be nominated was the cause of much regret, not only to the neutral men and to the Catholic party, whose repeated efforts could not make him change his mind. It was his business, so he said, to see that the elections were conducted properly, and then he would retire from politics. But on some future day, perhaps, the country would not look to him in vain. Madero's friendly attitude to Reyes, whom he had been once accustomed to hold up as a mere slave of Diaz and a firebrand, this new amicable attitude was most unpopular among the Maderistas. They were up in arms against Madero's promise to have Reyes in the coming Cabinet as Minister of War. Then, driven from the side of Don Francisco, Reyes let himself be nominated for the Presidency, but his followers were not so numerous as were the Maderistas, with the consequence that there was trouble, and before the time for the elections he was forced to fly from the Republic. Thus Madero, who became the chief executive, was not in the preliminary period so strong and so consistent as one might have wished. Sometimes it is the cruel fate of an idealist to be idealised; but if Madero's compromise with Reyes had the object of alleviating ancient sores and of promoting general welfare—after Reyes undertook to be the opposition candidate, Madero charged him in a speech at Veracruz with having planned to steal from him the fruits of victory and having acted as a

EL MODELO "EMILIANO"

Zapata.
From *Multicolor.*

criminal—no small proportion of the Mexicans appeared to wake up from their blind idealising when Madero, by a compact with the Catholics, got their support. And when he showed some weakness with the miscreant ex-groom Zapata, who was terrorising the green valleys of Morelos, then the Mexicans began to think of Don Francisco as a person whom they had not understood.[1] But when a man is President of Mexico it is not requisite that he should be all things to all voters. General Reyes, in disguise, fled from the country, and in his turn settled down at San Antonio, in Texas. 'Do not think,' he wrote to his adherents, 'that the good cause is not near my heart. But Mexico is now no longer safe for me. Remain, dear faithful followers, and fight.' The Governor of Texas charged him with conspiring to foment a revolution. He and certain of his followers were then arrested, but the fiery old commander cried that he had never listened to an accusation so absurd; he was a simple soldier, nothing else, who would fight face to face with anyone, but was not able to defend himself against intrigue. Then he was liberated, and a few weeks later at Linares he surrendered to a body of the Mexican police, admitting frankly that his dream of a successful revolution would remain a dream. 'I called upon the army and the people,' so he said, 'but none responded.' We could hope that, with Madero as a temporary necessary despot, the Republic would continue to evolve, and into something

[1] It is said that Madero, an ardent spiritualist, believed that Zapata's death would be followed, on the next day, by his own Perhaps, however, he was influenced by humanitarian motives in sparing the brigand's life. He gave him a considerable sum of money on the understanding that his outrages against villages and towns and trains and plantations should come to an end. But this *Jacquerie*, with 60,000 men at its beck and call, survived Madero. It was a method of protesting against the inadequacy of the late President's Socialism.

very different from her small southern neighbours. And in foreign policy towards Japan and the United States, it will be well if she leaves well alone. But, as we are reminded by Molière: '*Le monde, chère Agnès, est une étrange chose.*'

. . . . . .

Much has been omitted from this baneful story of the Revolution. I confess I have not mentioned all the plots against Madero and not all the deeds of violence which Mexicans committed on the foreigners: at Cuautla, for example, the emporium of Monsieur Caire was looted of its contents, save a mattress, which did not appeal to them and therefore it was dragged into the middle of the street and burned; from the Hôtel Morelos, also of French ownership, the looters even stole the gold-fish in the fountain; they compelled a Spanish merchant's wife to kneel down at their feet and under penalty of instant death to kiss the ground, while they compelled a Spaniard to embrace a corpse which had been lying in the street and was half-decomposed; some hundreds of Chinese were massacred in Torreon, because the rebels, having drunk a dozen bottles of suspected brandy that were in a court-room waiting for analysis, had breakfast at a Chinese restaurant and died. I have not mentioned all the deeds of violence which usually mark a so-called civil war. But rather than invite you to give ear to an account more dreadful, I would have this tale regarded not so much as a complete and perfect history, more as a drowsy after-dinner entertainment. He who will provide you with the perfect entertainment must be such another as the splendid Frenchman, Jean Froissart, whose tale was written for this worthy object. Jean was infinitely careful, and

he could not always reach the scene of action until thirty years had flown away—that is indeed how he secured the facts relating to the fight of Crecy—and if anyone would disentangle all the truth in such a land as Mexico he scarcely could pretend to do it under thirty years. And meanwhile I endeavour, very humbly, to sit on the chair of this new Froissart, until his arrival. Then he will be read, like his great predecessor, for at least five centuries, when it is probable that I am not remembered even in a Mass, since they are held—I quote from an announcement in a paper of the capital—' for the repose of English-speaking dead who live in Mexico.'

Dear, future Froissart ! When you march into the heavy silence of the jungle, when you loiter in the grey dust of a cactus village to converse with him who placidly endeavours to look after school and shop, when you are taking counsel with a wizard child of Montezuma or with the diluted children of the merry towns, will you consider that the natives have a charm so wild, so delicate, that one is well advised to listen to the music of their Spanish tongue and also to the music of who knows what winds which whistle in the Sierra Madre and what dreaminess of the Tabascan waters gliding darkly to the sea ?

CHAPTER XI

IN A FIELD

In a field, not very far as birds would fly from Mexico the capital, I met Prisciliano ploughing with a wooden plough. He came towards me, white against the greyish sky, and in the evening wind his large, white drawers flapped like sails. He did not hurry, though the darkness was approaching. Then I saw that he was middle-aged, a weather-beaten man; he smiled.

'Very good night,' I said.

'That you may pass it well.' He stood there, leaning on the plough, and with an undecided look. He did not speak, but studied me as thoroughly as if he were a child.

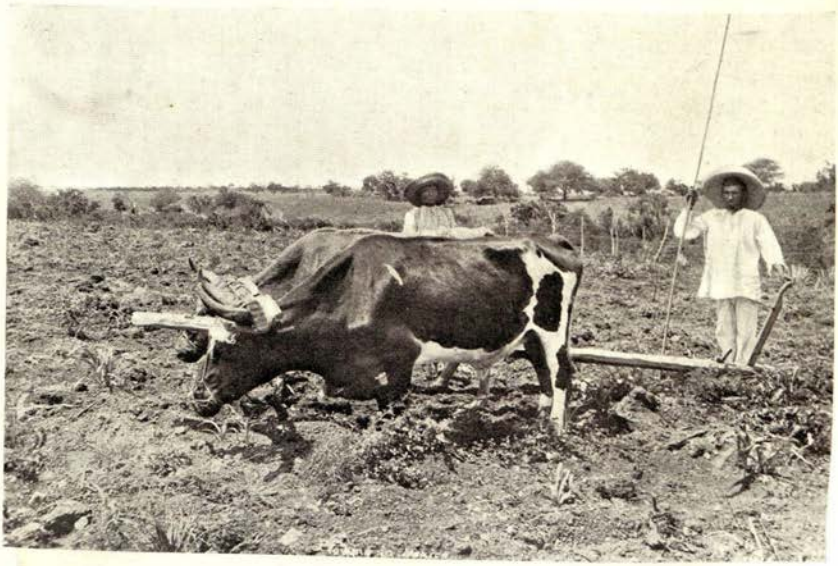
And his intentions seemed to be pacific.

'Señor,' he said, 'I should be glad if you could play the flute. I have one.' He removed his large hat carefully, and from the inside he produced this instrument. 'It will be good if you can play,' quoth he.

So primitive a thing it was that, as I held it in my hand, I wondered how it could produce coherent music.

'With permission,' said Prisciliano, as he sat him down upon a rock. He put the huge *sombrero* on his head again, so that I who was standing over him could not observe his face. He sat there very patiently. How could I disappoint him?

"We all complain of the shortness of time." Seneca.



Ploughing.

Looking up and down the long, grey road I saw no possible *suplente*. These in Mexico are people who will do things for you when you happen to be incapacitated. All the deputies, for instance, have *suplentes*, who sit in the Chamber, legislating when the deputies are sick. The road was edged with trees that fluttered in the wind.

'It is a pretty flute,' said I.

'Ah!' said Prisciliano. He clasped his knees and slowly see-sawed on the rock. Then presently he took his hat off, fumbled in it till he found some cigarettes, and reached a packet up to me. 'Perhaps before you start to play?' he said. From his expression one would have imagined that I had already played to him for several hours. I sat down at his side, and while he held his useful hat against the wind I lit my cigarette. 'With your permission'—he had borrowed it to light his own, and then he put it back between my lips. For some few minutes we said nothing, but there was a pleasant music in the trees.

'You have been living here,' I asked, 'a long time?' He was so completely in the picture.

'I have lived here always. . . . I am Prisciliano Guerra, at your orders.'

It was restful to gaze out across the wide, brown field to where the mist was gathering. Beyond, there rose the dead volcano with the fingers of the red-gold sun laid on the snowy peak of it. And thus it was as if a blazing torch was lifted up into the sky. The shadows underneath it were as tender as the sky; they knew that in a little moment they would overwhelm the torch and all its bravery, as Time had overwhelmed that other blaze of the volcano. Very tender were the shadows as they closed upon the mountain's glory.

My friend expectorated. 'You are thinking that one cannot live here always,' so he said, 'since there is naught that happens.'

'But, Prisciliano!'

'As for me, I do not care,' he said. 'It does not touch me.' And he let a smoky column rise up from the corner of his mouth. It did not live long in the wind.

'At all events, to stay here for a little time,' I said, 'would be delicious.'

'I am nothing, nothing.'

'If it were so peaceful everywhere in Mexico!' I said.

'Ah! well,' observed Prisciliano, 'the *pulque* does a lot of harm.'

'It was the Revolution I was thinking of.'

'What revolution? When?' he asked.

'Madero's—surely you have heard of it? For months it has been going on, all over Mexico.'

'You speak the truth? A revolution? And there was some killing, tell me? It is sad,' he mused, 'yes, very sad that men will not be satisfied. You do not know the village over there?' He pointed with his hand to the horizon. '*Pues*, I have heard things . . . and, who knows? if I were living in that place perhaps I also should not be well satisfied. Who knows?'

'Madero was not satisfied,' I said, 'with Don Porfirio.'

He scowled. 'But Don Porfirio,' he said, 'is Don Porfirio. . . . And what succeeded?'

'This will all be a Republic now, with free elections and——'

'What did he do with Madero? Ha! I see him hanging from a tree, or did they do it in a prison? He is very great, our Don Porfirio. He is the greatest

man of all the Republic. Truly he is a man.' Prisciliano gazed at me with some defiance. '*Si*, señor,' he said. . . . 'But it is cold. I am detaining you.'

The fiery colour had all vanished from the dead volcano. Everywhere the same grey mist was being spread; the last of all the flame had tried to find a refuge in the windy sky.

Prisciliano rose. 'With your permission,' he remarked, 'and over there you have your house. But it is cold, is it not?'

'Until another time,' I said. 'We have been talking much—and we have had no music.'

He put back the flute inside his hat.

'I wish I could have played for you,' I said.

'Many times I thank you,' said Prisciliano, 'for when there is anyone who plays to me I am more pleased than any drunkard. I am going.' And he started with his wooden plough and as if he would continue all the night.

He travelled down the field with even steps, apparently not looking to the left or right. He was the very spirit of the Indian race—indomitable, persevering, slow. One fancied that he had been ploughing and would plough for ever, and that if this wind became the voice of sirens he would not be interrupted.

Then suddenly he stopped. By this time he was far away, but as the great *sombrero* moved a trifle one could know his head was sinking forward. Thus he stayed, a lonely figure, while the wind was playing with his flimsy garments. Against the sombre background of the earth and air he was a motionless, white statue. Yes, for he was the belated statue of the armies of the soil that have conferred their monuments on kings and captains.

While the shadows, like a flock of friendly birds, were gathering about him, at his feet and on his shoulders, he remained as if he were oppressed by grievous or inextricable thoughts. And then he grasped the plough once more and strode away into the darkness.

In a balcony—Madero and Huerta.

"He kissed my hand, he looked into my eyes,
And love, love came at end of every phrase."
—*Browning's "In a Balcony."*

Vice-President José Maria Pino Suárez. *See p.* 314

CHAPTER XII

THE SOUL OF SEÑOR DE LA BARRA

22nd February, 1913

DURING the good days of 1911, when the President, Porfirio Diaz, saw revolt on every side and hurled against it every man (except himself) and all the instruments which he controlled, it was the task of Don Francisco de la Barra, the Ambassador in Washington, to circulate more downright lies in several months than, one presumes, he bargained for when he became a diplomat. Señor de la Barra is a man of education and refinement, he is Chilian by origin and therefore something better than the usual Mexican. So we were very much concerned that he should thus endanger his immortal soul by uttering, and not unwittingly, the foulest lies and hundreds of them. Everything would soon be for the best, he said, beyond the Rio Grande. . . . On the 22nd February, 1913, Madero was murdered, and Señor de la Barra, then the Foreign Secretary, told the countries of the world that it was owing to his effort to escape while he was being driven from the palace to the Penitenciary. I dare say General Huerta (the wealthy cattle-exporter who was much opposed to Madero's land policy) and General Felix Diaz, the assassins, made a similar explanation, but they (especially Huerta) are merely Mexican savages in blue uniforms, who would be astonished if we stayed

to listen to them. It is much to be regretted, though, that Señor de la Barra's soul should have this grievous burden placed upon it. I am not sure whether he began to give his explanation during dinner on the Saturday evening or whether he waited until after the event had taken place near midnight. Anyhow, he seems to have been quite impatient to observe how the Legations had received his uncouth lie, and so he begged the diplomatic corps to give him the honour of lunching with him on the Monday. He stands in need of a considerable amount of honour. The diplomats[1] declined his invitation, saying that Madero's death and that of Pino Suárez, the Vice-President, must be accounted for. That is why de la Barra toils in the beautiful Foreign Office—trying, trying all day long—with the assistance of the Under-Secretary and of the First, Second and Third Introducers of Ambassadors, to write a story which shall be considered plausible. And in the meantime, at the palace, Huerta's evil countenance is leering at the stolid Felix.

[1] During the terrible days when Maderistas and Felicistas were conducting a civil war, with artillery and sharpshooters, in the very heart of the capital, when thousands of non-combatants were killed, when the doors of Belem were thrown open and thousands of convicts made their escape (one who had been there for twenty years preferred to stay and two remained for several hours endeavouring to force the prison safe), when the Zapatistas plundered and assassinated in the very outskirts of the city and when the position of the American Ambassador was naturally much more arduous and much more delicate and much more perilous than that of his colleagues, then it seems that members of the British colony complained both of their Minister, Mr. Stronge, and their Consul-General, Mr. Stringer, and their Vice-Consul, Mr. Milne. The latter is said, perhaps not of his own free will, to have vanished; Mr. Stringer went no further than the Country Club, about eight miles from the capital, where you can play golf; and the Minister, an elderly gentleman, is said to have devoted himself to the care of his parrot, so that many of his compatriots preferred to take refuge in the American Embassy. The German Minister also, Admiral von Hintze, was according to all accounts most energetic and helpful.

After burning for five hours.

Kerosine was applied to many of the 8000 who fell in the capital during the conflict between Maderistas and Felicistas. Many of them had been spectators, and they in their turn, in spite of everything, were not left to burn alone.

'What are you smiling at?' says Felix.

'*Quien sabe?* . . . It goes well with us, dear friend,' says Huerta.

Felix also smiles a little. 'I have got no doubt,' says he, 'that you looked just like that when you received his wife in audience and told her that his fate would be decided by the Congress of the nation. Huerta, you are splendid!'

'We have got the country! Blood and iron!'

'Yes, that is the only way—he was unutterably weak. At Veracruz when I revolted last October and he took me, why did he not have me shot?'

'Yes, yes—I mean——' He stops, in great embarrassment. 'By all the saints, Don Felix, I gave no advice!'

'Of course not, *compañero!* We are friends.' Don Felix laughs in the most hearty fashion.

'Never shall we separate, I swear it. If I could, my dear Don Felix, I would breakfast with you, I would work beside you, I would lunch with you, I——'

'Gustavo won't!'

'Ah!' His Excellency glances at the Commander in-Chief, because he is not sure if he is sound on this point. 'Really, it was needful,' he begins, 'I would not——!'

'I don't blame you.'

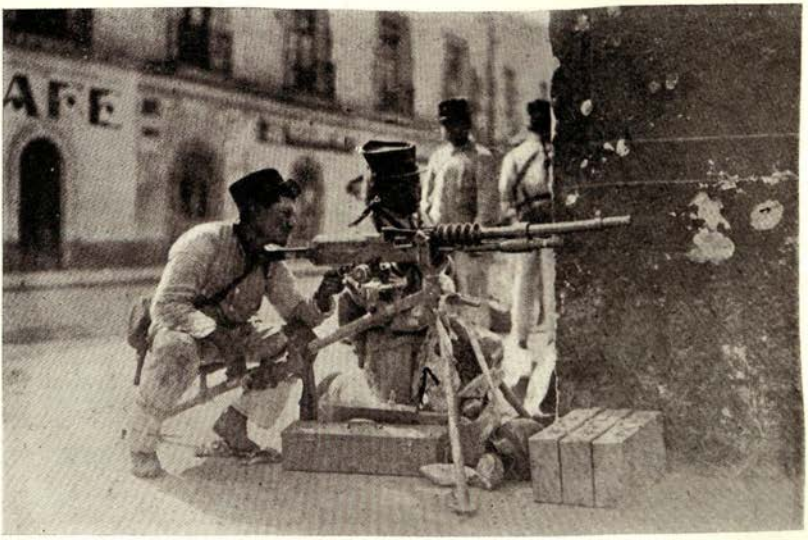
'He was vile. He was unpopular. I thought it quite a good idea to have some soldiers hidden in the restaurant when he invited me to lunch. Those foreign papers—you have seen them?'

'Don't be angry, my dear friend. What can they do? It is the Yankees only we must think about, and they have said so often they will come that they will never spoil my sleep.'

'I heard a little story yesterday,' says His Excel-

lency the Provisional President. 'It happened in a *pulque* shop. There was a fellow who had drunk too much, he shouted that he was a champion—*soy un valiente.* One could hear him over all the din, and he persisted with his boastful shouting. Then some other fellow elbowed through the crowd and stood defiantly in front of him and told him that he also was a champion—*soy tambien un valiente.* He stood with his fingers in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and although he swayed a little he looked formidable. "Now," his whole expression seemed to say—"now what do you intend to do?" The first one smiled and said, "Well, then, my friend, we are two champions—*somos dos valientes.*"'

Madero lay dead and his *régime* was over. It had ended after a pitiless battle, which took place in the streets of Mexico City and caused the death of thousands and a vast destruction of property. Felix Diaz, having, with Reyes, been released from prison by cadets, had held the arsenal, Madero and Huerta the palace. Bernardo Reyes was shot through the head at the first onslaught. And Madero was betrayed by Huerta to Don Felix. The Republic was again beneath the despotism of a Diaz; there was very little light and one could say that those who had announced the dawn were stultified. Once more the Government was ruthless, savage and implacable; once more the country dreaded it. 'Freedom has been won,' said Madero to an English interviewer a few days before his assassination, 'and when the people get a little more accustomed to it they will make good use of it, and then it will be ordered freedom. Your great essayist Macaulay in his essay on Milton, shows that "till men have been some time free, they know not how to use their freedom."' But when the



You are taken swiftly

to every part of the capital and to the most distant suburbs by the excellent electric trams, which have two classes and express, non-stopping services. They have well-appointed funeral cars, on which the employees are shaved and have their boots blacked free of charge. "This traffic," says Mr. Percy F. Martin, "proves highly remunerative to the Tramway Company."

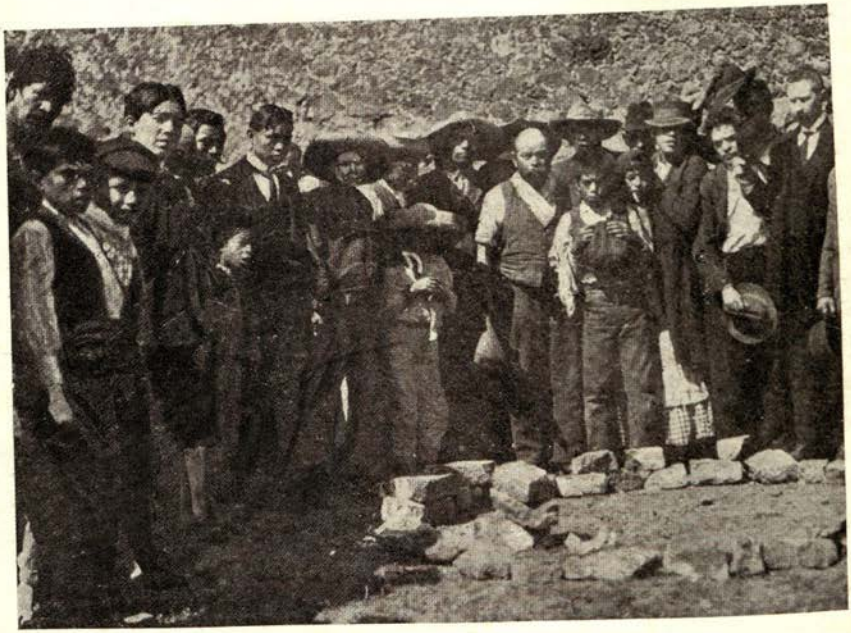
A street in the capital, February, 1913.

treacherous Huerta, whom Madero always had protected, and General Felix Diaz, whom Madero would not execute at Veracruz, when these two patriots determined that the reign of blood and iron should return and when they saw with satisfaction that the sky itself was shot with blood, they certainly did not believe that this had anything to do with dawn. Well, I think there will be a period of greyness, and that afterwards the day will come—and from the north. Before Porfirio Diaz and before Madero it was destined to surge up in this way. What alone was doubtful was the moment when the darkness would be dissipated, and the passage of Madero is the cause why it will go more quickly. It is stated officially by Huerta and Felix Diaz that 'from now peace and prosperity will reign in Mexico.' What they will not be able to stamp out will be the recollection of Madero's honest and heroic efforts, his high principles, his pitiful endeavour. For a time the Mexicans will struggle with each other, then they will struggle desperately against the United States, and then their country will be known as Mex. (The cry of 'Mexico for the Mexicans' was heard a good deal during 1912. The foreign engine-drivers on the National Railways, to give only one illustration, were dismissed. What then resulted was unfortunate: not only did the native drivers strike—and each time get what they demanded—but large numbers of the locomotives were so treated that they also struck.) In California it is said that there is a considerable amount of graft, and there are labour troubles which involve the dynamiting of the office of a newspaper. But California has not, for a long time, yearned to be again a Mexican dominion, as it was till 1848; and in a century or so this will be more or less the attitude of

Mex. From the days of Juarez this was bound to come, for he neglected his own people and did not make Mexico an Indian Republic, which would have possessed a real strength. But this was also bound to come from that day when it pleased Almighty God to make these two be neighbours.

No doubt it is a part of the great process that a quantity of blood—and more blood—and of ink has yet to flow. With the Mexicans it is largely a matter of personal ambitions and hatreds; some soldiers, for example, were standing outside one of the Legations during the conflict between Madero and Felix Diaz. 'From which side,' they were asked, 'are you protecting us? Are you for Diaz or Madero?' '*Pues, señor,*' they replied, 'our officer will be back soon and then we shall know.' The Mexicans will murder one another, while Vázquez Gómez will occasionally run a yard or two across the frontier, will exclaim that he is President, and will run back to Texas. Then the Mexicans will strive against their fate, will do their uttermost to keep away from the Americans; they will invoke the hatred of the days of Diaz when his interview with Mr. Taft, suggesting secret treaty or agreement, brought such criticism on his head; they will invoke the hatred of Madero's day, for he was said to be too well disposed towards the neighbours. These on their side will resist with all their strength the irresistible.[1] Officially

[1] The Mexican sociologist, F. Bulnes, writes in his book, 'L'Avenir des nations Hispano-Americaines': 'It is more than probable that by 1980 the United States will hold a population of 250,000,000 inhabitants. They will then scarcely be sufficient for the needs of this population, and will no longer be able to supply the world with the vast quantity of cereals which they supply to-day. They will therefore have to choose between a recourse to the methods of intensive culture and the conquest of the extra-tropical lands of Latin America, which are fitted by their conditions to the easy and inexpensive production of excellent cereals.'



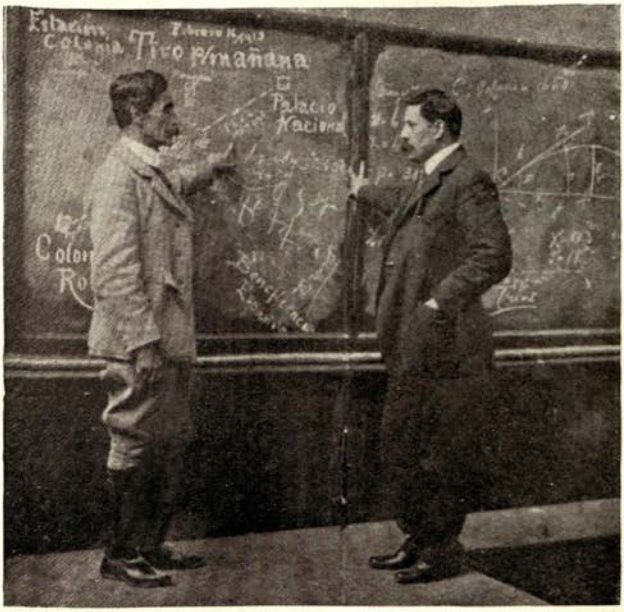
The Spot where Madero was Murdered

in the *Muy Leal, Insigne é Imperial* (very loyal, notable and imperial) town of Mexico, according to Charles V.

they will declare, like the Ambassador in Mexico, that the assassination of Madero was an accident; they will repeat to Europeans that the Monroe Doctrine does not call for them to supervise the social and political morals of the Mexicans; and they will hope that no Ambassador will fall a victim to Madero's accident of being shot by those who want to set you free. They will acknowledge, as the 'Spectator' has very well put it, that they may have assumed the honourable position of trustee without any means of performing the work of the trust. Logically, they should either guarantee life and property throughout the Western World or should modify the Monroe Doctrine so as to admit the co-operation of other Powers who may be interested in the affairs of Central and South America. They will be thinking of the fate of the Americans and Europeans who may chance to be in Mexico when war begins and they will think of all the difficulties of that war, the tortuous length of frontier, the raiders who will creep into the frontier towns, the difficulties of their transport in a country mountainous and desolate, the fact that 200,000 warriors will be wanted, and over a period of at least two years, the fact that all the Mexicans will be united then.[1] Of course it would be foolish to assert

[1] Maximilian found that in the presence of a common foe the Mexicans are not to be divided. Naturally it is the Americans to-day who are the only people capable of causing such a union, but the natives of less culture have the haziest ideas of what precisely is the difference between Americans and English, or between Americans, Dutch, Germans, French, Italians and English. The Spaniards—for whom they have a term of contempt—are the only foreigners they really can distinguish, and they usually do not love them, for they often are usurious and haughty and they have the lisp. Otherwise, in time of peace, there is no more general hatred of the foreigner than there was when Mr. Ward, the British Chargé d'Affaires, wrote in his very thorough, very interesting book ['Mexico,' by H. G. Ward] that 'Zacatecas is the only part of Mexico in which I am aware that, at the end of 1826, a bad feeling towards foreigners in general prevailed.'

that arguments which move the Government and the majority of the Americans are not opposed by various important bodies. President Madero could not raise a loan in Wall Street, and it was announced a few days after his removal that the Huerta Government had been successful in arranging for a loan of $30,000,000. It is obvious that, even with the best security, you want much more than a few days to regulate the mere formalities of such a loan. And one concludes that Wall Street knew beforehand of the coup d'état and was in league with the assassins of the President. Even while Huerta was shelling Diaz in mock warfare and waiting for the right moment to betray Madero, the pair were probably in communication with their Wall Street confederates. Wall Street is the fiscal agent of the land and industrial concessionaires of the old Diaz. Intervention means intervention for them. If great financial forces are in willing league with these Mexican butchers, one can scarcely doubt but that they will connive at any crime in order to back up their investments with American soldiers. As to whether the Ambassador, Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, in whitewashing the murderers was obeying orders from Washington and whether such orders were inspired by Wall Street will possibly be ascertained; a large number of his countrymen are now demanding that the truth be known. His appeal for a more kindly consideration of the murderers and his very quick acceptance of the official version of Madero's death are indeed to be regarded as an insult to American intelligence. At the same time one cannot say, as yet, whether his Government, being reluctant to interfere (and voicing in this the large majority of the people), told him to make the best of the *fait*



Planning a Bombardment of the National Palace.
Generals Mondragón and Felix Diaz.

The Minister from the Motherland.
How the Spanish Minister went to and fro in order to patch up a peace between Maderistas and Felicistas. Here he is holding a white-handled umbrella.

accompli or whether they have been the slaves of those, the American and Mexican financiers, who will not, if they can help it, let the Mexicans shake off their slavery. It is a fact that the Ambassador's relations with Madero had for a long time been very strained, that although he was the doyen of the diplomatic corps it was not he but other diplomats who, towards the end, communicated with Madero, whereas on the Sunday and Monday before Madero's fall General Huerta came several times to the American Embassy. However, Mr. Wilson is a professional diplomat, having previously served in Chili and Belgium; he at any rate had not the personal connection with Wall Street as had one of his predecessors, a very impossible gentleman, who busied himself in securing the Pan-American railway concession and in constructing the line, what there is of it, more with an eye to quantity (he obtained so much per kilometre) than to quality.

We hold that the idealist, Madero, has by no means lived in vain, but if we turn our gaze from what he brought into the sky and look at what he did on earth, we may confess that his idealism did not serve him well. He seems to have forgotten that the average Mexican is far less interested in political ideals than he is moved to wrath if there is interference with his pleasures. The firm attitude towards the lotteries, which if Madero could not stop, he limited, was altogether different from the usual policy of Diaz, who would grant the governor of a State, in many instances, the sole right of establishing a local lottery; and many people had been hoping that Madero would extend this right to them. His gentle methods caused the Indians to be insolent, to do less honest work than ever and to spend more time in *pulque* shops. Madero could not solve the land and many other troubles

which he had inherited from Diaz, and he was too amiable to stop his partisans and some of his own family from plundering the State. He wanted to be constitutional, and therefore he was ineffective. His very uprightness was a source of embarrassment among a people saturated with the spirit of corruption and without the smallest conception of the meaning of self-government. 'It is the folly of nations,' says the Abbé Coignard, 'to found vast hopes upon the fall of princes.' People thought in Mexico that, Diaz having been expelled, earth would become as heaven. That the whole of the abuses under Diaz would be instantly removed was no less credited than that the burden of all Mexicans would either be much lighter or would actually be removed from off their shoulders. On Madero's side had been the animosity against Porfirio Diaz, and against him was the deep resentment which was cherished by the partisans of Diaz, who contributed from Paris and New York large sums for any rebel movement. And against him were the clericals, their leader being de la Barra. Against him were the great landowners and the larger part of the Press. He was mild, so that the average Mexican regarded him quite coldly; when this mildness left the country in a turmoil then the Mexicans who had supported him began to fall away. Such army officers and men as still were loyal had apparently no reason other than the flattering praise which in the newspapers and proclamations of the Government was showered upon them and which they seemed anxious to deserve. Madero disregarded all the rules of Mexico: he spared the lives of his opponents when he had them in his power. There might have been some hope for him if he had followed this old custom, even as Porfirio Diaz would have

Francisco Madero, Senior.

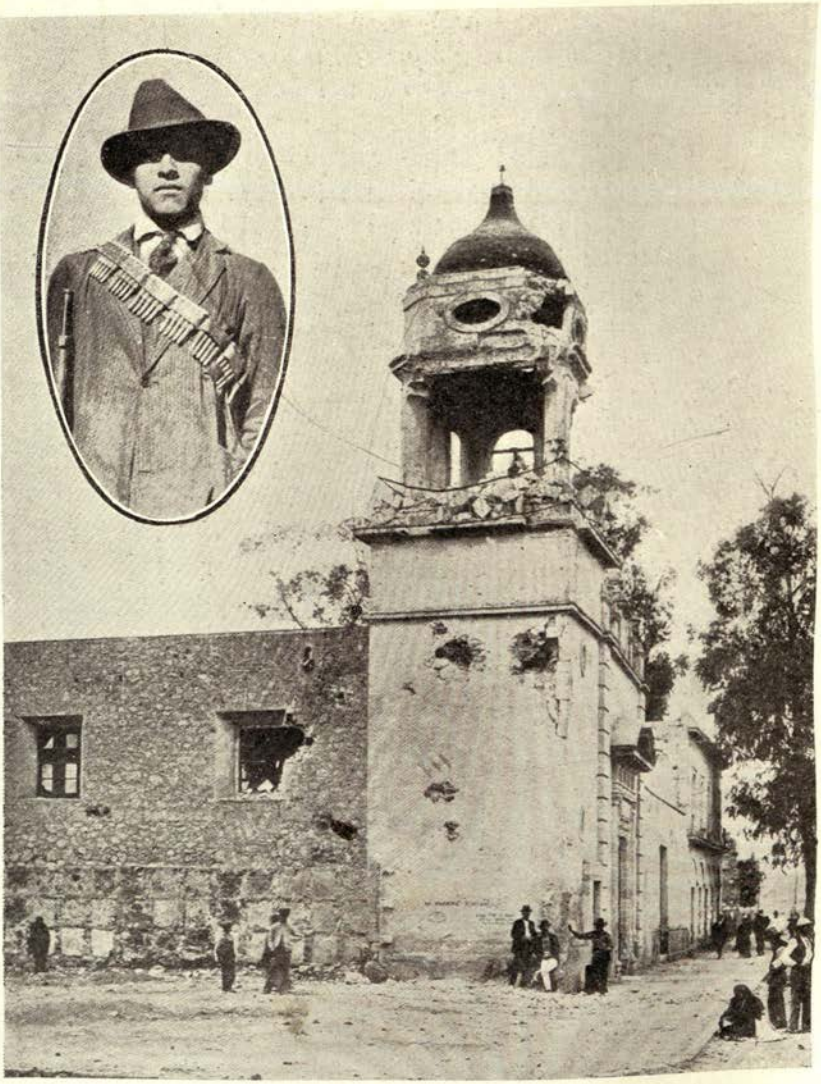
With his sons, Francisco and Gustavo, who have since been murdered.

February, 1913: The Spectators.

certainly fared better had he followed the advice of a most beautiful young girl, the daughter of a Senator and granddaughter of a very liberal President, whose English education and long residence in London did not stop her from insisting with great eloquence that the young orator and author, Francisco I. Madero, Presidential candidate, who at the moment was in prison, should be killed.[1] It would appear that Don Victoriano Huerta's party know that such

[1] The *Ley de Fuga* [lit. Law of Flight] enables the authorities to rid themselves of those whom it is inconvenient to place on trial. Sometimes the prisoner is really given a chance of escape; for instance, if he is a spy, against whom there is no particular resentment; an attack is apprehended on the part of his employers, and perhaps a man could not be spared to watch him. He is therefore told to ride away—sometimes he is given his choice—and as he darts from side to side the bullets whistle round him. Sometimes the prisoner has no chance; for instance, when Porfirio Diaz was about to fall, a man went round the State of Aguascalientes, scattering broadsheets in favour of Madero. 'We have such disagreeable work to do,' said the Lieutenant of *Rurales*, to an Englishman. When Mercado, the old Governor of Aguascalientes, was informed of the Maderist he was much distressed. He said that he had always been a father to his people—Aguascalientes has one school for every 3103 inhabitants—and now in his old age he was to be disturbed in this way. But he was relieved to get a telegram from the Governor of the adjacent State of San Luis Potosí, requesting him to have the agitator, who had lately been in San Luis, returned by train. The Colonel of *Rurales* also got a telegram from Don Porfirio's private secretary, saying that a man would on the morrow make an effort to escape between two given stations; this must be prevented. When the train on the next morning was between these stations it went slowly and more slowly, while the officer who was with the Maderist urged him to escape. 'Not I!' cried the Maderist; 'I have heard of that trick long ago. Here I remain!' And he clung fiercely to the seat. The end of it was that the officer, assisted by the escort, pulled their prisoner away and threw him out, so that he rolled down the embankment, just where the Lieutenant and his men were stationed. 'I was warned you would escape,' said the Lieutenant. 'But they flung me off the train!' cried the Maderist. 'I am sorry, but you have three minutes for your prayers,' said the Lieutenant, and he told the Englishman that while his prisoner was saying them he shot him through the back. 'We have to do such disagreeable things,' said the Lieutenant. ... When Madero's Government was overthrown, we were told that a good many of his numerous brothers and uncles tried to escape, but only those were lucky who, with his widow and his father, managed to achieve a Cuban man-of-war at Veracruz.

indulgence is mistaken. One of Huerta's nephews, Señor Enrique Zepeda, knew that four Maderist ex-governors, who were in the Penitenciary, should die. He took a squad of mounted men—this happened after General Huerta had been President about a month—and he demanded of the warden that these four should be produced. The warden would not hand them over and Zepeda went on to Belem, where he requested that they should deliver to him one Gabriel Hernandez, ex-commandant of *Rurales* and his enemy. In this case he was not denied, and when Hernandez was pushed out of prison the squad murdered him without delay. And then Zepeda had the body placed upon a pyre and burned. Zepeda's friends, aware that foreign nations may not know how it is best to treat one's captive enemies, asserted that Zepedo was not sober. . . . From friends of Don Porfirio Diaz I have heard—but whether it is true I cannot say—that he was anxious to destroy Madero when he lay in prison at San Luis Postosí, but that the beautiful and merciful Señora Diaz begged him for Madero's life. She prayed her husband not to sully his last years with such a crime. He told her, so they say, that it was policy. But she insisted that he had upon his head the murder of too many Mexicans. And in a day or two he is alleged to have consented, saying that he would not kill Madero, but that he was much afraid he would some day repent this deviation from his ordinary practice. . . . With Madero there could be no stable Government (although the traders, manufacturers and business men, as opposed to the concession-hunters and the favourites of Diaz, believed that, on the whole, he represented the best chance of achieving this), and those who think that



The Ruined Tower,

of the church at Campo Florido, from which the Maderistas dislodged their opponents. Inset is a portrait of the sole Felicista survivor.

it is not too late to build up a strong central Government and then improve the Diaz system will, I fear, be disappointed. Between 1821 and 1876 Mexico had 52 Presidents, 2 Emperors and a Regent—not 'all murthered,' as Shakespeare's Richard II says of his fellow-monarchs. But it is probable that the Republic will be soon as thinly populated as was California in 1848.

PART II

THE BACKGROUND

CHAPTER XIII

OAXACA'S ROAD OF LIFE AND DEATH[1]

As the riders came before the dawn across the silent courtyard of the *hacienda* they could see not all the ring of mountains, but the summits only which projected from the clouds. There was beyond the *hacienda* gate a world of cloud and gloomy peak and stars. From this high place it was a matter of some twenty leagues of trail to Tuxtepec; they wanted to arrive there in the twilight, so they started when the gorgeous forest underneath the clouds was growing weary for the hours of sleep, the long and painful hours of day. This mountain path descended rapidly, the travellers rode in the clouds, and when at last there came a rift in them so that our comrades could behold the sky they saw one silver star about to vanish in a little lake of blue. And for a time the clouds endeavoured to be grim and blank, to have no dealings with their foe—the sun. But when the childish fingers of the sun were stretched towards them how could they resist from offering a store of

[1] Francis Latouche, one of the most promising of literary men, was killed in Paris by a slipping motor-bus in January, 1913. His 'Sonnets Païens' and his 'Antinoüs' will preserve him in the hearts of those who know when beauty is a dawn. He was the private secretary of the well-known critic Henry D. Davray, who has written of him in the 'Mercure de France.' Other memoirs have appeared in French and foreign papers; I may also be allowed to bring my tribute, since Latouche had published in the 'Revue Bleue,' only four days before his death, a rendering of this Mexican sketch. It is a delicate and exquisite translation.

opalescent toys ? And when they had been slain the riders could perceive among the tumult of gay vegetation here and there a bamboo hut, a clearing for tobacco, and again the giants of the forest with their long, green nets upon their shoulders, gazing like so many monstrous fishermen towards the sky. At intervals the path would disengage itself from all those trees, would mount an eminence, and you would have before you the wild garden spreading this way, that way, and assuredly containing under the fantastic waves of emerald a lonely town which echoed long since to the feet of men. There was a shimmering haze above the garden, and it was the ghostly company of our dead clouds ; ridge beyond ridge they ran distracted, up and up towards the sapphire dome, the pitiless, unshadowed and unseeing dome of heaven.

The forest was asleep : above the tree-tops, pressing down upon them, was a canopy of sunlight and the yellow bells of the convolvuli which had laboriously striven upward to that airy region, for a wind to shake the music out of them, were silent. Underneath the tree-tops as the ribbons of the sunshine penetrate they build a labyrinth, a greenish-golden palace of uncounted habitations, with the corridors that have no end and with the dazzling chambers lost in the recesses of the leafy chambers. Further down it is a world of magic, since the more mysterious sunlight mingles with the rising vapours and still further down in the direction of our friends the riders even the adventurous sunlight has the look of one who yearns for sleep ; the greyness from the jungle's moisture almost overpowers it, and upon the walls of the dark passages through which the riders come it scarcely has the strength to paint the jasmine a dim golden hue, the liquid amber green.

From such a tunnel they emerged on to the bank of the broad Rio Papaloápam, the River of Butterflies; they forded it, their feet upon the saddle, for the cumbrous iron stirrups were submerged. And when at last they reached the other side they also lay them down to sleep. A bird which had a sort of human voice, the solitary creature that appeared to be awake, sang from the greenish-golden thicket.

And the riders in their sleep observed a fine procession: first a troop of ragged and unshaven Spanish cavaliers, their helmets flashing to the sun, their horses with reproachful eyes—the path is difficult and heavy baskets are suspended from the saddles, baskets full of golden idols. As the cavaliers advance they barely look into the jungle, for it is not long ago since certain ambuscaders had their lesson. But behind them, with his frock-coat tightly buttoned, walks the stern and ugly Zapotec, the President of Mexico, Benito Juarez. He is thinking of the Spanish Church, and with his stick he slashes at an orchid, lays it low, and instantly there surges up from the amazing ground a multitude of red-tongue orchids. Down the road an ox-cart rumbles, taking back its sodden inmates from a fair; one glance below the awning tells you that they are oblivious to the world, but near the cart a thinly bearded, agitated person strides along, declaiming in falsetto how he lost his money, and the pale brown oxen flap their ears. Inside another cart are several rotund matrons, loosely clad in white, exhibiting to one another little sky-blue spangled slippers which—most wonderful to say—their feet can wear, and necklaces of twenty-dollar golden pieces from beyond the Rio Grande. While they puff at cigarettes they have their children, three or four years old, at nurse, and for these latter

they will vary the monotony by giving them from time to time a smoke. And older boys, among them not a few with curly European hair, come three or four upon each donkey, beating it with boughs of jasmine or with terrible *bejuco* canes with which the slaves are flogged ; these urchins come back laden from the fair with imitation watches or with cloying sweetmeats that are generally eaten with their envelope of newspaper, and some of them have managed to appropriate a door-mat or a fascinating section of barbed wire, which they temporarily employ as necklace ; some of them stalk down the road majestic in their nakedness and some of these are taking dust-baths with the scraggy chickens. Afterwards, a wandering musician, a Chatino, saunters by with his guitar, as if it were a child, upon his hip ; and he will sing heroic melodies or ponderous, indecent ones in all solemnity and those who listen, on their haunches, will regard him with a solemn gaze. Two nondescript policemen from a *hacienda*, with their dusty toes projecting from their boots and with an armoury of weapons hanging round them, amble onward in pursuit of some emancipated labourer, and as they ride they munch at formidable bars of sugar-cane. And then a white-clad bride and bridegroom, hand in hand, pass down the road. If she had wanted to conceal her charms she would have ridden, doubtless, in a *volan* ; but she is so happy, and her children and her children's children all about her are so numerous, and two of them have risen to the rank of briefless barrister and to the glory of a black suit and a black felt hat. These gentlemen had instigated the belated ceremony, and they kneel them down (upon their handkerchiefs) with all the humble members of the family before a wayside shrine. The two contracting

parties had desisted from a marriage less because the fees were heavy—one could have it done for two mere pesos—but because they were haphazard Mexicans. And presently a miscellaneous crew of forty men lurch down the road with crimson blankets on their shoulders, for they are from Mexico's high central plateau. They are powdered by the glimmering dust, and yet there seem to be as many dabs of vivid colour on them as upon the gory Christ, whose absence would leave such a blank in every church of the Republic. Brownish white and crimson, they are *enganchados*—men who bring such muscle as they have into the south : a verminous and sloping-shouldered, narrow-chested, skimpily-clothed crew of labourers. They have engaged themselves to work for half a year on a tobacco *finca*, and they laugh to think how during all that time they will not have to search for either board or lodging or a woman. Several pesos jingle in their pockets, and they shout lascivious jokes to Doña Pancha Robles, who conducts them and who gurgles at the jokes.

Her voice was that of the peculiar bird which called the riders out of sleep again. And all the forest was awakening for the revels of the night. Across the gliding river one could hear the merry mocking-bird ; a rustle told one of the birds and insects that were undertaking once again their functions. And a longer rustle heralded the coming of Oaxaca's old Archbishop, carried in his chair by four lithe Indians. The most illustrious Señor Dr. Don Eulogio G. Gillow, the most jovial semi-Irishman, one of the most successful planters in the country, is not very much concerned about the beautiful façade of San José in Puebla, for they grow some of the grandest wheat in that important region. He is smiling now because of the reports

which have been sent him from his agents, and the lovely beetles of the forest which have lit their lamps and whirl about his head are not more radiant. And along the road to Tuxtepec these tiny beings all of light show to the riders that which otherwise they would not see; for now the main road has been joined by that one from the Valle Nacional, and in the shadow of the dusky jungle one descries a refugee, a miserable *enganchado*, who was put to work at last among the mountains so that he should fly without demanding his poor wages. Hollow-eyed and all a-tremble underneath his crimson blanket, he plods onward to the town; and further on a second *enganchado* lies, a very helpless mass beneath the branches of a patriarchal tree. His face is in the shadow, he is dying—by the myriad little lanterns one can see the paper which he clutches: '*Se da su libertad*,' it says, '*á Manuel Garcia*.' He is free 'because he has accomplished with his work the term of his contracted time in this plantation. And this paper has been given him so that he be not stopped upon the road.' He vaguely moves an arm, because the whirring beetles now appear to him to be a congress of the vultures. But the luminous, delightful insects dance around him and alight upon his matted locks, to chant the marvel of a breathless beauty there, to stay as if among the tresses of a forest maiden they were prisoned in a veil of gauze.

CHAPTER XIV

POETRY IN MEXICO

THE other day, in Mexico, I penetrated to the rather frigid hall in which the Library, the *Biblioteca Nacional*, is housed. Two lines of tables, down the centre of the room, accommodate the readers, and behind them, raised on little platforms, are the desks of the officials, while behind these gentlemen are sundry giant statues made to represent Descartes and Saint Paul (in very vivid attitude) and Dante and the rest of them. Behind these two white rows of giants are the bookshelves and some books. Unfortunately I began by running counter to the rules, for one of those officials limped across and pointed at my hat. He did not speak a word, and when I pleaded that the room was very cold, he said, '*Sombrero*,' which is 'Hat.' He was a puny, wall-eyed Indian. 'But you would not desire that I should take an illness? Nature has denied me——,' and I showed him what is underneath my hat. However, there was no commiseration on his face. 'Then you will be responsible,' said I. '*Sombrero*,' said the man. By this time all the readers—eight adults, and two placid boys who happened to be chewing something—all the readers had their eye on us, and I perceived that this convention of the hat was generally followed, and the fact that I was sitting underneath the statue of Saint Paul had naught to do with it. I took my hat off,

while the lame but satisfied official limped away. I followed him to ask if he would get me certain books of poetry. He bore me no ill-will. '*Catálogo*,' said he. This catalogue is at the entrance of the room, beneath the Humboldt statue, and I should not care to know what Humboldt thinks of it. Although it is extremely small it baffles even those who are in charge, and my official started at the first page and laboriously let his black-nailed finger move down half a dozen pages. 'Bring me any one of these four poets,' I observed. 'Then you had better occupy your seat,' quoth he. They do not give you ink or pen or blotting-pad or paper-knife, and there is nothing that will serve for a distraction, save a printed notice which is put in front of every reader. '*Those of the readers*'—so we may translate it—'*who are smokers are entreated to be good enough to make proper use of the spittoons, so as not to soil the boards and to prevent a fire which the cigar ends might originate. Equally they are recommended not to place cigars, once they are lighted, on the tables.*'

Well, at any rate the library was careful of its treasures, and a functionary at the Foreign Office had discoursed to me upon this topic, saying very plausibly that armies and that navies do not demonstrate the culture of a people; it appeared to me that he was anxious to belittle navies, and especially his own, because forsooth it had transpired that many of the sailors suffer, when they put to sea, from Nelson's sorriest frailty, and that a recent storm had brought the stokers reeling on to deck with exclamations that the boat would founder since the engines had begun to roll about. They should have known that this was not the kind of thing to get the better of their Scottish engineer, and anyhow the boat was built in

Italy. But if the Foreign Office gentleman disparaged navies, he was, like some others of his colleagues, great on poetry. 'This demonstrates,' he said, 'our culture: that we cherish poetry.' And it is not to be denied that they are adepts in the Foreign Office. Constantly while I was making my researches into the Republic's literature I was advised to question this or that official of the Foreign Office, and I never went in vain. The functionary I have quoted was assuring me that Mexico was civilised because of the attention which she gave her poets, and I wondered if she really did preserve them, dead or living, so religiously. 'She slaughtered Covarrubias,' I said.

'But that was on account of politics,' the functionary answered. 'No, they did not shoot him dead because he was a poet."[1]

Could it be, then, that this land was so exceptional? Did she refuse to have her poets wither, like so many other poets, in the shade? I could not instantly believe it, and I went into the library in order that I might inquire into the lives of some of Mexico's regarded poets. As I watched the wall-eyed fellow toiling at the catalogue a feeling of oppression came upon me, for it augured very badly that in their own temple it should be so difficult to find them.

[1] Señor Don Miguel Covarrubias, the respected Minister of Mexico at the Court of St. James, tells me that his cousin the poet, who likewise was a medical student, had a death of a peculiarly tragic kind. He was shot and killed in the course of an affray at Tacubaya, near the capital, on the 11th April, 1859, while he was in the act of amputating the leg of one of the Conservative officers. General Leonardo Márquez, known as the "Tiger of Tacubaya" (cf. pp. 64, 65), and whose career of cruelty was almost unexampled, had command of the Conservatives. The Liberals (fighting, we are told, for enlightenment and freedom from the thraldom of the Church) were defeated and many of them executed, but in so brutal a manner that the place was thereafter called *La Ciudad de los Mártires*—the city of the martyrs. The anniversary of this battle is celebrated with great solemnity.

Surely my acquaintance of the Foreign Office had exaggerated when he said that here they are not treated with contempt. It would be an unparalleled occurrence if the mention of the name of poet did not, in the vulgar mind, evoke indifference or worse. The wall-eyed one approached me, mumbling that the poems of Acuña, one of Mexico's chief writers, were not in the library. Well, in a guide-book I had read that Manuel Acuña's poems were enshrined in every patriotic heart from El Paso to Yucatan, so that it was possibly thought futile, with the space so limited, to have his book inside the library.

'Which,' I asked, 'are his best poems?'

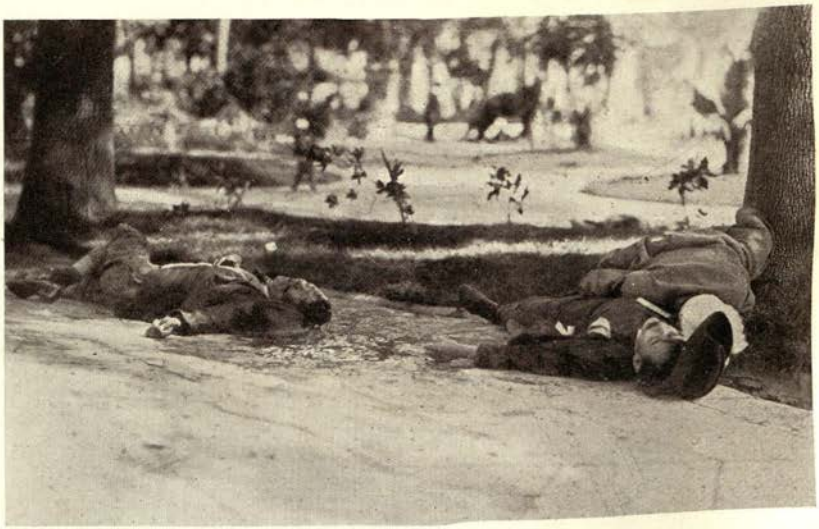
'*Quien sabe?*'

'But you must have an opinion,' I persisted. 'It is Manuel Acuña we are talking of.'

'Look then, I would say,' replied this man, 'that often they are good and often they are not so good, and often they are *quien sabe.*'

Then, because he had maybe more urgent business, he abandoned me. I had wanted to read something of the poet, and in front of me was nothing but these words: '*Those of the readers who are smokers are entreated to be good enough to make a proper use of the spittoons.*' . . . However, it was not long ere another of the library's officials, one of higher standing, came to have some conversation with me. Don Jacinto had resemblance to the poet of the picture-book: his shirt was ragged and it had been blue; his haughty face was furnished with a Vandyck beard and he was passing dirty. But he leaned upon my desk and hearing that I was in search of poetry he did not hesitate to utter one of his unpublished works. The sound of it was quite sonorous and he undertook to give it me in writing. As he did not do so I have not

Mexico the Land of Unrest.



The Alameda, Mexico's beautiful park, in February, 1913.

been able to translate it. On the subject of Acuña he did not desire to speak; he told me that it would be well to go back to the Foreign Office. But I hasten to inform the lofty Mexican officials who will read these lines that all the subsequent long talks on literature I celebrated with the functionary were enacted in the Alameda or some other place, and out of office hours.

On a December evening when our feet made music in the Alameda's fallen leaves, and when the wind was rolling through the eucalyptus and the yellow ash trees, it was natural that we should talk of Manuel Acuña. In December, 1873, on such an evening, he was walking with his dear friend, Juan de Dios Peza, and the book which they were reading was Hugo's 'Les feuilles d'automne.' Presently Acuña picked a leaf up from the ground to serve them as a book-mark, and he saw that it was one which had been thrown down by the wind before its time. He was preoccupied, but not, apparently, more sad than usual when in the street of Santa Isabel he left his friend. 'To-morrow come at one o'clock,' he said; 'come punctually.' 'If I should be a little late——?' 'Then,' said Acuña, 'I shall go and shall not see you.' Peza asked him whither he was going. 'I am going on a journey,' he replied; '. . . yes . . . a journey . . . you will know about it later.' And the words fell on the soul of Peza as if they were drops of fire. Acuña left him and he stayed for some time in the street, well knowing that a chronic ailment of the poet might be near its crisis. And he went back very sadly to the Alameda, which is now a pleasure-ground and was the place in which the Inquisition used to burn its victims. As for Manuel Acuña, he did not go to his chambers in the School of Medicine till it was

late. He tore up and burned many papers. On the next day he put all his room in order, and it is a curious coincidence that Juan Covarrubias, the poet who was shot at Tacubaya, had inhabited this very room which in the Inquisition days had been a cell, the present School of Medicine having been erected for the Holy Office. We may quote a stanza from Acuña's poem on his predecessor :—

Where earth provides a meagre hole
Your venerated shadow dwells
And, weary of its ancient spells,
The broken harp that is your soul.
No longer do the strings unroll
A song to love or fatherland,
But now your cenotaph is fanned
By wailing winds and by the long
Swell of the greatest in your song :
Those silences which understand.

It was the last day of Acuña's life. He went out to the bath. At twelve o'clock he came back to his room and with a firm hand wrote these words : 'The least important matter is to enter into details of my death ; but it is nobody's concern, I think. Sufficient if I make it known that I am culpable and no one else.' He went into the corridors, conversing casually with his friends. And Peza reached the place some minutes after one ; a comrade had delayed him at the door. He found Acuña lying on his bed, as if asleep, a lighted candle near him. He had taken poison. Vainly did the doctors try to bring him back to life, but when he lay in state and the enormous crowd was paying homage he appeared to weep, and this may have been due to the embalming or the tightness of his shroud. He always wept for the unfortunate, as we may see from 'La Ramera' ['The Prostitute'], a poem that begins in this way :—

O, pigmy race of man,
You that proclaim the truth and Jesus Christ,
With many lies, pretending charity;
You that have got your heart inflamed with pride,
Gaze up, ah! gaze away
From what is underneath your feet:
You that say tender words,
And spit upon the gipsy and the beggar,
And because one is a beggar, one a gipsy;
Look, there is that woman who is grieving, groaning,
For she has the burden of the women
Who march on through life, march on through darkness—
Spit there, too. . . .

Beside Acuña's grave one of the chief orators was Justo Sierra, whom the dead man loved profoundly. Sierra's verses were indifferent, but he was full of humour always, laughing at the verses and himself. He and Acuña had been wont to look into the distant days. 'What will the world be doing,' sang Acuña, 'with my dreams?' [*Qué hará este mundo de los suenos mios?*] Sierra's dreams, so far as they were printed, we shall not repeat, for they were bad, and probably the reason why the President promoted him to be the Minister of Public Instruction was to ascertain whether a bad poet would make a good Minister. The experiment was interesting, and one hoped that Don Porfirio was not discouraged.

Over Manuel Acuña's corpse they uttered words that should not be allowed to die: 'The brain of light, the heart of fire.' . . . 'It is no common mourning,' said another, 'but humanity's despairing cry at having lost a great apostle.' It was not alone among the literary men—such as the club which he had founded, the *Netzahualcoyotl*—that his merits were acclaimed. All men who loved a song in Mexico vied with each other, so it seemed, in loving Manuel Acuña; and Saltillo where he had been born, Saltillo the chief town of the inhospitable northern State of Coahuila,

built a theatre and called it after him. They have a splendid way of doing honour to a man in Mexico. No decorations are suspended round his neck, for it is thought to be undemocratic to have decorations. (True, they are willing to accept these things from foreign countries, but they do so, I presume, out of politeness.) What prevails is, either in the lifetime of the patriot or afterwards, to add his name to that of any State or town which may be thought appropriate. Thus, in official documents, Campeche is entitled Campeche de Baranda after a distinguished magnate of that name, and if the person to be honoured was, in the opinion of his countrymen, a factor necessary to the building of what some of them believe is a Republic, then his name is given pure and simple to a State, such as Hidalgo. They did not add 'de Acuña' to Saltillo or to Coahuila, but they built his monument, the theatre, in the form of a lyre. . . . So much of reverence and admiration were his lot that scarcely any favourable attribute could be imagined but was fastened to his chariot. And one really cannot blame the critics if in their exasperation they allowed themselves to imitate the injudicious worshippers, if they rushed to the opposite extreme, if when they saw that everything was claimed for him they did not, as calm Anglo-Saxon critics do, permit the poet to remain in undisturbed possession of his real merits. Not that in the end it matters, as there are at least two ways of annexing an island: one of them is to annex an island and another way is to seize an archipelago and be content to lose it all except one island. If all sublimity did not belong to Manuel Acuña, if at times he was of the materialists, yet we may not describe him as a hope-forsaken poet. He had something of the sublime, something of the

material, and more of hope than many of us. In his poem 'Esperanza' ['Hope'] these lines occur :—

It is the hour when you should fain
Make for the blue with haughty wing ;
It is the hour for you to live again ;
It is the hour for you to sing.
Oh, take your torches that are cold,
Renew their pallid flame, set them above
Your altar and unlock the temple's gate
For one who stands there in the name of love.

Depose, aye fling aside the load
Of tears, the bitter fruitless dew,
And in the gladness slanting from the sky,
There in the light of solace, your abode,
Salute the future that awakens you.
Now stand up confident beneath the sky,
No longer in the gloomy places grope ;
Bid the supreme farewell to sorrow's state
And once again with garlands decorate
The ruins of the altar of your hope.
. . . . . .
Let suns invade your Night,
Your face let smiles begem
Whereof the angels have had ne'er a sight
Since from the cradle you did talk to them.

Perhaps the truth about him—but how can we select a better critic than a Latin-American of Saxon or of Celtic origin, Señor MacDonall ? 'If in the search for truth his spirit sometimes doubted,' says MacDonall, 'he was ready always to face the world with a noble, loving and compassionate heart. He was a poet of the heart, wounded by memories of childhood. His images are novel, and his thought audacious ; from the suave he leaps to the satiric, from the beautiful to the jocose. And as in his ideas he is advanced, so in the form he gives to them is he courageous.' He has been held up, in fact, to odium because he does not see to it that the *cæsura* is invariably where the metre wants it. He was as impatient of restraint as was Lassalle, whom in appearance, with the lofty

brow, the pioneer's undaunted aspect, he resembled. He was ever burning to inquire the cause of things, he pulled up by the roots those artificial flowers of pietists, he doubted. Here is one of the short poems of the series called 'Dry Leaves':—

It is your wish that I believe.
Ah, what else would you have me do?
When I behold you then I cleave
To God, for I believe in you.

But if he doubted it is very far from true to say that he despised what other men believe in and respect. He knows that if a people have no education they do not deserve their freedom, they cannot be free. He venerates the teacher, while he utters words of exhortation for the pupil. Many of his songs are consecrated to the family, the home, to recollections of early childhood. Thus in 'Lágrimas' ['Tears'], which he wrote in memory of his father, we may take these lines:—

You fell . . . the parchments of the night
I cannot read;
And in the tomb, your dwelling-place,
I know not whether love can dwell . . .
I know not if the dead
Can stretch their hands towards the sun;
But in the gloomy coil
Of serpents prisoning my heart
I know that somewhere is a little flame
That stretches out for you and lives for you . . .
I know that of all names the sweetest name
Is that I call you by,
And you—you are the god whom I adore,
In the religion of my memory.

The Foreign Office functionary and myself were walking up and down the Alameda; but the evening had faded quickly into night, as it is wont to do in Mexico, and where the fallen leaves had been red, brown and yellow, they were black. 'And do you

think,' I asked, 'that Manuel Acuña is remembered still?'

The functionary turned his head and through the darkness stared at me.

It was twenty-eight years from the poet's death, and his old mother in Saltillo was about to die. The theatre called after him had been destroyed by fire, and she had lived to see another one erected in its place, beside a *plaza* where the trees are thickly crowded, and you positively have to shout, so gorgeous is the singing of the birds. This other house was not called after Manuel but after the proprietor, who takes his ease at sunset just outside the theatre and listens to the birds.

'I am very sad to hear it,' said the functionary.

But this naming of the theatre was settled by the townsfolk. Many of them voted for Acuña and a large number for the other man.

My functionary threw his hand out. 'Be so kind as to reflect,' said he. 'Saltillo does not own our poet. And have you forgotten what he says about the gipsy and the beggar, whom so many people spit on? That is how the miserable place Saltillo treats her poet. What does it matter?'

And I had not forgotten the library, the *Biblioteca Nacional*, from which the poet's works were absent, and if no attention was paid to him a great deal was paid to the people who spit.

'We have some other parts of Mexico,' said my companion, 'which do greater honour to the great. The Territory of Quintana Roo, for instance, whom is it called after but Don Andrés?'

'Who was a statesman. Every child knows that he fought against the Spaniards from his chair; that he presided at the Congress of Chilpancingo, where the

country's independence was declared; that he became a deputy, a senator, a diplomat and president of the Court of Justice. He did all that for the nation.'

'Very well, and he wrote poems. Of course,' said the functionary, in a tone of voice which made me listen; 'they were not native poems such as the General Riva Palacio recommends. You know the General was a good writer, and once, when he was satirising a friend of his, he said that our poets ever speak of nightingales and larks, gazelles and hyacinths without venturing to give place in their doleful ditties to the *cuitlacoche*, nor to the *zentzontl*, nor to the *cocomitl*, nor to the *yoloxochitl*. The poems of Quintana Roo are classic. Have you never seen his portrait?'

'I would sooner see his poems.'

'He was like an old Norwegian farmer, stern and steadfast, only that there was a mocking laugh about his lips. And of the poems which he wrote I think the best one is the 'Diez y seis de Septiembre.'[1] Even in a translation——'

And this is what I make of some of it :—

'Of what avail that in Dolores he,
'The unloyal shepherd, gave himself to shout,
'Forsooth, for freedom, and the surging rout
'Of idiots echoed him so tediously?
'The valour of his ignorance,
'The sacrilegious valour, stood
'Aghast, as it were turned to wood,
'At seeing sunlight on our lance.
'The worthless horde
'Delivered up their necks to the avenging sword.

'As when the rainy Pleiads leap
'From out the bosom of the sky,
'As when the waves are driven high
'Which other winds have rocked to sleep,

[1] The sixteenth of September, on which day in 1810 the revolutionary army started from the village of Dolores under the command of Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, the parish priest.

'So do the remnants of the crowd
'That were full venturous recoil,
'And if our indignation boil,
'And if our voice be loud,
'They recollect the awe
'Of Amérigo when such loveliness he saw.

'Oh, that sedition's lip to-day
'Should open for the wheedling word,
'This liberty that is absurd
'In spite of its new-fangled way!
'Down from the gallows tree
'It shall be hurried to the indifferent grave,
'A warning there to be
'For such as would rebellion wave,
'Aye, wave at the domain
'Whose building was the work of old, unconquerable Spain.'

So fiercely did the vandals cry
When that our hero, the august,
Was brought by fortune to the dust.

. . . . . .

Father of love, O sing what thou hast wrought
And which of all thy toil was the sublime,
Singing of liberty, so shalt thou climb
Into the spaces where death is naught—
Dost thou not see the world
Mourning the loss of thee,
Under the banner hurled
Of those who madly
Destroying thee came
And come now with honours for thy sweet name?

'So,' said my friend, 'he had an elevated style, you see. He was a good example.'

And perhaps that is why they gave his name to the territory. Judging from the works that were produced when he was living, his example was essential to the welfare of the country. Not to mention more than one of these, we may pick something from the pen of José M. Moreno y Buenvecino, who composed his *fábulas* with the object of censuring feminine defects and to give advice to women. He also wrote invective against the bad poets, etc. At Puebla, in 1823, he published his

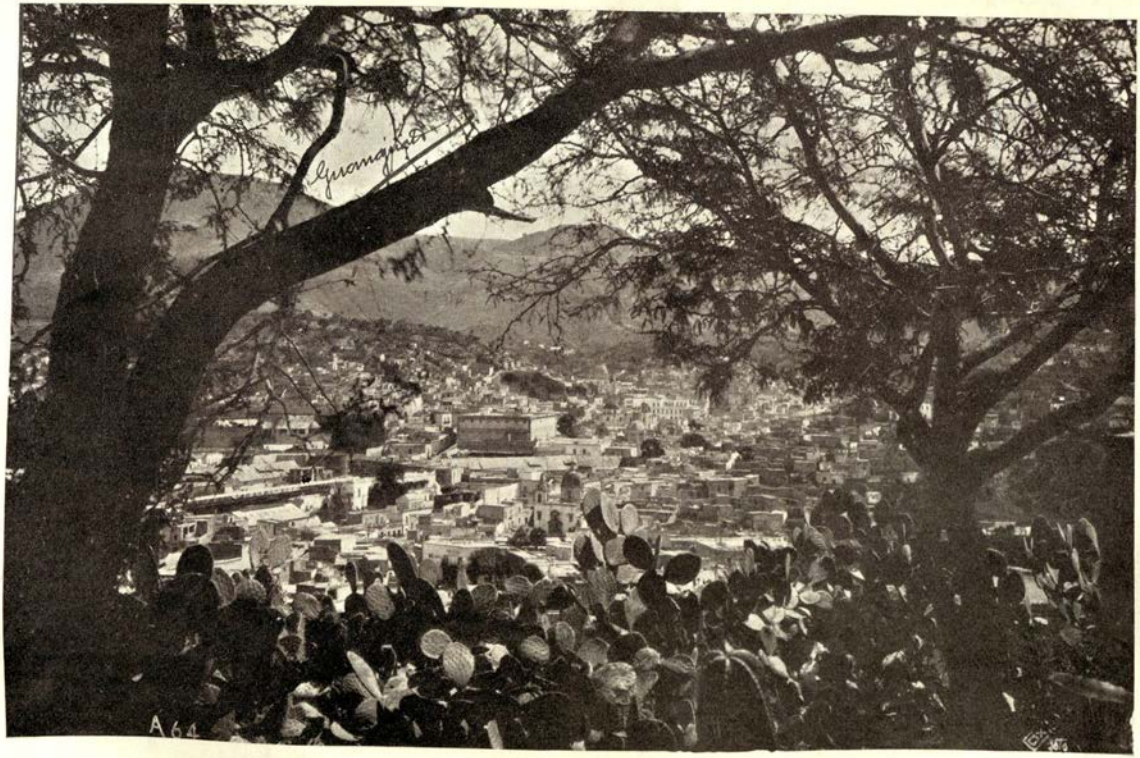
'America Mexicana libre,' an allegoric drama in two acts, and in verse. The characters are five in number, viz. America, Victory, Echávarri and Morán (Mexican generals), and Despotism. There is a chorus of ladies and soldiers.

But it is deplorable that patriotic verse should sometimes be so bad. All writing cannot always be spontaneous, yet surely Pegasus should not be whipped when he is on a patriotic errand. How was Guillermo Prieto to continue for a matter of eight hundred pages and be unfatigued? The heroes of the Independence called to him, as they were lying in neglect, but he was nearly seventy years of age. Hidalgo and Morelos and their comrades had been sung, indeed, while yet the noble blood was racing through their veins, but all the songs were rude, rough numbers, chiefly written by the lower clergy, and it is now many years since even in the mountains of Guerrero, the last refuge, they were lost. As for the higher clergy, they in common with the merchants leaned to Spain, and we who look at their activities can hardly think that they were instruments of the Supreme Wisdom. Nobody knows more than we do that it is a facile business to be judging people after the event, but had we flourished at the time we surely would have asked the merchants if it was advisable to fight for union with a country which prevented them from trading with all other countries; temerarious as it may sound, we hope we should have asked the higher clergy if in their opinion it was prudent to have no restraint upon the Inquisition: that enthusiastic body charged Hidalgo with committing every crime it knew of—such as sorcery, seduction and polygamy. . . . So, too, the movement which took place in 1821 was not unanimous

enough for epic poetry; more ink indeed was spent than blood, but both of them were doled out by the aristocracy. There was, among the leaders of this second movement, little tenderness for the surviving champions of the first revolt. Quintana Roo was persecuted and Guerrero killed, and poets would have found it perilous to celebrate the days of 1810. And thus it was until the coming of the Emperor, who commonly is charged with having been a pampered person, one who did not know and did not wish to know the people's heart. In September, 1864, he solemnised the *grito*, that is to say the war-cry, of the patriot Hidalgo from the very window in Dolores, just as now the President of the Republic celebrates it annually from a window of the National Palace. In 1865 the Emperor put up a statue to Morelos, it being his centenary, and he himself delivered the oration. But unluckily the poets still refused to sing; they said that they could not forget how cruel and how impious had been the pioneers.[1] If such a standard, though, had been erected by all other poets we should be the poorer far. Achilles dragging Hector three times round the walls of Troy assuredly was impious, and Camoens did not think that he could reasonably be requested not to write the 'Lusiad' because there was some cruelty about the glorious achievements of Vasco da Gama. This hero's expedition was unpopular in Portugal, as were the actions of Hidalgo and his comrades in the Mexico of Maximilian, and I do not put in a claim that the commanders should be quite exonerated from the odium attaching to the Guanajuato slaughter—for example,

[1] This is very much the attitude of modern Mexicans to Cortés and his comrades, who are far less popular than the deceived, humiliated, tortured natives.

when 247 defenceless Spaniards were assassinated—as the leaders of an army are not slow to take the credit for some gallantry their nameless followers accomplish, and they cannot have it both ways. In 1865 Hidalgo was regarded by the poets as unclean; in 1885 Prieto wrote the 'Romancero Nacional,' and nowadays—thanks partly to Prieto, partly to the Latin-Americanism which will either travel all the way or stop at home—Hidalgo is regarded nowadays as something near to the divine. Guillermo Prieto has been called the laureate of Mexico, and not because he was the greatest poet but the most national. His 'Musa Callejera' ['Curbstone Idylls'] has preserved for us the picturesque and lurid types of yesterday. In prose or verse Prieto was voluminous, and after toying with a playful fancy he would write upon finance. But being old he turned aside his steps from both these charming groves, and lived laborious days in order to produce that which a brotherhood of burning poets should have given to their country, a collection of eight hundred pages of patriotic verse. All honour to the man, who with his white hair and his lofty brows, his eyes that looked so keenly through the spectacles, would have presented the appearance of a German savant if the lips had been less bulky. Pushing out between the small beard and the cavalry moustache, they lent the lower portion of the face a sensual aspect, while the upper part expressed intelligence, and over both of them there was a veil of suffering. Eight hundred pages!—and the first and second poem seem to promise that he will not lack in vigour, since he starts by telling Bonaparte that he is full of infamy and guile, proceeding to address him as '*aborto del inferno.*' It is rather impious and cruel if we quote a weaker passage in the old man's volume,



Guanajuato

from which, since the Spanish Conquest, a fabulous amount of silver has been drawn The windowless houses, white and pink and blue, have an oriental appearance. Instead of streets, we often find stone steps, the thoroughfares are often scarcely wide enough for pedestrians, and the roofs of certain of the houses are on a level with the ground floor of those contiguous.

one of those when he was palpably fatigued. So let us have it done as soon as may be and translate some lines out of the 'Second Romance of San Miguel the Great':—

Then Hidalgo on arrival
Put up in Landeta's dwelling,
Ordered them to seize Isasi,
As for Barrio to seize him.
In the streets the military
Give themselves to creature comforts,
And Hidalgo, not maintaining
Order, is charged with imprudence.
But some argue that with order
You do not make revolutions.
Some are anxious to have fighting,
But with precepts and a compass;
Others think that it is easy
To command a raging tempest.
All of us are good at hissing,
Very few will face a bull.

The pity of it that when Prieto's pen was working thus he did not happen to be occupied upon a dissertation in finance. But there are many pages of the patriotic volume that reveal the poet. Here, for instance, is a passage from the 'First Romance of Guanajuato':—

Darksome labyrinths and caverns,
Mountains tops and viewless valleys,
Such are Guanajuato's streets.
And the houses are suspended
In the sky, there is no passage
Forward, backward; only two ways
Can you travel: up hill, down hill.
Going up hill you must clamber,
Going down the city curving,
Winding, is like such a person
Who is ever undecided
Whence to gaze upon a picture.

Anyone who has seen Guanajuato will acknowledge that this is an excellent description. But before we take our leave of the old singer of the glories and the hopes of Mexico, the popular and fertile poet, we must

give as best we can some lines out of an ode of his that were recited at a blind school at the distribution of the prizes. Dealing with a man who wrote so much, and who could sometimes be so flat as when (resembling a notorious line of Wordsworth) he produced his

Don José de Bustamante,

we shall be more worthy of the name of critic if, as with the English poet, we refuse to look at a considerable portion of his work. If these two minstrels in their long, productive lives came out into the public air at times quite heedless of their singing robes, we have, it seems to me, the right to call them both ridiculous if we do not cut a ridiculous appearance with a robe like theirs upon our shoulder. We who cannot build an ark should have the decency to turn aside from Noah's nakedness. When Guillermo Prieto spoke in *plazas* or upon a hill they listened to him always with attention, and it is unlikely that he ever had an audience more grateful than was that to whom he spoke these lines :—

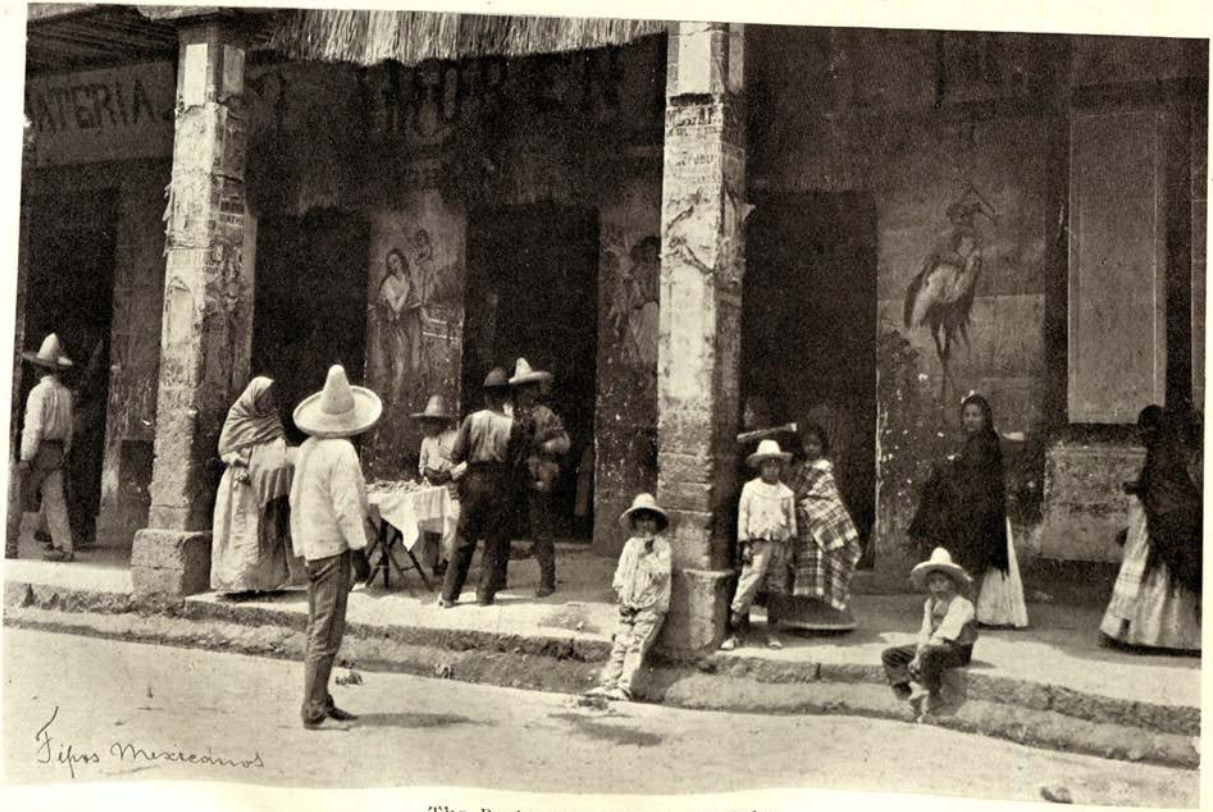
Ye orphans of the light, raise up your heads.
O that a sun may dawn in your unending night!
Behold the darkness that is furled
About you and that seems to cling
To you and to divide you from the world!
It is a veil that angels bring,
With solemn mystery,
To guard and keep you free
From earth, to keep you close to heaven where you belong.
Dark is the void
Wherein the orders of the Eternal roll,
And wisdom august, unalloyed,
Even as the sun illuminates the soul.

Like to the kisses of the dew
That sparkle on the lips of you,
Such is the light. A delicate melody,
The song of children or a dirge,
They speak of what shall always be
And make the breast of lovers surge

With infinite content—
Such is the light. As of a wandering scent
The mild caress,
Or as a dove's long lullaby
That is to lovers all the tenderness,
As there will reach into your stormy soul
A rumour of the waves in play,
Such is the light . . . and those who walk the way
Of man but in a darker gloom
Shall see more clearly from their tomb
The light of everlasting day. . . .

We have spoken of Prieto in connection with an English poet. His biographer, Altamirano, meditating on the fact that literature did not have to be born in Mexico when she achieved her independence, as the art of what they called New Spain was subject all through the colonial period to conditions not so different from those prevailing in the motherland, to drive his point well home Altamirano says that the essentially American verse of Longfellow does not differ from Chaucer and Shelley. But although I see it stated that some people have exceeded this Guerrero Indian in erudition, he surpassed them all in the ability to hand on his acquirements to his pupils. He was an extraordinary man, who, till the age of fourteen, had no Spanish. Of the humblest origin, he ranged the woods of Tixtla, stoning birds and fighting with the species he belonged to. This was not considered to include the Spanish boys, *los de razon* or *seres de razon* [reasonable beings], whereas he was one of the *gente intratable* [intractable folk]. And in the school to which he went at last, the Spanish and the native boys were separated and were given different instruction. He was made acquainted with the catechism and with reading, which is more than many of his countrymen are taught to-day, but notwithstanding is inadequate. He had to thank his father for per-

mission to be educated with the reasonable beings, for his father rose to be *alcalde* and the schoolmaster was bubbling over with congratulations and was in the mood for granting this or any other favour. Presently a law was passed which summoned Indian boys of application and ability to have their education finished at Toluca in the Literary Institute. He went in 1849, took many prizes and became librarian, began to write in prose and verse, and was ejected, with some others, on account of being Liberal in politics. He found a refuge in a private college at Toluca, where he gave French lessons in return for roof and board. And after this began a life of wandering, full of vicissitudes; now he would charge himself with teaching village louts, to-morrow he would be a dramatist (presenting on a small, provincial stage for one performance his 'Morelos en Cuautla'; in response to the applause he thrust his head—an ugly head at best—out of the prompter's box), and then retiring to the mountains he was lost in love's first (and unhappy) dream. He was secretary to Don Juan Alvarez, that venerable firebrand, most immaculate of Liberals; and then he came to Mexico, the capital, where, in the college of Letrán, he set himself to legal studies. This was in 1857, and his rooms became the office of a newspaper, of a reforming club and of a literary group. He used to listen in the Congress while they made the Constitution; as he listened he would suffer all the gamut of despair and hope. And all this for the present Constitution, which is studied, I presume, by students of the history of Mexico. Our indefatigable friend had time to write 'The Bandits of the Cross,' in Alexandrines, and to improvise with Manuel Mateos, on a fountain's rim, tremendous verse against the Government. He took himself off



The Business Centre of Córdoba.

to Guerrero when the war broke out, and in 'El Eco de la Reforma' fought the clergy with his pen, while with the sword he was engaged in several successful actions. He was made, for his disinterested services, a deputy, and in a celebrated speech stood up against the amnesty. This wild-haired orator, a man of twenty-seven years, seemed terrible and menacing. He cried in a storm of passion for the punishment of two of the enemy, 'whose skulls should now be white upon their staff.' About this time he wrote 'Las Amapolas' ['The Poppies'], wherein a youth gives such a charming picture of the scenery that she who listens to him merely answers with a smile :—

All the world is sighing, sighing,
It is in a languid case,
Drowsily the world is lying,
Bird and wave and wind are dying
In the desolated place.

Now the butterflies do keep
To the river-bank, their bed;
Roses fold themselves in sleep,
While the shadows love to creep
Round each rosy, hanging head.

Now the floripondios fainting
Beg the mango trees for shade,
But the cruel sun is tainting
Green woods with her yellow painting,
Woods of lime and myrtle made.

See, the poppies are so white
From the poniards of the sun,
Yet they will be clothed in light,
They bathe where crystals taking flight,
Across the sleepy waters run.

The boy who speaks these words and she who listens lose themselves among the palms and come out as the day is fading :—

All in the tranquil eve
Returns again to life;
Amid the merry noises
Of the south wind rushing past
One hears harmonious music
Of the waves that rise and fall.

'I am a son of the mountains of the south and I descend,' the poet cried—his audience of deputies was trembling—'I descend from those old men of iron who preferred to live on roots and dwell amid the savage animals than to incline their brow before the tyrants. . . . I have not come here to bargain with reactionaries or to grow more mild amid the softness of the capital.' His fame was in all people's mouth. This Danton of America was banished, since his fiery eloquence proved too exciting for the citizens. He took part, as a colonel, in the War of Intervention. Thus he gained a victory in 1866 at Tierra Blanca, when he took a convoy and three hundred prisoners. A few days later he inflicted a defeat upon Carranza, the imperialist. He won much glory, so they tell us, at Querétaro in 1867, and he was hailed in the dispatches as a hero. When the war was over he established, with his pay, a newspaper, 'El Correo de México,' and subsequently about five other papers. He was president of the Supreme Court of Justice, he organised the 'Normal School,' at which he worked so hard that he contracted his last illness. As it settled down upon him he withdrew from his activities and took the post of Consul-General at Barcelona. When he came before a great assemblage of the poets and the writers, taking leave of them he was so deeply moved that 'Here,' he said, 'here is an orator you have exalted, one who cannot speak.' But he could sing:—

Ten years ago, when that I bade farewell
To you, my mother, I was but a child,
And now my sorrows are beguiled
By dreaming how your kisses fell—
They were the music of the dew,
They were the singing soul of you.
. . . . . .

Upon my knees I fling me forward and
From here I worship the delightful land,
The lofty palm, the manglar's gorgeous dome,
The birds that sing me and the flowers awake,
The cataracts of careless foam
Which on the river's bosom break,
And the magic-scented breeze
That wanders from the shadow of your trees.
Now, very soon, my mother, I shall be
With you on that dark hill, if God desire.
And near the Cross we love I shall aspire
To pray, as once, in sweet humility.
. . . . . .

I shall forget the fury of my dreams,
And one by one there will be the trooping back
My childish fancies—and how near it seems,
The little house by yon remembered track!
Then with my head upon your shoulder, love,
I shall disclose to you the broken day,
My weary waiting you will watch above,
My tears will be bright bubbles for your play.
Then my grey doubts, my fearing will depart,
The relics of the sorrowed life I bore—
Oh, that I were beside you, gentle heart,
Unhappy woman—woman I adore.

He stayed for several months in Barcelona and was ill, so that he was removed to Paris. He was ailing constantly and ailing on account of all the miles of land and water which divided him from his beloved Guerrero. When he died, in February, 1893, he left instructions that his body should be burned, as was the custom of his Aztec ancestors. He left his poems to the manglars of Guerrero and the careless cataracts, so that it is not needful for them to be in the Library.

. . . . . .

TWO POEMS BY *EL DUQUE JOB*[1]

I

THE OCEAN DWELLERS

Now nearer and nearer
And swift is he coming!
With chains of wet coral,
Red coral about him—
Now comes the beloved,
Ah, now comes the poet
To his own dominion
For ever and ever.
Has he not bestowed on us
Riches uncountable?
Breathe it him, sing it him,
Beautiful dreams!
That here the dim ocean
Is full of his poems,
A shell is each volume,
Each poem a pearl.

II

FOR THAT DAY

O take me, death, when falls the sun
  At sea, my face turned to the sky,
Where the last weakness is undone—
  My soul a bird which now at last may fly.

To be alone with sky and sea,
  Nor have to listen at the last
To lamentations, let there be
  No bell save what the breakers cast.

To die when fading dusk retires
  Her nets of gold from the green wave,
Be like the sun, whose grandest fires
  Advance as heralds of the grave.

To die before the mob of years
  Rebel against my rosy crown,
When life is laughing and her tears
  Laugh as the dew which trembles down.

[1] [Translated from the lines of Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, a Mexican poet who wrote in the latter half of the nineteenth century, under the pseudonym *El Duque Job.*]

CHAPTER XV

TO CHILPANCINGO

I

THE two Americans, from Arizona and from God knows where, had told me that it was delightful to go camping out among the pine woods of Guerrero. It was not so much with eloquence that they succeeded in convincing me, for he that came from Arizona's desert—let me call him Westall—was a man who on his own confession was addicted to geology. He said that there was nothing in the world so interesting as the world's formation. This, I understood, was not why he was going to the wild State of Guerrero ; he was Petleigh's friend. This Petleigh was a flagrant company promoter, and his company was going to flourish in Guerrero, where the lumber operations, etc. etc. . . . He was like to a prospectus in his language, and he frequently alluded to the wonderful resources. While he did so he would fix me with his cold, blue eyes as if he scented in me something hostile, and, indeed, the way in which he put his accent on the word ' resources ' was enough to give one goose-flesh. In Guerrero, so he said, were forests of enormous oak and pine. He showed me photographs, and I believed that they were taken in Guerrero. I believe it still. . . . And so we started on the expedition. Our supplies had gone by railway to Iguala. What they were I knew not ; in the capital a good American had

sold me a *serape*, woven beautifully by the natives and impregnable to rain. Moreover, I had bought a certain kind of soap which you require—I hate to have to say it—if you should accept the hospitality of Indian huts. At times, on other expeditions, I have reached a house of branches or a house of mud as night was falling and the natives would not let us sleep except upon their private beds—they gave us all they had. . . . We started on this expedition, which involves a railway journey of the most magnificent. No sooner out of Mexico than the ascent begins, and we are winding upward to the valley's southern barrier. We pass Chapultepec, where the cadets in 1847 are said to have behaved like heroes in withstanding the Americans. And they are honoured in September, every year, when President and Cabinet and diplomats and green-sashed generals and sombre deputies and other folk assemble in the grove. They are addressed by barristers—the art of oratory contains no secrets for the gentleman whom I was privileged to hear—and afterwards a hatless lady speaks with fervour and a young cadet with his becoming nervousness, and then a Spanish poet dropped his eye-glass and declaimed an ode, which very shrewdly ended with allusions to Pelayo and to Covadonga, so that he was thunderously applauded. Then a choir of girls sang patriotic lines which they repeated twice at least, and then another poet climbed into the tribune. He was frail, a schoolmaster from Puebla, and his poetry was exquisite. Whenever it assumed a tinge of rhetoric the deputies would elbow one another and exclaim in ecstasy. And I was wondering how Diaz could have all this patience; many, many times he must have listened to the selfsame sentiments, and yet he sat there like

an aged lion. Then I did not know how deaf he was. It is a tax on all of them—except upon the poets, who are not supposed to be original. So long as they say pretty things of youth, things that were old when Homer wrote, so long as they work in a metaphor about a river—Mexico, save in Tabasco, is somewhat destitute of rivers—and so long as they reiterate the word 'sublime,' it will go well with them. Of course, they must not criticise the heroes. Petleigh said that many of them lost their lives by falling from the rocks in their desire to leave Chapultepec. But he was prejudiced, no doubt. I have alluded to the part which poetry is made to play in Mexico. And it is not alone at such brave anniversaries. But when, as not unfrequently occurs, a statue of Benito Juarez is unveiled, there, sure enough, is the gesticulating poet, telling lies about the fine old Indian. When the House of Congress was equipped with a foundation-stone the ceremony was so long drawn out, so futile—surely not an omen—everyone who somehow had secured admittance was requested to append his signature to certain rolls of parchment which were subsequently sealed up in the stone, and for a Mexican to write his signature is no such easy business, seeing that a complicated flourish is essential. Maybe when a larger number of the population have acquired the art of writing they will not make so much fuss about it. We were getting bored, I say, on that uncomfortable, lofty platform, when at last a poet came upon the scene and gave his version of the beauties of a House of Congress. He perspired extremely, but was not applauded. And before the trouble with the signing we had had our ears divinely tickled—we had been tickled, the Americans would say, to death—by one

of Mexico's fine orators. His periods could certainly not reach the native workmen, presumably the builders of the House, who stood far underneath us on the ground, and in another sense his words were much above them; but they clapped their hands. Whenever we applauded on the platform there was this pathetic rumble of applause below.

'The forests of Guerrero,' Petleigh said, 'are wonderful, and we have got enormous tracts of land. I'll tell you how we get it. There is someone who discovers that a man owes such and such a sum for taxes. He is pressed to pay immediately. He cannot and we offer him that sum, with an additional amount, for all his property. When they are down,' said Petleigh, 'it is not an easy matter for them to arise.' 'There's nothing that succeeds,' he told me, 'like success.'

I mentioned how the orator was deeply gratified by the applause from those poor workmen; how, in fact, he finished up his peroration with a reference to what the proletariat were going to do. They had, as he quite truthfully observed, not taken hitherto what you might call a part in politics; and this was no injustice; they had not displayed an interest which you might call intelligent. But standing here, upon the future House of Congress, he had listened with emotion to the spirit of a people waking up. And when the House was built they would be ready too. Then some of us upon the platform cheered, and from the ground a cheer ascended.

'I like Chapultepec for one thing,' Petleigh said; 'it has some splendid trees. Of course, it isn't what you will be seeing in Guerrero, but I like Chapultepec.'

In case the reader has these sentiments, he may forgive me if I keep him there another moment, to relate a grief which in the minds of many spoiled that

special hero-function I have mentioned. He who should have read the leading poem was no less than Rubén Dario, the delegate from Nicaragua, and held to be the greatest living poet[1] of Latin-America. He dwells in Paris. When he sailed for Mexico all promised well, but soon the President who had appointed him—a President whom the United States held in aversion—fell, and his credentials as a delegate for the centenary were useless. It was thought that he would come to Mexico as if he were an ordinary citizen, and there was formed a club, the Rubén Dario Society, which issued proclamations and arrayed itself in the attire of mediæval Spanish students. When the train from Veracruz was nearly due, the club drove to the station in a bunch of taxi-cabs, but Rubén Dario did not arrive. He went up to the chief town of the State of Veracruz, Jalapa, where he lingered in the sun-bathed cloisters and he issued proclamations also. In a little time he left the country saying that he would betake himself to the United States. I have been told that in his poems he is up against the States, but in so far as I have read him he confines himself to beauty.

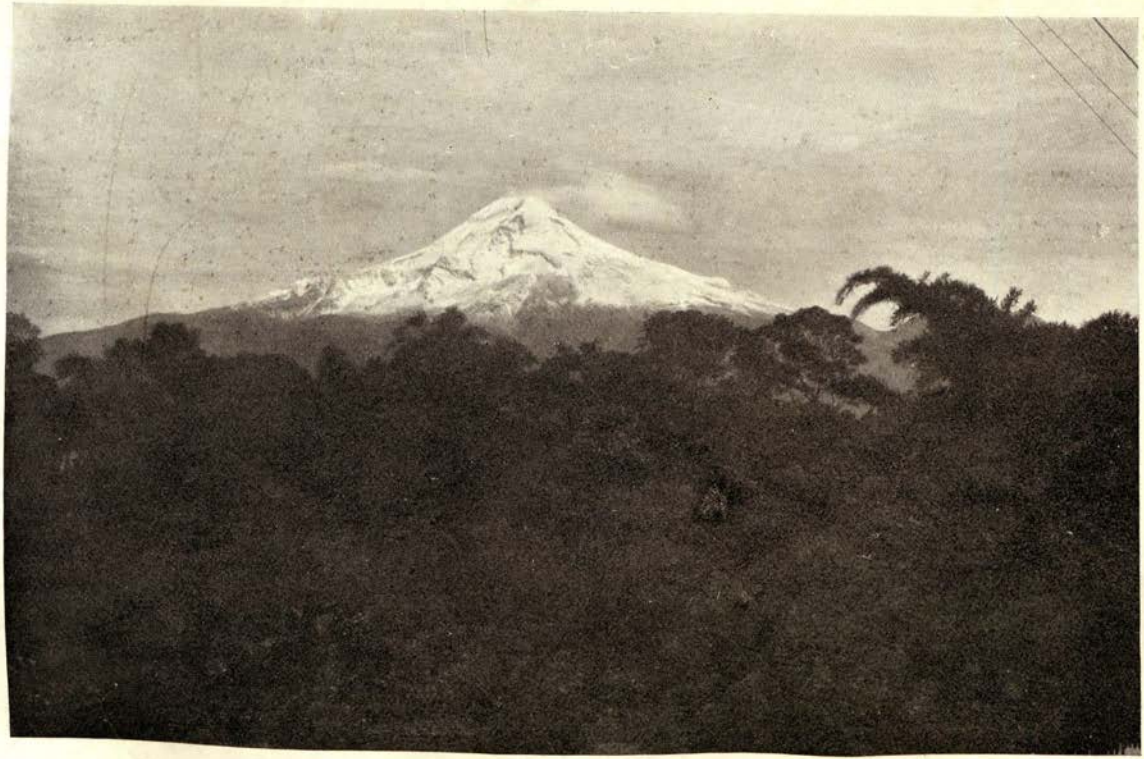
There is one thing to be said for these digressions, since they give a rough idea of the rapidity with which the trains proceed in Mexico. The scenery is often very grand, and in these parts it is not only most desirable, it is most requisite, that there should be a limit to the speed, as you acknowledge when you see the locomotive though the train is of the shortest and you do not lean out of the window. Sometimes in the course of, say, ten miles one has to mount three thousand feet.

[1] He is one of the greatest lyric writers of all time in the Spanish language. A band of disciples, which he discourages, has joined itself to him. A revolutionary, in ten years he transformed Spanish poetry. His grace, suppleness and learned complexity are unequalled.

II

And sometimes it will happen that the train divides itself in two and has to be united with a rope. But they are well prepared: 'Three long whistles is the signal,' say the regulations [Section I, Article 89], 'that the train has divided itself, and this signal will have to be repeated till the flag or lantern answers it.' That whistling is, it seems to me, a fair example of the adage that to know is to forgive. Through many nights I would have furiously raged, I'm sure, if, lying on a hard, hygienic bed of Mexico, I had been forced to hear the varied language of the locomotives and remain in ignorance of what they meant. It made my joy to count the number and the length of all the whistlings, for I knew whenever we had some of them in quick succession that a person or an animal should be upon the track; and four long whistles served to call the guard, and four long whistles followed by a short one was to call him to protect the front part of the train.

Sometimes, where the land is marshy, there is even climbing to be done inside the stations. Thus a locomotive may be resting at a certain level while the third or fourth compartment is a good ten feet beneath it. And at less diverting stations the imaginative creatures of the neighbourhood do what they can. With chicken pies they seek to please you, lifting up the edges to display the veritable chicken; or they offer fruits, which are delicious sometimes—*granaditas*, prickly pears and mangoes, little pine-apples and miniature bananas—then there will be the misguided comrade who entreats you to acquire the paper that you happily avoided in the capital two weeks ago, an illustrated paper which attempts, and not without success, to pass by on the other side of



Orizaba, the extinct Volcano,

18,225 feet over sea level, and first ascended by a party of American Officers (of Scott's army) in 1848. Sometimes the perpetual snows upon this mountain, ninety miles inland, can be seen at daybreak from on board ship. Everything except the radiant peak is swathed in mist and cloud.

decency. You can have silver spurs and hectic sweets and walking-sticks and opals of a dubious origin and other local products. A man who plies his trade about four stations out of Puebla wishes you to buy his dogs of earthenware, and certainly the chances are that you have come out unprovided. Often there is raised the cry of '*Una caridad por el amor de Dios!*' and it is appalling that a person should be blind and live among such scenery.

But Westall, the geologist, was never made for scenery. As we went curving round the valley from Chapultepec he looked out of the window of the train. 'That is volcanic,' he would say, or, 'That is not volcanic.' We were passing by long orchards, and between the branches and the whitewashed walls the plain of Mexico was visible. We curved among the hills, so that the great expanse of valley took on the appearance of a map, and Westall, who restrained his observations to a line of rocks that were not more than eight yards from his nose, observed: 'That is volcanic.' We rose up beyond the sphere of *agave* plants, we had the pines, and down beneath us lay the rolling land, the pallid waters of Texcoco and the capital, a brownish blot. All round the valley stood the chain of mountains, and the capital where many thousand mortals had been killed was nothing but a dirty patch upon the quilt-work of the valley. Straight in front of us, magnificent and armoured in the morning light, were Mexico's extinct volcanoes with their helmets of eternal snow: Popocatepetl, white brother of the Matterhorn, and his near sister Iztaccihautl, who is known as 'Sleeping Woman.' Westall said: 'That is volcanic.'

The plateau which divides this valley from that of Cuernavaca is inhabited by sober woodcutters and

charcoal-burners. At a place called Tres Marías[1] they have tried to overcome the general bleakness, for the station building, which appears to act as an hotel, is of two stories and is painted red. The population, wrapped in blankets, crouches round the structure that is at an altitude of two miles from the Thames. They regard the train with some indifference and do not even rise to beg. One has been told, by people of the knowing south, that virtue is to be considered geographically; for which reason it may be the climate that is answerable for this manliness. But on the other hand, the climate may sweep generosity and kindly thoughts from those who travel, and the people of the neighbourhood may have discovered that it is in vain to ask for alms at Tres Marías. Still we look askance at human beings who can live without assistance from their fellows—one would not have fancied that the world can hold such people, but that they themselves assure you that it is a fact, and one would not suppose that virtue can remain immaculate in any man if there be not some pressure brought to bear. It is unnatural for us to dwell in virtue, and there would be little hope for us if we did not address ourselves to scale a fortress that is like a Pelion piled upon Gibraltar.

Suddenly we find ourselves upon the ridge—that intervening stretch of highland has been traversed—and instead of one mere valley we have two beneath us, with a town in each of them. Well, it is Nature, dignified in protest; we have said a million times that in the tropics she is prodigal, and now she wants

[1] The other unattractive Tres Marías of Mexico consist really of four small islands in the Pacific. One of them, María Madre (about 9 miles by 4), is a penal colony and usually shelters more than two thousand pickpockets and minor criminals who are set to work in the salt-pits under the guard of a hundred soldiers. The more serious criminals of Mexico are enrolled in the army.

to bring it home to the meanest understanding that she can be prodigal wherever she desires. We have already passed *La Cruz del Marqués*, an enormous cross of stone which marks the territory granted by the Crown to Cortés, as Marquis of the Valley. In the splendid panorama we can see two towns at once, but the domain of Cortés held a matter of some thirty towns and villages. And it has not been all dispersed; away beyond the towers of Cuernavaca we discern, as we go zigzag down the mountain's side, a patch of brilliant green, which is the sugar land of Atlacomulco. This belonged to Cortés and is owned by his direct descendant, the Duke of Terra Nova y Monteleone. We have passed the sphere of pines and now the fields that we are gliding down have lilac, pink and yellow flowers, the lilac ones appear to spread a sort of haze. Down—down we go; that other valley vanishes and we approach the level land of this the garden State of Mexico, which is called after one of her great revolutionary patriots, Morelos. It is like the suavest carpet, and it rolls up to a wall of hills, pale blue and purple. On their western side, between them and the ocean, is Guerrero. We shall soon be carried from this summer landscape to the forests of Guerrero.

III

For many kilometres after leaving the luxuriance of Cuernavaca we are going through a fertile country where the people live, as other lowly Mexicans, in ventilated houses, seeing that the walls consist of wood and air, the quantities approximately equal. We may spend ourselves in remonstrating with the Mexicans of other parts, because when it is cold they shiver. Thus it has been, thus it will be, and they

listen to our words as much as to the wind. But in the vale of Cuernavaca it is probable that all those flowers, flying to the breach, afford an adequate protection. Sugar mills and peaceful huts and flowers—till we reach the stern land of Guerrero.

It may be remembered, possibly, that there were three of us who undertook this expedition. I do not feel the necessity for writing much of Westall, as he did not alter. What is the use of change of scene if in ourselves there is no change? And Petleigh did not cease to talk about Guerrero, so that long before we disembarked at one of Mexico's historic towns—you find them everywhere, and that may be why Mexico is not more happy—long before we pulled up at Iguala I was wishing that Guerrero could be wiped from off the map—or Petleigh. And the solitary deed of violence we saw was carried out upon a person who was too flamboyant in his praise. The car was boarded, at the station just before Iguala, by a couple of most active boys who started to enlarge upon the glories of their two hotels. We listened for a time, and then it seemed to us that, really, if we chose the one or if we chose the other we should fall upon our feet. I say we listened, but it was to a duet, for these two boys insisted on a simultaneous unfolding of their stories. It was evident that they were on the best of terms, and probably they had it thus arranged between them that they should exhort the passengers together and so modify the deadliness of competition; they would not be called upon to exercise their wits in paying their attentions to us in a certain order, they did not make any study of us, and if either of them got an angel—well, it was unawares. We promised to put up with them, and they set out in search of other clients. But a sallow Mexican became

exasperated, he arose and knocked their heads together. It was treatment, clearly, which they were unused to, for until the train was at Iguala they remained completely dazed. And there our luggage and our persons were enveloped by a score of helpers who transferred them to a shaky carriage ; and within ten minutes we had taken rooms at an hotel.

Iguala is the place where Iturbide and other patriots, against whom he had lately fought, united for the promulgation of that instrument known as the *Plan de Iguala.* There have been many *plans* in Mexico, but this of 1821 is among the most famous and among the best. Iguala likewise is the place where they evolved the present flag. To-day the town is something of a centre for Guerrero. Peasants wander in from forty miles away to do their marketing, and by a line of motors, recently established, one can penetrate to Chilpancingo *de los Bravos,* the dreamy capital. When it was dark, at seven o'clock, the car appeared ; they undertook to start with us at breakfast-time, so that we could have all the afternoon at Chilpancingo, talking to the Governor, hiring mules or buying them, arranging as to routes and so forth. 'And to-morrow evening,' said Petleigh, 'you will camp among the trees. You never saw——' It was a feeble way for getting out of it, but I remarked that we had never seen the market-place and that it was high time to go. A lucky thing we did, because it was entirely picturesque. The square enclosure, open to the night, contained a crowd of ghostly people who were passing to and fro between the stalls, and on the stalls were wind-blown lamps. It was fantastic, verily, when this unhastening, quiet congregation had the whiteness of its raiment shown in flashes. They were strolling like so many patrons, but from

time to time they bought a painted bowl, a strip of sun-dried meat, a glass of shaven ice and syrup, or they very seriously listened to Caruso on the gramophone, or they would sit upon their feet—no other words describe the attitude—while they were handed little saucerfuls of something by a comfortable-looking woman who presided at the brasier, and instead of kitchen apparatus used her fingers.

We were given every chance of seeing what Iguala has to offer, since an alteration had to be effected on the car and it was five hours after breakfast-time when we began to load. The mail for Chilpancingo and beyond was in some thirty bags, which filled the car. It seemed to us to be a pity that the Government prefer to send their bags for the Pacific ports of South America by this peculiar way. There is the railroad to Salina Cruz where vessels call, for I have seen them; but, lo! the bags are carried in erratic motors up to Chilpancingo, then on horseback for a hundred miles to Acapulco, where they wait for boats. You therefore seem to run a certain risk if you send correspondence from this part of Mexico to Chili, but our young American chauffeur assured us that the damage which a letter might receive from climate was of no importance. If these fellows, so he said, can read at all they do it well. He had the same high faith in the capacity of his machine, for when he took his seat he did not trouble to look round, much less to ask the weight of any of the pieces that were piled upon the bags. And on the top of them sat Westall, up above the roof, if there had been one; also Petleigh with his gun. My place was at the chauffeur's left, and at my left, astride of a portmanteau that with several others and our cooking outfit had been fastened to the car with ropes, astride of my port-

manteau was Ramón, the gentle *mozo*. Nothing happened for the first half-mile, but then we punctured and it started raining, though it was not then the rainy season. We were glad, at all events, to have Ramón, because the chauffeur said that he himself was in the grip of fever and incapable of much exertion. Still, he took us at a great old pace through Perthshire scenery, by waterfalls and mountain fields until, as it was growing dark, we reached the Balsas river and contrived to get across two slimy planks into a ferryboat. They had to pull us up a hundred yards or so, the current being powerful, and then we navigated to the other side. Again we got across the slimy planks, received another mail-bag and resumed our journey. In the rainy darkness we discerned but little of the road when it was heading straight through a ravine, at other times it hugged the mountain.[1] Swiftly it would turn aside, then back again, then almost make a circle round a rock. We should have liked to see the road, because it is not often that you find one that is but a few months old and is so thoroughly equipped with ruts. We slided in and out of these, not knocking anywhere against the mountain. As we rose and skirted round a fearsome precipice we only slided over once.

IV

At the beginning of our precipice we found a quantity of mud, sufficient to arrest the motor's downward course. There in the storm-swept darkness it was

[1] That there should be a road at all is praiseworthy. 'It would be money thrown away,' says Dr. Gadow in his book 'In Southern Mexico,' which does not charm the naturalist alone, 'it would be money thrown away to construct a cart-road, as every rainy reason it would be washed away.' He travelled through these parts as recently as in the years 1902 and 1904.

hardly opportune to moralise, but we should live a very happy life if we could bring ourselves to think, as we are told to do, that all our trials are, in truth, so many blessings; we had reviled the rain which made the mud. A quarter of an hour of delicate manœuvrings and we were back upon the road. It was a far cry yet to Chilpancingo, which my two American companions had been calling Chil, as if by such familiarity to make themselves and all of us believe that it was not so distant. And their countryman, our fever-stricken chauffeur, was astonishingly cheerful. He was wet from coat to skin, because it had been his belief that it was not the rainy season. Destitute of overcoat, he whistled merrily. He found it possible to joke (despite our gloomy silence), and the sole precaution which he took against the weather was to keep his left hand at the turned-up collar of his coat, while with his right he undertook to steer the slipping motor. We drove high above a valley which contained a camp of lighted huts and round them a stockade. A little later on we overtook the soldiers with a ragged crew of convicts; they had been at work all day upon the road,[1] and now

[1] The roads of many parts of Mexico are in deplorable decay, so that the produce of a farm will be allowed to rot a few leagues from the market. West of Uruapam, where no railway runs, the finest coffee in the world has little value; sugar-cane, tobacco and vanilla and enormous crops of cereals have caused Jalisco to be known as the Republic's granary, but often one has heard the farmers sigh for roads and often heard the little farmers wish the railways could be turned to roads. The Spanish highways, such as that which goes to Xochicalco, have in many cases turned into moraines, where everything—except his horse's acrobatic skill—is calculated to depress the traveller. And sometimes in the middle of the towns, as in the wealthy mining town Pachuca, you will find that roads are furnished not with mountains only, but with valleys, here a pile of building-stone that was abandoned years ago and there a lake of mud eight inches deep, and as for width—in front of a Pachucan plutocrat's abode the lake, although it had not rained for some three days, extended fifty feet. But in addition to the ordinary taxes there had been imposed upon that State a tax of 2 per cent on salaries and wages—this would have

A blackened cocoa-nut shell,

designed and carved by a convict. These articles and others, grotesque or beautiful, such as peach-seeds carved to represent monkeys, are made in various Mexican prisons with infinite patience and at the expense of months of time. Bits of glass are used in lieu of other tools. The work is offered for sale; a finely carved nut—the above is not a particularly good specimen—will fetch between four and six shillings.

were trudging back. From their demeanour one supposed that they were as indifferent to fortune as to us; a single one, a giant, shook his fist at us, and he was brought to reason by a tiny soldier reaching up and boxing both his ears. We did not come past any people who were on the road for choice. Ramón, the gentle *mozo*, who was clinging to the car at my left elbow and who was as thinly clad as the American —poor Ramón merely shuddered. 'Br—r—r—r,' said he. The mountain had been at the side where he was; when we swerved across a bridge and he was hanging more or less above the precipice he did not speak. The ruts were always growing more pronounced; whatever else the convict labourers can do, they cannot build a flawless road, and parts of it were flying in a constant shower above the two Americans who occupied their seats of peril on the baggage, perched behind us. After two or three more kilometres we descended to a marshy place where, at an Indian settlement, we halted, and Ramón got water for the car. These native dwellings were so rickety that we could witness their domestic operations through the walls. We saw the menfolk mostly squatting round the fire, whereas the women at the outside of the circle knelt in front of stones and pounded corn to make *tortillas* for the evening meal. That woman who supplied us with the water stood outside the hut

filled up the Governmental purse, if there had been no Governmental purses. And upon the famous road between Pachuca and Real del Monte one could see how Don Porfirio's Government acknowledged that a road could have considerable value. Just before arriving at the hill-top we encountered an old man, a servant of the Government, who asked for 29 centavos. It appeared to us that 7 pence was too much of a burden for a drive of four miles on a public road. The cost of building it, however—and it is a veritable engineering feat—was very large, our guide observed, and it was built by the Old Taylor Company (from England) at the beginning of the nineteenth century. 'The upkeep of it must involve,' we said, 'a great deal of expense.' 'That is so,' said the guide, 'it costs the Company a lot of money.'

and gazed at us, with several children at her skirts. She was not comely, but the lighted raindrops, falling on her forehead, were as if a chain of rivers had been flung by Providence across a country that was parched and brown.

Again we took the road, though more than one of us, I do believe, was hoping for an instant breakdown, so that we, the victims of a most malicious sprite, could well ask for a place beside the Indians' fire. We rolled into the darkness that was drenched with rain; it made us feel as if we were the citizens of some deep ocean's floor. 'Br—r—r—r,' sighed Ramón, 'Oh! what barbarity!' The chauffeur knew that winding road by heart, but after three more wretched kilometres, which he did most gallantly, he stopped all of a sudden in his whistling, for between the mountain and the precipice were two enormous boulders and some smaller ones. This also had been brought about by the unending rain. They must have fallen down the mountain side within the last half-hour, as we were presently informed by someone of the village who had been that way on business, as he told us when he came at last with Ramón, whom we had dispatched in search of any help. He and four other villagers arrived with crowbars and with torches to assist us—in default of implements, we had been able to do nothing but lay hands upon the boulders. The commander of this band, which Ramón found for us, turned out to be a personage of forty with a weedy beard—he looked as if he was a carpenter—and he could wield his crowbar very shrewdly, he insinuated it beneath a boulder and persuaded this unwelcome visitant to move towards him. His companions stared in admiration, more especially an aged fellow who was lavish with en-

couragement and praise. But the boulder's progress was not swift, and we had ample reason to desire to leave: above us from the mountain issued noises that were ominous. Yet, as it happened, they were never followed by a scattering of rocks; they scattered us, indeed, because we could not know if it would always be a case of shingle and of harmless stones. We fled as the reverberating noise began; we waited till the mountain had discharged itself and then we came back through the mud and rain. For want of crowbars most of us did nothing, save that from time to time we gave advice. When we had watched the weedy carpenter and his assistants move the boulder, maybe half a foot in half an hour, it seemed to us that if we turned our steps—the car we could by no means turn—towards the Indian settlement, this action, fraught with ignominy, would at any rate be prudent. They would take us, to be sure, inside the circle. We were partly reconciled already to the losing of our baggage, since the motor was in constant jeopardy of being crushed, but now the chauffeur thought he could advance. He moved his hind wheel sideways with the jack and then he charged into the narrow space between the mountain and the boulder, so that he became completely jammed. There surged in us a dreadful feeling that the denizens of Acapulco would not have their mail in time and that some luckless people of the South American republics would be absolutely disappointed in their news of Mexico. The cotton bags provided by their Governments in lieu of canvas ones were scarcely looking as if they would answer expectations. We were jammed, I say, between the mountain and the boulders.

Some of us have recollections of the talk around a camp-fire when the stars come nearer so that they

may listen. We have had our comrades, lying on the ground in glorious fatigue, who spoke, one fancied, to eternity. The silence of the wilderness fell back before them. On our hazardous, high path to Chilpancingo we had motor-lamps in place of dying embers, and the scented torches of the Indians were the stars. And thus we spoke :

Ramón, the gentle *mozo* (as he marked time in the mud) : ' Br—r—r—r. O God ! O God ! What end do we go to see ? '

The Venerable Indian : ' O *Candelario !* That thou mayest live ! It moves. Thou art more strong than——'

The Mountain : ' M—m—attle—m—m—m—achchch——'

The Chauffeur (at his wheel) : ' Suppose you want a change of air. . . . Jesus, can't it rain ? . . . Say ! If you're better now you might as well come back.'

The Weedy Carpenter (as he advances) : ' Let us do the work. We have begun it.'

Ramón (advancing from the other side) : ' O my mother ! Here we are, indeed.' [He laughs hysterically.]

The Weedy Carpenter (to those behind him) : ' I am smiling. They cannot do without us others.'

The White-clad Indians (lit up by the motor-lamps) : ' We others.'

Ramón : ' Br—r—r. But it is cold. *Carajo !* I do swear that it is cold.'

The Venerable Indian : ' Boy ! Be you even as our *Candelario.* What is the good of you ? Tell me. Be still.'

A Mournful One (who stands and contemplates) : ' Would that to God we had not come. And yet perhaps they will be paying as we do deserve, by God. . . . But who knows ? '

The Venerable Indian: 'O God, may you be exalted!'

Parts of the Motor: 'Gl—gl—gl—o—o—gl—gl—shshgl——'

Chorus of Indians: 'What shall we do? We are here to be destroyed. O thou machine, and may thy days be short! And may the hand of God be on thee!'

The Weedy Carpenter: 'It is pleasant that the lamps are hot.'

There is no justice in the world (except, I have been told, in Mexico; because when it was bruited that a Minister of Justice was retiring and a most laborious but uninspired official would be chosen, the appointment certainly encountered much approval for the reason that in Mexico you want a man who conscientiously will have the laws administered; to make improvements, they asserted, is impossible)—if justice were allowed to flourish we should not curtail the story of the moving of those boulders. Manfully and ably did the Indians toil, so that we went upon our way. Those other five-and-thirty kilometres shall not here detain us and the fact is that we were so much inured to the deplorable conditions as to—I could almost say be merry. It may not be in accordance with the precepts of a Church, but when afflictions, like so many vultures, seem to blacken every quarter of your sky, there is a solace in the thought that you have roused a splendid foe. We were indifferent when something happened to the steering apparatus, and we laughed when it began to hail. We shrugged our shoulders at the lightning, just as if we dwelt in gay Valencia, where it has been ordered by St. Vincent Ferrer not to fall. But there was something pitiable when the car, which had been rolling through so much of rain and mud, was in distress for lack of water.

CHAPTER XVI

THE GAMBLERS OF MEXICO

A GENTLEMAN connected with Mexico's State Lottery was good enough to tell me how and why the thing is carried on. I never thought that it was other than an honest institution, and so much more honest than some other forms of local business that it would be quite regrettable if it were done an injury by misconstruction or by inadvertence. So I told the lottery official that his information would become the basis of an article, and he, to spare me trouble, wrote the article himself. 'In our columns we have always managed to discuss,' he says, 'those matters which are of collective or of public interest. Certain papers of the capital have occupied themselves, from time to time, in leading coarse attacks upon the lotteries, and have pretended to esteem them as pernicious as all other games of hazard. We, for our part, do not now propose to deal with all the lotteries established here, since they are private enterprises—with a very few exceptions; and on this account we must consider that they have a transitory life, so that it is not needful to discuss them, all the more as they conduct the chief part of their operations in the capitals of some of the Republic's States or in some towns of the interior; for which reason a correct account of their security, their method and whatever else there is to learn about them would be truly

difficult. We consequently shall restrict ourselves to studying the National Lottery of Mexico, which is, from every point of view, a most respectable affair, and which, unlike all others, is protected, organised and guaranteed by the Federal Government; there cannot be a doubt but that it will involve you in far less than average risk,[1] because not only of the purity but the lawfulness of its drawings. We have made our calculations and have verified them, so that we can say it is the one which is supreme in the proportion of its funds allotted to the prizes. While those lotteries which are most liberal give back in prizes up to 60 per cent of their takings, our National Lottery usually yields 64, 65, 66 and even 70 per cent, according to the importance of the drawing, and this liberality is not attained by any similar establishment in all the world, save those of universal fame such as the National Lottery of Madrid.' Perhaps the good man has not seen one of those luring papers which are sent from Budapest, and which attempt to dazzle us with a reward more grand than even 70 per cent in cash; they tell how it has been the lot of many families to gain, in this way, riches and respectability.

But do not run away with the idea that in the lottery we are describing there is no beneficent or admirable feature other than the 70 per cent. 'The

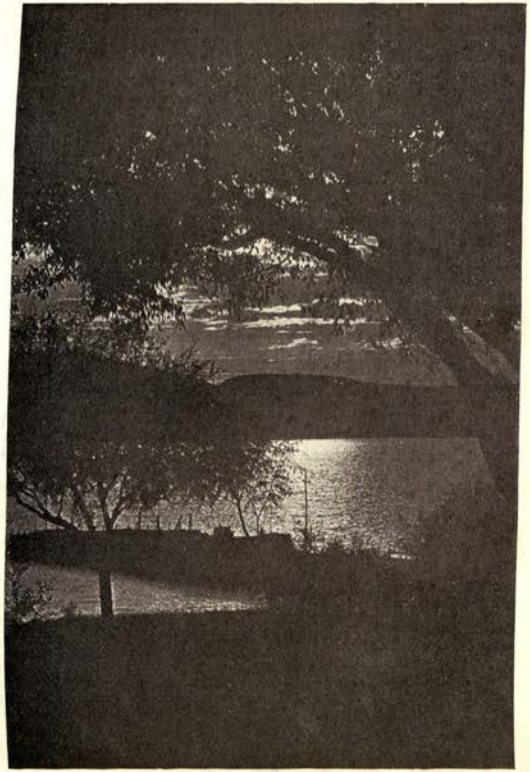
[1] In Peru, if in no other of the sister countries, you appear to run a risk of making terms with the authorities about your prize. At some manœuvres in the mountains of Peru the attaché from France remarked that every morning one stout general officer was called extremely late, and that when he had breakfasted at leisure and had smoked a good cigar he turned his field-glass on the troops. Where lay the explanation? 'You must understand,' the general said, 'that I was once a grocer. Then I won the million-dollar prize. The Government informed me that they could not pay; but they could pay one half, and for the rest they would confer upon me this position. I accepted.'

National Lottery,' he continues, 'is a Public Office, which depends directly from the Ministry of Finance and Public Credit; this department takes upon itself to regulate whatever touches the aforesaid lottery. Moreover, the committee of directors is composed of honourable men, whose names alone give to the devotees of our establishment a feeling of security. He who officiates just now as president is Don Gabriel Mancera, the engineer and senator who is so distinguished for his altruistic gifts. With him are some illustrious men of business and some of the most conspicuous among the members of Society.' Oh, to be sure, the days are distant when a lottery in Mexico could be conducted by a single man. There was a person, once upon a time, a most iniquitous Parisian, who distracted many with his so-called lottery of animals. His stock-in-trade consisted of two dozen cardboard animals, of whom he put one, every morning, in a box. It then became the business of the players to select their beast, to bet so many dollars and await the opening of the box, which ceremony of an evening was attended by enormous multitudes. In fact, the concourse grew to be so vast, the street so crowded, that it was impossible for the inhabitants to leave their houses, and the public nuisance of a Frenchman had to seek another sphere for his activities, but not until he had accomplished his gigantic coup. One day as he was putting in the box that piece of cardboard which was fashioned in the image of a serpent he became aware that there was someone at the keyhole, and behold it was a youth who had adopted this device for getting stable information. Quickly haled into the room, he was rebuked for acting in a manner so equivocal, but after having promised that he would not breathe a word

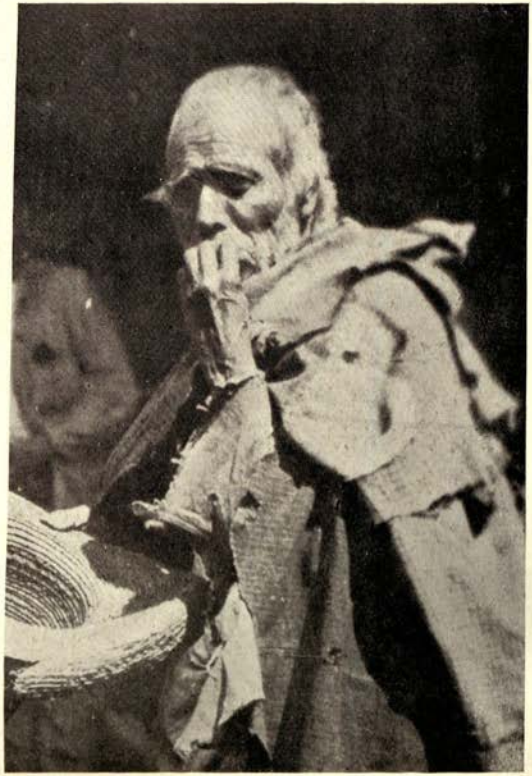
of his ill-gotten knowledge, he was told by the proprietor that he could run away. Of course he whispered of the serpent to a thousand people, and, of course, the Frenchman put a tiger in the box. . . . We do not need to be persuaded that the *Loteria Nacional* would have to-day no such manipulations. 'Owing to its righteous directorate, owing also to unwearied study of the wants and fancies of the public, it has not been left behind while other business in the Mexican Republic has developed; on the contrary, it has obtained among the public always more and more prestige.' One only need be present on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday afternoon at three o'clock to know immediately that the administration of to-day is altogether different from that of 1883. Suppose that he who then was President of the Republic, General Don Manuel Gonzalez, were to ride back from the grave, unchastened, and resume the reins of power, then surely Señor Gabriel Mancera would withstand him to the uttermost. Those venerable citizens whom I saw at the table would have nothing done that is irregular; they would not even take into account Don Manuel's unlucky temperament, 'beyond whose grasp,' says Terry's guide-book (p. ccxxxiii), 'were the high principles of Diaz.' It became a habit with Gonzalez to send down an adjutant who told the lottery officials very plainly what the number was which on the next day would secure the prize. Of course, when such events are toward there is a responsibility attaching to the people, and it seems as if they were in that dim era not less apathetic at the drawing function than they are to-day, when, as we have by this time gathered, there is not the slightest call for scrutiny. It was another portion of Don Manuel's

financial programme which aroused his fellow-countrymen and almost brought him headlong to disaster, for he could not inundate the country with his nickel pieces.

No doubt, upon the 16th of September last there was a scene of tremulous excitement at the drawing of the prize for 500,000 dollars Mex. (say, £50,000). The gentleman whom I have hitherto been quoting is as cool as one expects: 'That lottery,' he says, 'has left a trait of pleasing memories, because it was divided into fractions and distributed among our people of the middle class [how fine are his investigations !], who should now be having the enjoyment of unhoped-for and desirable tranquillity.' But on a Friday afternoon, when I, as Frenchmen say, assisted, it was at a very somnolent affair. 'Tis true the major prize was not more than a thousand dollars, while the second largest prizes were considerably less, but so decrepit was the audience of thirty that the chance of gaining such a sum ought to have kept them on perpetual tenterhooks. Maybe they were exhibiting the gambler's legendary calm, and as there was in them more Indian blood than Spanish one would not care to deny the possibility of this inhuman conduct. However, it appears more probable that they were dulled by constant failure. Many of them had been trying, I could swear it, to recuperate their fortunes every Monday, every Wednesday, every Friday, for a chain of years, and I should be surprised if they had known the frigid satisfaction of acquaintance with a winner. It was curious that such a ragged crew should have the wherewithal to play—they cannot surely be so morbid as to want to listen always to the victories of other people—and the wanton days of Elagabalus have



Moonlight on Lake Chapala.



The Old Leper
indicating that he is hungry.

vanished, what time two lotteries were instituted: for the people one, and one for the comedians. There was no need to buy the tickets, and the prizes, ranging from a pound of beef up to a hundred gold or thousand silver pieces, were provided by the well-beloved Emperor.

So far as I can recollect there was, that Friday afternoon, an individual—and only one—who made no secret of it that he was attracted by the comfort of the chairs; he slept profoundly. But with him it was quite palpable that he had drifted in by chance and was by no means an habitué, for he exhibited an ignorance of the prevailing customs. When he sank into the chair and fell asleep he failed to take his hat off; a policeman who was standing at the door approached him, tapped him on the shoulder, half awakened him and pointed at the hat. Our friend removed it with a gesture of apology, he bowed to the policeman and replaced the hat upon his head and fell asleep. So it was necessary to awaken him again, which the policeman did with tenderness, and in a little time the hat came permanently off. As for the other members of the audience—bedraggled women and a postman (but I must say that he did not wear the guilty look of one who plays the truant), and a blue-lipped Indian wastrel, boys with unsold tickets for the lottery, and one small urchin whose equipment would have needed scarcely other change than the addition of a bow and arrows if he had desired to be an artist's model in the usual array of Cupid—all these people looked with more or less attention towards the platform. Nearest to them, just behind the railings, were three pretty page-boys, neat in blue and gold; behind these, at a table, were two busy clerks, and finally behind this pair sat the

presiding gentlemen, who certainly would not have found it easy to look more respectable. It is their presence that is wanted, I suppose, and if they like to sleep, as one did intermittently and one throughout the seance, after he had patted all his colleagues on the back, it is their own concern. Just after three o'clock the little page-boy to the right of us took up a wineglass and a bodkin, so too did the left-hand page-boy, while the other one stood at the table with a wooden frame in which were ribs of metal; one end of the frame was off. The right-hand page-boy marched—you cannot otherwise describe his progress—to a globe that was on his side of the platform and was larger than himself. An employé was turning it first one way then another, so that every ball which it contained should fly about among its comrades. At the one side of the globe there was a shutter which the page-boy opened, took a ball out on the bodkin, held the wineglass over it and marched back to the table. In the meantime, from a smaller globe, the left-hand page-boy likewise had procured a ball and came back to the table. Then the first boy glanced upon the white ball he had captured, and in shrill and rapid accents cried a number three times (though I could not understand him once), and he was followed by the left boy, on whose ball was written '4.' He cried: '*Cuatro pesos! cuatro pesos! cuatro pesos!*' Thereupon they gave their balls up to the third boy, who transfixed them, opposite each other, on the metal ribs, and so for something more than half an hour the process was continued, being varied only when the left-hand boy brought back the ball which had '1000' on it. There was in the audience the flutter of some sighing, and a clerk went over to a blackboard, where he wrote the number and the town in which it

had been sold, this being Mexico the capital on that particular occasion. As he chalked it in his ornamental writing he appeared with every flourish to be stabbing at the wretched audience. Presently, when all was over, they went out into the sunlight, and the sleeper was awakened once again by the policeman. In a corner of the room a list of the successful numbers was in course of being printed on a hand-press, and again the good policeman had to tap upon the sleeper's shoulder. Each of the presiding gentlemen received his paper, leaned back in his chair, and let the middle boy declare the numbers as they stood inside his frame. The one who hitherto had slept was gradually waking up, and as the business terminated he arose and patted his three colleagues on the back and patted an adjacent page-boy and made off. Then the policeman sat him down beside the sleeper of the audience, persuaded him to leave the room, and out they went together, arm in arm. As they were walking through the passage towards the street they brushed against the women and the stalwart men who waved the tickets for the next approaching function to and fro. 'Some thousands of our countryfolk,' says the historian who never fails us, 'are unfortunately in a state of destitution on account of physical defects, or illness or the weight of years; they have discovered a commodious livelihood in offering our tickets. If they were to be deprived of this good trade then it is certain their serenity would vanish and they would perforce have to submit themselves to taking up the life of mendicants, instead of being able to adapt themselves to honourable methods such as that which we are now discussing.' . . . Ah, well, perhaps it would be intolerant to think of deprecating the persistent traffic

which these people ply in all the most frequented parts of Mexico. '*Diez mil pesos! Sorteos de hoy! Diez mil pesos! Diez mil pesos!*' and one day in the Street of the Holy Ghost I listened to a famous bull-fighter who was exasperated. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that God created money so that I should spend it thus?'

And now we come to the philosophy of all this matter. One may argue that there is none, and that people gamble in the Mexican Republic for the self-same reasons as they gamble elsewhere. But according to a certain school, the Mexicans demand consideration that is quite peculiar. They are given, so 'tis said, to gambling on account of imperfections in their agricultural economy. Wide stretches of the land are always rushing from the one extreme into the other, from extreme fertility to unproductiveness. In four-and-twenty hours the people pass from wealth to misery; their wheat is all destroyed, their flocks are dying, and underneath the wheel of fortune they are helpless if it does not take another turn, which consummation is not to be brought about except by gambling. Mexico is vast, and on the one hand there are tracts of country which unroll a savage fruitfulness—such as the part of Coahuila, where it is sufficient for the cotton to be planted once in ten years, and the district near to Irapuato, where, a mile and more above the sea, one has throughout the year crop after crop of strawberries; and so the jungle round a rubber clearing where the tentacles of vegetation try to choke all human effort and if they are cut will grow again and at the rate of half an inch a day. Then, on the other hand, we have the desert places, where the summer's heat or ghastly whirlwinds or the dust goes dancing, but

where cactus grows and nothing else. In either sort of territory you will know what is to be expected; it will surely happen; but a great deal of the land is subject to the vacillations we have mentioned. And the causes are less difficult to find than to prevent. It is so much a question of the rain and wind. If there should be a scarcity of rain then will the river-beds be dry (from 1887 to 1895 the north of Nuevo Leon was afflicted with a drought, as was the *llano* district of Chihuahua), and if the north wind blow too strongly in the months of August or September then the cornfields will be devastated. But the very agents that would bring the rain and temper the ferocious wind, those noble slaves have been removed, for, as in their own country so in Mexico, the Spaniards never put a check upon deforestation, and a great part of the central plateau is denuded. Wind and rain, they come and go, nor can the flying of a snipe be more capricious. What a country! Portions of it change so little that we have the tale of a Chicago woman who came down to live in this eternal spring, and as the mercury of the barometer did not so much as tremble, she was certain that the instrument was out of order and she broke it. In those other regions that we have described, a labourer would formerly have chosen one of three professions: brigandage, rebellion, gambling. Now the former—

> Passant, ne pleure point son sort,
> Car s'il vivait tu serais mort—

has been more or less blotted out by the *rurales*, that ubiquitous and celebrated corps (and, by the way, this 'blotted' is a rather suitable expression, as the brigands, so we learn, are frequently absorbed into the grey ranks of their quondam foe); rebellion does not always offer

the antique inducements, and the disappointed labourer falls back on gambling. He is not restricted to the lottery.

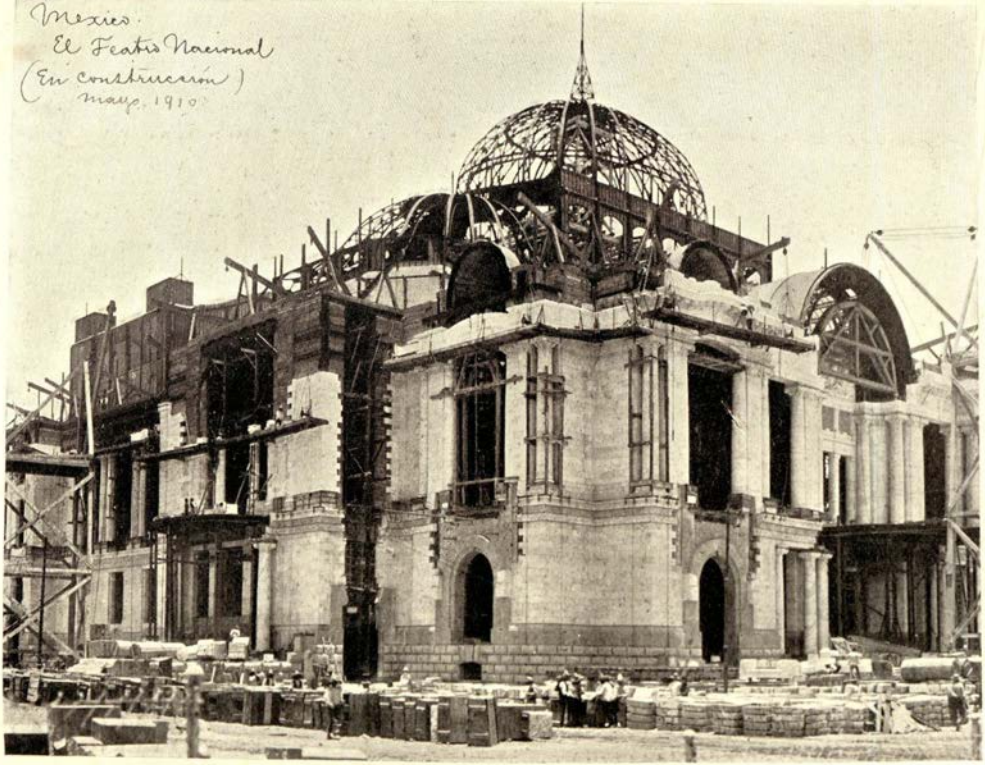
There is said to be a time for all things, and in Mexico it is the local *feria* [the fair] when every gambler is supposed to let his instincts revel. He can start to play soon after sunrise, and, if he should be unfortunate, can visit now and then the image in whose honour all the festival is being held. I need not say that with so many pilgrims at the shrine—San Juan de los Lagos, for example, welcomes more than 60,000 in November—it will be demanded of each person that his attitude should be correct. If he attempt to imitate the farmer who, despairing that the rain would ever come, precipitated the poor image to the ground and smashed it (after which the rain fell), then he would himself be torn asunder. Mexico is thickly populated with these images, but as the wonder-working reputation of them all is irreproachable, this would be no excuse. The *feria* possesses also a commercial side, and surely gamblers ought to recognise that there they have another chance of getting water from the rocks. So strange a mingling is there of celestial and mundane business. But whichever of these two, or if it should be gambling, that has more adherents in the villages, 'tis natural that gambling and the kindred pleasures should predominate in towns which have a larger quantity of temples dedicated to the other two pursuits, and thus throughout the year have given people opportunities to satisfy their appetite. Appeal is made to all the gamblers—there be games for men who want to make a use, comparatively speaking, of intelligence, and there be games for men who have no such desire. And these are the divisions of the

people, for if the most woebegone *pelado* came to join the table of the Governor's son (i.e. of intellect) he would not be rejected, if he had some money. There is animation in the booth and in another one there is a fine repast (considering that it is gratis), in another one is music.

It so happens that a Turk, who is amongst the most renowned proprietors of the Republic, walked across the frontier of Chihuahua many years ago with a performing bear. Now he has risen into making people dance. His wealth is said to be terrific, but he does not cease to drag his corpulence through North and Central Mexico, while he is having both his sons brought up at college. And he does considerable good, not only by the money which he pays into the town's exchequer—for, like Monsieur Bergeret's sagacious sister, he is apt to find that space, if there be such a thing or not, is very dear—but is a benefactor also in that he provides employment for a troupe of acrobats or minstrels. In the Mexican Republic there are numerous fine theatres but seemingly no actors, and the consequence is that we patronise the deadly cinematograph. I vow that I would rather see the worst of men and women take the stage than have mechanical devices, for, despite themselves, the men and women are a noble order of creation. And this may be stretched into applying to the prompter, on the rare occasions when the stage is occupied by flesh and blood, although he will insist on smoking palpably throughout the whole performance. As he takes the part of every person in the play, from faithless lover to the girl, this smoking is deplorable. It would be too much to expect that he should make the necessary alterations in his voice, as he, regardless whether on the

stage they have been said or not, reads out the words —your poet will remind you that the words are more important than the voice in which they happen to be spoken—but one does protest against the smoke of those cigars. It will be seen that the dramatic art is at an ebb in Mexico, and certainly I would not like to say that it will be improved by building in the capital that gorgeous theatre which never will be filled, and round the corner there are many, many folk whose stomachs never have been filled. In Mexico the art of acting does not flourish, and the man who fosters acrobats is worthy of much praise. So may the Turk continue to perambulate the country, building an oasis with his dirty awnings and his lamp-lit booths and his guitars. If there is immorality about the piles of money that are whisking back into the lamplight, who would not prefer to be immoral in a gambling booth than moral at a cinematograph ? Far be it from us to complain that cinematographs in Mexico do not, like those in France, give a display of ladies' underclothing—we have it on the word of Madame Calderon de la Barca that the diamond-bepowdered ladies often had this part of their apparel, if existing, torn and dirty; and it is the superficial things that have been changed in the Republic—but these cinematographs commit the gravest crime of all; they are untruthful, since, according to their showing, virtue is triumphant always.

Monte, roulette, lotto are the chief games; it is curious to see a circle of adults, though of the poorer classes, solemnly seated at their lotto cards and wait until the fish or bird is called. However, there be other games which foreigners less reputable than our Turk have introduced—and to the wrath of



The National Theatre,

which in 1913, still unfinished and seriously damaged by the Maderistas' and the Felicistas' artillery, had sunk about one metre into the ground.

See p. 390

Mexicans. A newspaper—'La Lima de Vulcano' [Vulcan's File]—in its issue of the 25th April, 1838, was righteously indignant, saying that—

> The devil goes about endeavouring to tempt the Mexicans; when families are at their poorest then the greater spectacles are given so that money should be spent on them which is required for nourishment; and as the spectacles are new the public want excessively to see them. The foreigners, whose grand and *unique* object is to get our money, are preparing for next Sunday the pageant of a formidable tiger that will struggle with a bull whose horns are blunted and will tear the bull to pieces in the ring. . . . No doubt the fight will be unequal, very much to the advantage of the owners of the tiger, since it will receive no wound whatever. The Government, for moral and political reasons, should forbid this kind of horrid spectacle, because in this way people grow to be familiar with scenes of horror. . . . If Mexicans have been endowed by God with sweetness of character and with compassion that is boundless, why shall this most happy nature be effaced by that which turns it into something barbarous and sanguinary?

I believe it was the bull which proved successful, as he did at San Luis Potosí seven or eight years ago when he was matched against a circus lion. In the bull-ring of the capital, about as long ago, there was a similar engagement: each of the two animals was slightly scratched and then the lion laid him down beside the bull in perfect friendliness. If 'Vulcan's File' were still at large, delivering shrewd cuts, it possibly might rage at foreigners for having first insinuated this idea into the sweet minds of the Mexicans. When we turn to less exotic animals—to horses—it will gratify you to be told that on the other side of the Atlantic is a

blessed nation which has laid upon its shoulders one of the great missions of the English, for in Mexico there have arisen some of those enthusiasts who do not spare themselves the trouble of long afternoons upon a racecourse solely to improve the breed of horses. One can see the day draw near when such considerations will be smothered by the ruling passion of this people, but as yet the sport remains in almost English purity. Some few regard the horses as mere counters in a gamble. One may see, however, at a meeting that as yet the sportsmen have been barely touched by this most evil and outlandish parasite of an idea, for when two favourites (both owned by favourites) were beaten by a sheer outsider at the first race in the '*Derby Mexicano*' there was an extraordinary demonstration of delight: the people darted in and out, ran hither, thither, flung their hats into the air and uttered incoherent cries, for they were glad that Mexico contained a breed of such fair horses. With regard to cocks, the men who write of bygone Mexico are half inclined to show their grief because the cock-fight is no longer tolerated. 'It was picturesque,' they say, 'to see the *cognoscenti*, wealthy men and poor men—clustered round the ring, all eager for the battle. It was fine to see the two cocks being held, their beaks not further from each other than the width of half a dozen hairs. Indeed, it was a spectacle! And then a great man would come driving past, and leaning from his carriage he would register a bet. Now everything is changed——' However, if these writers would omit to go to church for one sole Sunday morning they would never more be so despondent, since the custom does not seem to be in any danger of neglect. The towns and villages of Mexico support it most religiously, and so

do certain strangers. One would think, without referring to a blue-book, that the articles imported from the British Isles would take the shape of hardware and machinery; but there is a demand for fighting-cocks, and whether it was due to consular advice or private inspiration, anyhow, there landed at Tampico recently a British gentleman with fifty cocks. He must have been replete with prudence, for he would not live upon the country; to sustain himself he carried many hundredweight of the commodities of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason. Such a man would probably not need to be exhorted by a Consul that he should go through the world with open eyes. The cock-fight in itself is unattractive, being but a matter of some seconds. As the one bird flies across the other he brings into play the fearful spur that has been fastened to his leg; a mass of feather tumbles down and many pesos change their owner. People who do not object to gambling but to foolish gambling may denounce the rashness of this kind of bettor, since the first appearance of a combatant is all too probable to be the last, and one can scarcely have enjoyed the chance of learning the good qualities of any bird. Yet this is not the case, for each of them was put through trials ere he came into the ring, and some of them have happily survived a full-dress battle.

Who can say that cock-fights are immune from fraud? It seems to be established that the graceful Basque game of 'pelota' is like a religion—not precisely what its Founder meant that it should be. One is sufficiently disturbed by those who in the scarlet headgear of the Basque pace up and down between the audience and the athletes, strenuously shouting what they are prepared to lay. One is still

more disturbed by knowing that, besides the gods, there are some mortals who could tell you which of these fine-looking men will score the thirty aces. Thus the game is not as dignified as racquets, neither does it call for so much skill, because one side-wall's place is taken by the bookmakers and audience, while insufficient use is made of the remaining side-wall. But it is a pretty sight to see the players catch the ball inside the sort of basket fin that is attached on to their arm by thongs. And having caught it with extreme adroitness they will jerk it back towards the end-wall. There is now only one court in the whole Republic, yet I had a lodging in the very street, and frequently at midnight when the uproar made me lie in bed and think, I used to speculate as to the quantity of irrigation which will have to be before pelota gamblers sink to rest. That philosophic reason for the prevalence of gambling can perhaps not move us if we are not anxious to find any reason for the prevalence and possible decay thereof, but we are dealing with a land in which the Government is apt to recommend philosophy. On a December night, a little over seventy years ago, there was a session of the governmental council when the country, they concluded, had arrived at such a pass that radical and most extraordinary measures had to be adopted, measures that would seize on the imagination of the public and distract them from their civil strife, so that all Mexicans in order to unite against the common foe should give each other an embrace both philosophic and fraternal.

But there are for Mexicans so many different modes of gambling that it will be arduous to stop them all, and whether they are due to agricultural or other causes. The apologist whom we have quoted

says that it is difficult, if not impossible, for anyone to land the biggest prizes in successive drawings, so that every time there is a shower of fortune sprinkled on a multitude of homes. He does not think the lottery should be suppressed, whatever happens to pelota or the cock-fight or the horse-race or the splendid Turkish enterprise. The lottery distributes more than half a million sterling every year, from which, he says, it follows that a lot of well-placed families in the Republic owe the basis of their fortune to a prize. And very often they would be unable to secure this wealth by working for it, even at the cost of great exertions—*á pesar de grandes esfuerzos.* Here we can afford to smile in a superior fashion, seeing that some of our ducal families, who owe the basis of their fortune to a foundress, can maintain that work and much exertion were required. Of course, he does not say that fortune always favours estimable folk; this theory would have been absurd. He says that as the drawings multiply themselves indefinitely, it is clear that on the transpiration of a certain time all those or nearly all who buy the tickets will have changed their social sphere *por medio de un premio* [by means of one prize]. We may say that if the sudden wealth accruing to a family be vast, there is the fear that they will not be equal to the new responsibilities; but as one prize in Mexico's State Lottery is, as a rule, four pesos (rather under 8s. 6d.), the social sphere of the successful family will not be revolutionised. Our friend sees so much benefit come for so many people in this manner that he longs to see societies begin to form themselves whose object would be to contribute quantities of money for the periodical advantage of the members. One may urge that all the quantities would have been paid by

members, and our friend acknowledges with perfect candour that it is so. Let them pay, says he, to make the fortune of the lucky ones, and let them persevere until they all or nearly all have had some luck. Sooner or later it must come about. And if there be objections that some people vitiate themselves by sacrificing all or nearly all their wages or emoluments or income to the purchasing of tickets *animosos de obtener uno de los grandes premios* [in a spirited attempt to gain one of the largest prizes], well, that which results in other hazardous diversions could not, he submits, occur in this one; if it should do, then it would be truly wonderful and rare. All those, he says, who buy the tickets know quite well that there is no luck in the number of the tickets, but in the proprietor; and if one take a single ticket or two tickets or three, yet always will the big prize be secured by that man who of all the buyers has the greatest luck. I do not think we can discover any flaw in this remark; it is extremely sound. And very soothing, for the big prize is not conquered by the big battalions. If you want, says he, to have the big prize, then one ticket is enough, and if you persevere with tickets, he has said, then you may win a prize. What therefore seems to be the fruit of his experience is that one should play frequently and humbly. He disdains to waste a word upon the philosophic school, and it will be confessed that even though the irrigation works are of importance—at the Yaqui river, for example, it is calculated that the water will be dammed back for a distance of 40 miles, that the breast-wall of the dam will be of concrete and 185 feet high, that 400,000 barrels of cement will be made use of, that 1000 men will be employed for over two years in construction of the

dam and ditches—much water will have need to flow across the land before the Mexican declines to gamble. And there are parts of Mexico, the very fertile and unfertile parts, to which this philosophic theory cannot be applied.

CHAPTER XVII

SAINT AND MINSTRELS

ANY saint who has been sacrificed upon a gridiron, as befell Saint Lawrence, will look sorrowfully down from his abiding-place if they who worship at a shrine of his come with a sacrifice. Saint Lawrence suffers pain enough to see that every wooden, stucco, leaden, brazen, plaster and more precious image of him has a little gridiron in its hand. Who knows if some fanatic devotee will not be moved thereby to slaughter? And Saint Lawrence, gentle youth, looks down and wrings his hands. That martyrdom he underwent in Rome has been so much exaggerated. To be sure, while he was undergoing it, he ceased to live; but Publius Licinius Valerianus, Roman Emperor (253–260) was no less outwitted by the lonely saint than by the King of Kings of Irán and non-Irán, the triumphant Shápúr. The majority of men, to whom it is not given to accomplish mighty deeds on earth, complain that they were born too early or too late; and it is only the minority of these who put away their gloominess and always hope by some fine death to compensate for a comparatively fruitless life; and of these cheerful ones it is but one or two in every thousand who obtain the glorious departure. Publius Licinius Valerianus had no reason for suspecting that the young Archdeacon Lawrence had a mortal ailment, for he was distinguished, so we

read, not by the flower of his youth alone, but by the beauty of his age. The vigorous old Emperor did not inquire if he was not so beautiful because he was consumptive, and we are not even told that a suspicion came into his ancient, heathen breast when that the spirit of the saint ascended from the harmless gridiron into heaven. To prolong the victim's torment, very little fires had been placed beneath him, and he died—we may presume of a consumption—when his body had been scarcely damaged. The cathedral of Nancy has a rib 'which was preserved all through the Revolution; it was recognised,' so say the records, 'and approved by Mgr. Ormond on the 30th June, 1803. The Church of Bouxières-aux-Dames, near Nancy, has a fragment of a rib of the same saint.' Then at Rome 'his ribs are at St. Peter's, at the Church of Twelve Apostles, at the Church of Holy Cross'—whose nave appears to be supported by invisible columns, since we read that 'the nave was originally borne by twelve antique columns of granite, of which eight only are now visible'—'at the churches of St. Mary at the Gate and St. Mary of the Angels and St. Praxedis. A rib of Saint Lawrence is at Montreuil sur Mer,' and most of his body, of course, reposes in the patriarchal church that Constantine built over it beyond the walls of Rome. Well might Saint Lawrence have a smiling face upon the gridiron when he taunted the rough soldier. He was going up to heaven by a splendid gate, and he would be depicted in a hundred thousand monuments and windows, while it was reserved for Publius to have his portrait and the portrait of his royal captor hewn—oh, the humiliation!—hewn by Roman subjects on the rocks of Persis.

Saint Lawrence used to have a good, sardonic

humour, like his country-fellow Goya ; for he told the Emperor Valerianus that in three days he could bring him a supply of what he wanted, namely, treasures of the Church. Saint Lawrence did not only help the Sovereign Pontiff and dispense the sacred mysteries and cherish the infirm, the indigent and consecrated virgins—which are duties appertaining to a common deacon—but he managed the ecclesiastical domains and treasures, the oblations and the houses of the Church, since these were at the time the recognised archidiaconal functions. 'Bring the treasures to me ! ' cried the Emperor, and Lawrence gathered all the blind, the lame and other wretched folk together. At the palace, ' August Prince,' he said, ' behold our treasures ! These be everlasting treasures which have increase always and may be discovered everywhere and be possessed by everyone.' This was immediately before they laid him on the gridiron. With his notable supply of humour he was yet a kindly saint, an altogether pleasant comrade. He would always intercede for men and women if it was with bloody sacrifice or with a song that they approached his image. Notwithstanding that he loathed the former, he invariably did his utmost for the supplicant, let him be blind as was the person whom he once had cured at Rome inside the lodging of Narcissus, let the supplicant have chronic headaches even as the widow whom he long ago had cured inside the catacomb and let the supplicant be sore afflicted as were they to whom he once had meted out encouragement beside the Cloaca Maxima. What he regrets now most of all in the celestial habitation is that very frequently his intercession is of slight avail. And then he thinks of his imperfect life ; that he deceived the rough, old Emperor has not, so far as one may surmise, been put

down against him, since Valerianus had backslided terribly: 'His palace,' says Eusebius, 'was full of worshippers of the true God; you would have taken it rather for a church with its different ministers than for a profane dwelling. About the year 257 he was obliged to march towards the east, as the barbarians invaded all that part of his demesne. It was his fortune also to behold his army and some goodly provinces made desolate by plague, so that his mind was much affected.' But the tribulations which you have to suffer will not warrant you to step aside from Christian virtue; they should, on the contrary, but fortify your faith. To one believer there shall be allotted fiery furnaces, while to another one there falls a trial of the spirit, and if he should be a Roman ruler of Valerian's time it is with haughty Persians and the plague that he may hope to be confronted. Even if the trial had been grievous, if the Persians had been still more haughty and the plague more virulent, the Emperor should not have had recourse to magic and to the divines of Egypt. Their prescriptions, which he gradually followed, sent him into the pernicious path and always further, so that—we can only judge with human understanding—it would scarcely be unpleasant to the true God if a worshipper deceived him. But Saint Lawrence brooded on his other flaws, on those which might account for the complete and painful lack of issue which attended many of his intercessions. When the Pope, his master, happy Sixtus, stood upon the eve of martyrdom he had importuned him. 'Where do you go, my father,' he exclaimed, 'without your child? What have you found in me that angers you? Can you believe me capable of cowardice or feebleness? Oh, try me of your grace, and you will see that I am no unfaithful

servant. You withhold from me to-day that honour which is the supreme one, of mingling my blood with yours. Oh, father, have you no misgivings that if men will praise the courage of your martyrdom they yet may blame your conduct for abandoning in this way your disciple? Verily, the palm which in your presence I shall gain shall be an ornament for you, and this my triumph shall be yours.' Aye, thus he had importuned Sixtus and he had deserved the holy one's reproof, which is reported unto all men by Saint Ambrose. 'I do not abandon you, my son, but the faith is calling you to greater combats. I am broken by the years, but you are in the flower of youth and in the beauty of your age. So you shall have a triumph far transcending mine in glory. Cease then to bewail your lot.' It was deplorable that he should not have been resigned to whatsoever was prepared. And had he not deceived the blissful Pontiff, in that he refrained from laying bare to him, as to Valerianus, that he was afflicted with a mortal malady and that the soul would leave his frame before the little fires could burn it, yes, before they had consumed a single rib of him?

We have a way of thinking that the saints are never visited by gloomy, introspective thoughts; but now perhaps as we reflect upon the ex-archdeacon as he wanders to and fro in constant agony of mind, we shall regard him with a fellow-feeling. And it is as if a little fire burned always in his heart, because the pious supplicant on earth, if he be disappointed in a prayer, takes the blame upon himself, acknowledging that if he were a better and less faulty man the intercession of the saint would probably have been successful.

Poor Saint Lawrence! But when he was looking

Plateresque Façade
of the old convent church of Santa Monica at Guadalajara.

down, the second Friday morning of last May, into a church of Western Mexico at nine o'clock, he was oppressed by none of these dark ruminations. He was but the kindly saint, the humorous observer, and it did him all the good to see a man with bird-cages inside the church. This man was rather squat, a placid peasant, middle-aged and plain, a modest person; when he wanted to suspend a cage upon a nail beside the altar of Saint Lawrence he could not have done so but for standing on a chair. He also took the chair into the middle of the nave, climbed on to it and hung another cage upon a wire which had been fastened to the ceiling. As he awkwardly adjusted it a stream of water fell against him and the pale canary started singing, heedless of the wasted water. When the peasant stepped on to the floor again the cage swung sideways, but the bird did not sing any bitter notes. The meadow-lark inside the first cage sang divinely. And it was not long before the cages had, all five of them, been lifted to their hooks or nails. They differed from each other, and the minstrels differed, but a leaf of lettuce and a bowl of water were in each of them. Maybe three women knelt at various altars; I do not know how they were affected by the music, if it mingled with their customary adorations, for they did not seem to notice anything. The placid peasant put the chair into its proper place and limped away.

He told me, outside in the church's garden, that he hung the birds up always on the second Friday and he left them singing till the twilight.

'Has the saint,' I asked, 'been very kind to you?'

'The intercessions of him have assisted all of us.'

'And you,' I said, 'have you been doing this for many years?'

'I am not married.' He picked up the brown sheath which had fallen from the trunk of a banana tree and threw it into one of the large, broken urns which stood upon the moss-grown pavement, underneath the orange trees and thorny vines and the untidier banana trees and miscellaneous shrubs. 'When I am not here,' he said, 'my sister does the business for me. I go travelling, with earthenware, in many parts of the Republic.'

His name ?—but in the unkempt garden were some graves between the moss. 'Señorita M. F. L.,' said one of them ; 'Señorita C. R. F.,' the next one.

CHAPTER XVIII

DIAZ AT THE DOOR OF HELL[1]

'PARDON me,' said Satan, 'but you understand that if I don't observe the rules——'

Porfirio bowed. He thought that it was safer to be silent.

'We shall run through this examination,' said the Devil. 'Just a form, you know. It is so difficult to draw the line and even those who are thought worthy of a place on the committee have to be obedient to the rules. We have our Constitution, like the rest of them.'

Porfirio stood more erect. 'Aha!' said he.

Now Satan, being of a perfect beauty, cannot grow more beautiful, not even for a moment. Otherwise you would have been inclined to say that some fair thought had lent his countenance a greater glory. 'Well'—he gave a little laugh—'I really am quite charmed to see you. Let me mention that I don't receive all aspirants myself. No, they must be distinguished. But to business——'

He had heard the hoof-steps of Malured, an assistant devil.

'I am ready,' quoth Porfirio.

[1] Whether to review the life of General Diaz we prefer to have the scene inside a law-court or beside the gate of hell is much the same. But since it is less probable that he will be arraigned before the first of these I choose the second, and although it may be inartistic, for the local colour has not been observed.

'Look here,' said Satan to the new arrival, who was fixing his asbestos spectacles, 'look here, must we begin at the beginning?'

'Yes, we must,' said Malured.

'But this is Don Porfirio Diaz!'

Malured gave one of his stiff bows. 'I have the "Book of Actors."'

'But I am a military man!' cried Diaz. 'You are taking me for someone else.'

'No! no!' said Satan, 'my good friend Malured is infallible.'

'But I am not an actor!'

'Sit you down, I beg,' said Satan, 'and reply to what he asks.'

Then Diaz came out with an Oaxacanian oath. 'What of the medals on my breast?' (He did not see that they had melted all away.) 'A player would not——'

'Talking of Oaxaca,' said the Devil, 'is it true that when Benito Juarez was its Governor and had the wish to give you some promotion in the army——?'

'Oh, I know what you are going to say.'

'Be more respectful, if you please,' said Satan.

Don Porfirio threw out his hand. 'All right,' he said; 'but how can one exist without some money?'

'It depends,' said Satan.

'In that army no one got his wages,' said Porfirio.

'And that is why you wished to have a civil post?'

'I thought that so I could be of more service to the fatherland.'

'Dear fellow!' Satan put his hand, his delicate, almost transparent hand, on Don Porfirio's shoulder. 'Come now, do you think our Books are subsidised?'

Malured coughed, removed his spectacles and wiped them carefully.

'In Mexico,' said Satan, 'you have got three kinds of truth. Suppose a man says: "It is truth," then surely he is lying. If he says: "It is the truth of truth," then sometimes he is lying. If he says: "It is the truth of God," then it may be he does not lie. As for the truth of Satan, I assure you,' Satan said, 'that it is very true. No person who invokes it in sincerity can tell a lie.'

'Well, well, the truth is that I didn't want to be a soldier,' said Porfirio. He frowned.

'And they made you a captain, because——?'

'Oh, yes, because I came to Oaxaca with a contingent of fifty men.'

'Exactly; and you were talking of your medals. Do you mean that they were given you for military exploits?'

'Some of them,' said Diaz; 'when a man is chief executive for any time the monarchs have to decorate him as a compliment.'

'You wear one of those German eagles?'

'The Red Eagle, monseigneur. It was a compliment.'

The Devil seemed to be perplexed, and Malured approached and whispered in his ear. 'Of course it has more to do with him than with Porfirio,' said Satan. 'But these compliments can't surely be sarcastic?'

'By no means,' said Malured, 'they are given on account of something.'

'That is it, precisely. When the two daughters of the German Consul were seduced by the Governor of Puebla, this man did nothing. And when a little German girl called Noecker was seduced by a bullfighter, his brother and a third companion, this man did nothing.'

Malured did not care much for a digression, and with the object of stopping this one he rapped out an answer: 'As you say, the man did nothing. If he had done either of those deeds he surely would not have obtained the slightest eagle. Now, with your permission, I should like to see what there is in this Book.'

'Oh, very well, the "Book of Actors,"' said the Devil, 'and you might have little Red-Washer at work.'

Malured placed that large volume on the ground, and lying prostrate by the side of it he turned the pages. Satan sat down comfortably on his tail, but Don Porfirio Diaz stood erect, as if he were offended. He did not appear to notice the arrival of Red-Washer, with a sponge and bucket; no, not even when this little energetic devil took possession of his hand to rub it.

'Here we have him,' Malured observed. His nail, in contact with the page, emitted sparks of violet.

'Of course,' said Satan to Porfirio, 'you will remember that this is the truth, and it will not be well if you deny it.'

'I protest against this kind of treatment,' quoth the erstwhile ruler. 'I am not accustomed——'

'Ah,' said Satan meditatively, 'you will discover that the truth has got a certain charm which custom cannot stale.'

'A man in my position——'

'Let me see,' quoth Malured, 'you had some fame for having kept the peace. 'Twas said that your assassinations were beneficent, for they secured those thirty years of peace. Now what have you to say to that?'

The Devil put one leg across the other, and his

beautiful, all-seeing eye was serious with sympathy. 'Do not think you are unwelcome here,' he said, 'and if it bores you to relate your sins—— No, do not interrupt me!'

'They were needful!'

'As, for instance, at Miahuatlan, when your *compadre*, who was on the other side, an officer, gave up his sword to you and you transfixed him with it. Pray, remember, Don Porfirio, the Devil is a gentleman.'

'All that is long ago. What is it that you want of me?'

'One cannot blame you wholly for the adulation you received. Those Mexicans and foreigners——'

'Well, Heaven knows'—Porfirio pulled a grimace —'Heaven knows what they are saying of me now.'

'And I know too,' said Satan. 'But it was to be expected.'

'I who paid a yearly visit to the tomb of Juarez. I who wept there, calling him my august teacher!'

'Page 200, section 3,' said Malured from where he lay upon his stomach. 'I have it reported that he subsidised a book——'

'The fine arts have to be supported, surely,' said Porfirio.

'This volume could not undermine Benito's fame.'

'The plague fetch all those writers!'

'I have also got an English writer,' said Malured, 'one who did not deprecate Benito Juarez, but addressed you as the greatest person of the nineteenth century.'[1]

'You think I urged that book? And how could Mrs. Tweedie write of me or Mexico? I tell you, she could not speak Spanish.'

[1] 'Of course,' she admits, 'there were other great men.'

'Yes, my friend,' said Satan, 'but we are not talking of her book on Mexico, whose very title—"Mexico As I Saw It"—is disarming. Oh, for five minutes of Madame Calderon de la Barca! What we want to know is, did you subsidise——?'

'*Canastos! recanastos!* why, she laughs at me! She says that I advanced to Icamole and defeated there a larger force under General Fuero. Everybody knows I was defeated and received a nickname from the tears I shed. Forsooth! I subsidised the book!'

'Look here,' said Satan, 'Mrs. Alec Tweedie tells us that she was acclaimed in Mexico as having real literary talent and a vast amount of solid common sense.'

But Don Porfirio was rude. His language, for a moment, was that of his ancestors. And we will not repeat it.

'I shall place her writings on that Index of the Volumes to be read in Hell,' quoth Satan.

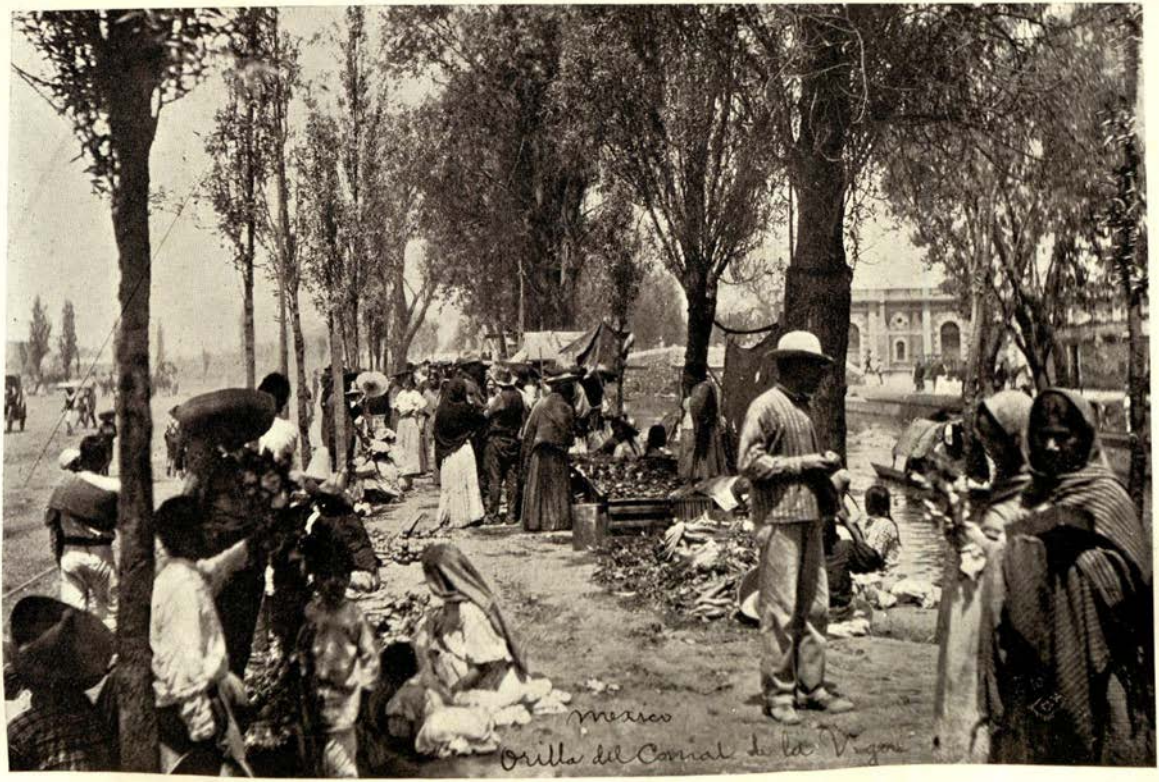
Then Malured, who made a speciality of books, explained: her publishers demand so many illustrations; that, for instance, in her book on Mexico there was a picture of Chihuahua horses at a ranch, and that this picture also served to illustrate Porfirio's childhood in the other book.

'Ah, well,' the Devil said, 'if one were writing on the youth of Nelson it would be agreeable to have a picture of some Shetland ponies. As for literature, I am not so profoundly versed in prose as in my Milton, but I think this lady——'

'Her name,' said Malured, 'is either Mrs. Alec Tweedie or Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. She uses both forms.'

'Well, it seems to me her writing is not so distinguished——'

Don Porfirio stepped forward. 'Those triumphal



On the Bank of the Viga Canal.

"I greatly prefer the *Viga*," says Madame Calderon de la Barca in 1840, "which now begins to be the fashionable promenade." Nowdays in the early morning it is still attractive, when many boat-loads of vegetables and flowers reach the city from the upper reaches of the canal.

arches we erected! She brought out a letter saying that she was a representative of "The Queen," and how could you expect us to know that it was the sixpenny "Queen" and not Queen Victoria? When we called her a distinguished authoress it did not mean we guaranteed that in her writings you would vainly look for something undistinguished. I remember——'

'Say no more about it,' quoth the Devil. 'Tell me, don't you feel him rubbing you?' He pointed at his aide-de-camp, Red-Washer, who was in a perspiration. 'Are you quite aware,' the Devil said, 'that he is rubbing blood marks from your hand with his sulphuric acid? You are brave, I know——'

'I have only got away two layers of blood, as yet,' observed Red-Washer.

Satan murmured that Porfirio was certainly an acquisition. 'I was going to tell you,' he remarked. 'A few of your important sins are all you need confess, and then you are of this Society.'

'I slew——'

'But what we want from your own lips,' said Malured, 'is whether it is not ridiculous to call you the preserver of the peace?'

The candidate for Hell stared at the bookish devil, but his gaze did not work havoc, as of yore. He laughed good-humouredly. 'I could not help myself, you know. When Don Benito was the President——'

'And all the country wanted peace,' said Malured.

'I really had to break it, and when Don Sebastian was President it was the same, and when Iglesias was President by law—but surely it was better that they should have me?'

'The country wanted peace,' said Malured.

'I gave it them. If anybody showed a sign of

damaging the peace—my peace—I drowned him in his blood.'

'All that is very well,' said Satan. 'It reminds me of a story. When the blight came down upon the orange trees, it put a stop to all the merry singing of the juice. That is what you have done, Porfirio; you gave the blight of peace.'

'I never heard of such a phrase, and I have had to listen to a lot of eloquence,' said Don Porfirio.

Then Satan told him that there are some things more splendid than peace. 'I never shall persuade them on the earth,' he said, 'to have the true democracy which is established here.' If he had not been gazing pensively upon the ground he would have noticed that the fingers of the candidate were moving slightly; strange to say, they were making the sign of the cross. 'Porfirio,' he said, 'you gave them peace, and by the ruin of two generations. Not alone the democratic spirit did you flout, and not alone the country's culture and advancement, but you stifled all the independence, all the manliness of Mexico.'

'Now this is too much!' exclaimed Porfirio. 'You are the Devil, and you seem to talk——'

'I know what you are going to say,' said Satan, 'that I talk as if I were the teacher of a Sunday school. Perhaps it is so, and at all events I yield to your expert opinion. Are you not an honorary member of the World's Sunday School Association? But as for my own sentiments, you should remember that I have officially to act in certain ways, whereas my head contains entirely different ideas. It is most tragic.'

'Anyhow,' said Don Porfirio, 'the state of things in Mexico before I got into the saddle——'

'We have been told that peace hath got her

victories no less than war,' said Satan, 'but she hath humiliations more disastrous than what a war can ever bring.'

'That famous peace of his,' quoth Malured, 'is down here in the "Book of Actors."'

'And your acting,' said the Devil, 'was quite good enough for many of the foreigners. They really thought that your preserving of the peace was excellent. And some of them were English Liberals, who get as hot as in my hottest chamber when they talk about the Macedonians or the Finns. I shall inquire of them, when they arrive, how they can give an explanation. They will say, of course, that Mexicans are neither Finns nor Macedonians, nor Congolese nor yet Armenians.'

'Some of the foreigners will be quite sorry I have gone,' declared Porfirio.

'Their deeds of partnership,' said Malured, 'are open to inspection here gratuitously.'

'*Carajo!* I do not refer to those few houses. I mean those with whom I had no private understanding, all those hundreds, thousands who invested in the country and whose fortunes were dependent on my peace.'

The Devil smiled a little sadly. 'Even as an actor, you are brave,' he said. 'But what you have asserted now——'

'I really can rub off no more!' It was Red-Washer whose sulphuric acid had produced no adequate result.

'Then you can go. Leave him to us, my boy,' said Satan, and while this assistant picked his apparatus up the Master gazed at Don Porfirio and finally:

'Oh, well, if you will spare me no confession,' cried Porfirio, 'I must acknowledge, I suppose, that peace

was wanted by them all. It was the people's overwhelming wish.'

'Proceed,' said Malured. He made a circle with his toes, which he had lifted high above his head.

'No one broke the peace but I.'

'And it was difficult for you,' said Satan, 'not to add that it was quite dishonourable.'

'I preserved the peace by shedding copious blood and afterwards by stifling all my people's independence, all their manliness.'

'Go on,' said Malured.

'Well, business people dread a change; and those who got concessions from me hope for more concessions. Those who want to interest the European and American investors want to have it thought that Mexico is perfectly secure. Perhaps it will be some day, but my system was a despotism which depended on a single man.'

'So much for your grand peace,' said Satan. 'Let us talk no more of that.'

'Will you admit him now?' asked Malured. 'I have a good deal more about him, but as we have shown that in this peace capacity he was a most unmitigated actor (hypocrite, I should say) he is eligible.'

'But I am rather interested in the man,' said Satan, 'and who knows when I shall have the time to speak to him again?' He took a yellow notebook from his pocket. 'There is no one coming for an hour or two,' he said, 'that is to say none who demands my personal attention. There are six or seven parricides, the founder of a new religion, the destroyer of a harmless old illusion, a batch of traitors chiefly from the Latin countries, and some Anglo-Saxons who did love themselves not wisely but too well, and someone

who has also had to do with Mexico, a Yankee who was luring many of his country-people to a place called Valles in the State of San Luis Potosí. That he bought the land for 38 cents an acre, which it was hardly worth, and sold at 7½ to 20 dollars an acre; this, I fancy, is no more than business. But he circulated pictures of the town of Valles, showing street cars and a bank, and all prosperity; it is a miserable Indian hamlet. Do you think I ought to see the man myself?'

'Why not see this Porfirio about the matter? Not so long ago he had a force of sixty secret-service agents watching his brave enemy Madero at a town in Texas. Could he not spare one of them to keep a watch upon these pictures that were circulated in Arkansas and that ruined many simple-minded farmers? This is only one example of American—what shall I call it?'

Satan started walking up and down. Then suddenly he stopped in front of Don Porfirio. 'That question of industrial advancement, what of that?' he said.

'It has gone pretty well,' said Don Porfirio.

'And——?' Satan raised an eyebrow.

'It would have gone better still without me.'

'That is right. I am so glad,' said Satan, 'that you honour my devotion to the truth. Have you got that about the industries?' he said to Malured.

'Oh, let us look into his murders, they are picturesque and sordid, they are numerous,' was the reply.

'Do what I tell you,' said his chief.

The prostrate devil therefore ran his pointed finger down the page until a spark flashed out. 'Here is the section of the industries,' he said. '"It is not worth our while investigating how some other

countries of America have in these thirty years advanced more rapidly than Mexico—for instance, Argentine and Chili and Brazil. It is a matter of the men and the resources. Mexico has fertile parts and others that will not support a crow. But if the total of resources is not anything more marvellous than elsewhere, they are, certain of them, undeveloped owing to the men. Those Mexicans fly always to extremes—I talk of Mexicans who are in a position to develop property—they sit and wait for other folks' experience or they are gifted with such shrewdness that the pies are few which can escape them. So you can't depend, as yet, upon the Mexicans ; they have too much or insufficient enterprise ; and those responsible for Mexico's industrial advancement, such as it is, are mostly foreigners." '

'I was of assistance to them,' ventured Don Porfirio.

'You are indeed an actor,' said the Devil; 'could you help yourself ? ' .

'I did.'

The Devil, being wise, is fond of laughter. And he seized this opportunity. 'Yes, yes, but not yourself alone,' he cried; 'your little son, for instance, was director of a good few companies.'

Porfirio was understood to say that if it pleased so many people to provide for Porfirito——! 'He is amiable, my son, he is an engineer, an architect, an officer, but I am much afraid when I am gone——!'

'A Richard Cromwell *manqué*, and you will excuse me,' said the Devil, 'but I really hope for your sake that they will not ask him to construct your monuments. Most probably it would be sharper than a serpent's tooth for you. But let us back to business. Do you think the foreigners were more attracted by your help or by the favourable prospects ? '

'They must always be encouraged,' said Porfirio.

'Be careful. Was it on account of aid you got before you were the President that you allowed Americans to build the railway lines? Was it Americans who, when you were not President, encouraged you?'

He seemed to be reflecting, and Malured informed his chief that he was in possession of the facts.

'I do not live outside the world entirely,' said the Devil, 'and it seems to me that if new countries have their openings the foreigners will enter them and take their chance of instability. The profits which they hope for will be solid in proportion.'

'Then,' quoth Porfirio, 'the peace and progress of the country are not due to me.' He rubbed his chin.

'We can't admit you, though,' said Satan, 'negatively, as it were, just on the ground that you are not possessed of your two vaunted virtues. If we let you in like that we should be following the poor example of your own official at a place called Inde in Durango. When a man was murdered there, not long since, he came with a mounted guard to Inde, and as the murderer had vanished he produced a list of the inhabitants whose characters were bad and then in alphabetic order he shot the first five, and an Englishman called Baring, a spectator, remonstrated vigorously. It is wrong, as I remarked just now, to do a favour to a man because he is deprived of certain virtues, and I fancy Mr. Baring must have thought it was absurd to give indulgence merely for the reason that the client's name began with Z in place of the good letter B.'

'Shall we let him in,' asked Malured, 'because of his assassinations?'

'As I worked against the peace and progress of the country I do not see how my efforts can be classed as purely negative,' said Diaz. 'Let me in, I beg you.'

Satan thought a moment ere he made reply. 'You interfered with justice in your time,' he said.

'Yes. Let me in.'

'Suppose I have to use the same expression that was on your judges' lips: "There is a higher order" —"*Hay consigna*"?'

'You are making fun of me. I like a seemly joke—have you not heard of that one which I said to old Sebastian Camacho? He was marrying his third wife[1] and I said that it was wonderful to do a thing like that at eighty, and he told me he was eighty-five, and then I asked him what his object was.'

'There was once a green wave which I coveted,' said Satan, 'in the South Pacific, and I would not let her fall into annihilation. She was to be my green wave for ever, and I broke into the Law to keep her mine. And now that for all ages I have separated her from her companions I shall listen to that crying when all sound is still.'

'Do let me enter now,' said Don Porfirio. He thought that he was being swindled, for they had extracted from him those admissions and did not appear yet to be satisfied. He would complain—but where could he direct himself? Some kind of

[1] Those who care for a coincidence may like to know that when she married him this lady's name was Martinez del Campo, and that in a piece which one Camacho y Martinez wrote (Madrid, 1749)—a tragi-comedy entitled 'Koulikan, Rayo del Assia'—there is this passage:—

El alma es libre, y el cuerpo
Es quien contrata servidumbre.

(The soul is free, whereas the body
Doth submit to servitude.)

questioning he had awaited, but this really was abominable. From the doorway he perceived a lane of fallen stars which lighted you to the recess of Hell. They seemed to beckon you and, if it had been in his power, he would have put them out.

'Maybe that it is better,' quoth the Devil, 'if I go through some of your assassinations. Will you fetch the "Book of Gore"?' he said to Malured, who rose with great alacrity. The Devil sighed.

'I fear that I am troubling you,' said Don Porfirio.

'It is like this,' said Satan. 'I had hoped to spare myself the pain of talking blood. But evidently there is nothing else that I can do. Man Diaz, you have made me sad.'

The candidate was tart in his reply. 'It is a little strange,' he said, and then he recollected that it would not be advisable to be on bad terms with his future host. 'If you will look again into the "Book of Actors,"' he suggested, 'you will find sufficient things before your friend returns. I never was a great commander, but I think it may be said I was a brave and active person.'

Satan nodded.

'I was lucky and I can't object to what they called me: *El gran chiripero.*[1] Often I was beaten, but my two great victories have put all else into the shade.'

The Devil shook his head. 'And your assassinations——?'

'Oh, General Corona, who had got too many friends —I had him murdered as he came out of the theatre, and the policeman after doing it was met just round the corner by some soldiers and was instantly

[1] The great fluker.

dispatched.[1] Then General Ignacio Martinez, who had saved me in a battle with his 1500 men and after he fell out with me was in Laredo, Texas, where he practised as a doctor and thought well to write against me—I gave orders for him to be murdered. Also General de la Cadena, whom I ordered to be killed at Zacatecas.'

'Yes, on that day the telegraph was cut,' said Satan, and you summoned to the Palace, when the train arrived, a German passenger, and asked him if he had seen anything occur at Zacatecas. You were terribly excited.'

'May I enter now?' said Diaz. 'If you give as much time to the others—— !'

Malured appeared. He had with him the 'Book of Gore.' And as you looked at Satan you imagined that the weight of that huge Book was being borne by him and not by Malured. 'Ah, when I think of others!' he made a gesture of despair.

'I have the two great victories of Diaz!' cried the new arrival.

'Oh, I am so weary of it all,' said Satan, and he strode towards a rock whereon he sat him down. He seemed the very god of grief.

Then Diaz, with his eyes a-glitter, put his hand upon the arm of Malured, and he besought him whether by the victories he meant those of the 5th May, at Puebla, and that other one of 2nd April.

[1] These men must have been very carefully selected, since it is the custom for a Mexican policeman to require more shots than one before he downs a quarry. As I passed on one occasion through the port of Veracruz a Spaniard was arrested, and was taken by his thirsty captor to a public-house. He there became obstreperous, maybe through having no refreshment offered him, and the policeman had to whistle for assistance. When a colleague hastily arrived upon the scene and fired a shot he slew policemen No. 1. At Catmis when the Cirerols attempted to win back their *hacienda* from the Yaquis and the Mayas, one of them succeeded, it is said, in firing 150 shots, and two into the bodies of the enemy. We make allowance for the wooded nature of the district, but it seems to argue that a man has little skill who lets so many of his bullets knock against the trees.

"Grave nihil est homini quod fert necessitas."
"No burden is really heavy to a man which necessity lays on him."

A New El Dorado,
which is near the Guatemalan frontier.

But Malured was in a mocking mood. 'The 5th May, which General Zaragoza gained, not you—and seeing that the scornful French charged up a hill, which had no cover and the Mexicans were on the top of it inside a fortress, I do not think it appropriate to celebrate this anniversary, O Diaz! and to have a street called "Cinco de Mayo" in every town. What you may pride yourself upon is that the native troops, more skilled in throwing stones than firing guns, were not afraid of standing up against the veterans of Solferino. . . . Yes, the victory was won by Mexicans and won against themselves, and that is not a little thing for anyone.'

Porfirio was very pale. 'Which of my victories have you got there?' he whispered hoarsely.

'Veracruz and Orizaba.'

'*Hombre!* let me off. Oh, I have suffered here. You have been hard on me. It is unjust that I should be selected for this torment. Satan there acknowledged that I was a brave and active man. I had good qualities, and you regard me as a devil, as a—— Oh, be just! dear Malured.'

'One must have faith in justice, as you said to Colonel Cota when his son, a brave man and an officer, was lying under sentence. He had killed another officer who took his wife. One must have faith, you said, in justice, and a few hours later you had Claudimiro Cota shot.'

'Now, listen.' Diaz was much whiter than his hair. He glanced at Satan, who was still in the same attitude of sorrow. 'Do not read of Veracruz and Orizaba—I will give you——'

'But you cannot bribe me. Sir,——' he said, addressing Satan.

Don Porfirio was desperate. 'A million pesos!

Take a million pesos or the care of any custom-house. He scarcely knew what he was saying. 'I will give you all the wealth of every church in Mexico! Be good to me. And I will give you fifty villages of independent Indians. I will make you colonel in my army.'

'Thanks,' said the assistant devil. Then, quite placidly, he started reading on the page marked Orizaba. As he read he saw that Don Porfirio and Satan, both of them, were sitting on the rocks, and both of them had the appearance of the men whose fate it is to have been born for better things. And Malured was reading :—

ORIZABA

'How many people did you kill?' demanded General Martinez.

'None,' replied Herrera, the philanthropist who had been ordered several days before to give up his position as the *jefe politico* of Orizaba. It had seemed to him a wrong that the proprietors of Rio Blanco should oblige the men to buy provisions in the shop established at the mill, and pay for them a price above that which prevailed at Orizaba. When the men came out on strike Herrera's sympathy was practical: he bought large quantities of food and gave them to the people.

'Oh, you had police! You should have made them shoot. You should have killed, as an example for the rest. Where is the head of the police? I want him,' cried Martinez.

'Very well. But shooting was impossible, if only for the reason that against some hundreds of the strikers I had five police.'

'Where is the chief of them? I want him. Call him instantly.'

'He comes. And afterwards it was not needful. I stood up before the strikers, reasoned with them, and they promised to refrain from violence.'

'I want the chief of the police. Ah, that is he! Now, why did you not fire on them? Come, answer me!' He stamped his foot.

'To shoot the strikers?' said the chief. 'With all respect, my General, I would have sooner fired on them with loaves of bread.'

Martinez gasped. 'So you are insolent? You—— But it shall not happen any more.'

The man saluted.

'You and your companions will be shot immediately. And as for you,' he said, addressing Don Carlos Herrera, 'you shall be a deputy, so that we have you up in Mexico and under observation. But if you should ever speak a word of these events or of what I am going to do to-night and for some other nights, then you will travel,' and his forefinger was pointing upward, 'you will travel—see that you do not forget my words—to somewhere that is further than Mexico.'

Satan lifted up his head. 'How many people fell in that fine victory?' he asked.

'Two hundred and forty-three,' answered Malured. 'Their feet were counted as they drove away upon the freight-cars. He did not send such an envoy down to Veracruz. He sent a telegram: "*Mátalos en caliente.*"[1] Some have dared to say that no such telegram was sent. I would refer them to Eduardo Pankhurst, Minister of the Interior, and particularly to Limón, who then was secretary of the President and was promoted to be consul in Paris. I will read.' . . . This was the passage:—

VERACRUZ

'A ruler who believes sincerely that he should remain in office for the people's sake is justified in taking steps that will prevent the loss of him. Conspirators may

[1] 'Kill them red-handed.' The original telegram is still in the possession of the Governor's widow, who now lives at Orizaba.

be imprisoned. And it may be necessary to destroy them, but in either case the guilt must be determined at a trial. If there is no trial you are running risks, for some of those whom you imprison or destroy may be quite innocent. Suppose that you have killed them and you have no proof that they are guilty, then you run the risk of being called a coward and a murderer.'

'Look here,' said Diaz, 'we have all agreed that I was brave.'

'In the middle of the night these men were taken from their beds, were dragged into the Governor's presence and were murdered. Yes, there was a judge, Rafael Zayas Enriquez, who arrived when nine of them were slain, and all that he could do was to protect the others. Also they had mourners, for the cart was followed by the vagrant dogs who licked the blood up as it fell, and mourned that it was not more copious. The Governor of Veracruz, an instrument of Diaz, who presided at this orgy, ended in a madhouse. Don Porfirio was made of sterner stuff.'

'I can't help interrupting you,' said Diaz. 'I admit that some of them were innocent and I was very grieved. What restitution I could make I made; for instance, Dr. Albert's son obtained a governmental post.'

'More shame to him,' cried Malured, 'for taking it.'[1]

'And some of them had really plotted. How can one permit such dangerous opponents of the public weal to be at large?'

'Not only Mucio Martinez did you leave for twenty

[1] It is also most regrettable that the widow of Emilio Ordoñez (the journalist whom Don Porfirio's friend, the Governor of Hidalgo, burned alive) accepted from the Government of Don Porfirio a situation in the normal school for lady teachers, as 'prefecta'—one who is entrusted with the maintenance of order and decorum.

years in Puebla, but the Craviotos you permitted to misgovern—nay, to devastate Hidalgo—for the reason that they had been at your side in battle, if that affair of 2nd April can be called a battle. Mucio Martinez and the Craviotos you let loose upon the people, and Cañedo of the State of Sinaloa was another of this kidney. Diaz, if you be not judged by any other acts of evil, if your services to Mexico be all remembered and whatever else there be against you be forgotten, you shall be condemned.'

'I shall not interrupt again,' said Diaz.

'I continue':—

'Don Porfirio was made of sterner stuff. If he himself had been at Veracruz inside the barracks he would probably have breakfasted next morning with an admirable appetite. His faithful soldiers in the barracks had been given brandy, and the scene was this: A high-walled courtyard, wherein at the left and at the bottom piles of dung were decomposing. In the centre lay three corpses, of Cueto, Ituarte, and Gutiérrez. And the darkness of the night was broken only by four lanterns: one of them was in the Governor's hand, his other held a smoking pistol which he had discharged into Ituarte's ear. The lantern's light was dancing on the pools of blood, while those who were the authors of the hecatomb stood in the dark. Then, Dr. Albert, like the others, in his night apparel and with soldiers round him, stepped into the courtyard. Savage in delirium, the governor rolled forward, struck him brutally upon the shoulder. "Ah, my little doctor, is that you?" And turning to the soldiers he exclaimed, "Now, on this one, Christians. Load!" The miserable youth had grasped the Governor by the knees, imploring pity; panic-stricken he flung out a stream of disconnected phrases, mad entreaties. After struggling with his victim for a time, the Governor freed himself from those convulsive arms, ran towards the soldiers,

and when Albert raised himself he was surrounded by the rifles; at his feet were those three corpses. Shouting words at random——'

Suddenly he stopped his reading. Don Porfirio looked up.

'Where has he gone?' asked Malured. 'You see my lord has disappeared. It is most strange. . . . Did you observe how your examination worried him, poor Devil? I have never seen him take a case as he took yours. No, never. . . . He is naturally sensitive. His temperament is quite at variance with his official character. But while we have had you before us I was noticing that he could hardly bear the strain. And he has left us. I must follow.' Malured arose, the volume underneath his arm. He walked away.

'Hold on!' cried Diaz. 'What shall I do now?'

Malured stopped for a moment. 'I am sorry,' so he said, 'I can't advise you.'

A blind man chanting his prayers
in the fierce heat of Tehuantepec. He is paid by the passers by.

The domesticated pirate.

CHAPTER XIX

AN ANGLO-MEXICAN PIRATE

It is true. The man is living in Tehuantepec, inside the long, low, azure house—he and a portion of his multitudinous family. But how shall this Canadian sea-dog, this uncommon sort of pirate, be made credible to British readers in the British Islands? How would those around me, for example, on this weather-beaten island of South Harris in the Outer Hebrides, who during the dark season of the year devote themselves so much to legends and to books, how would they knit their brows at being told about a pirate! If our specimen were not extant, if he did not inhabit the new Mexico but old mythology, then I suppose that these descendants of the Norsemen would believe in him. And as on this October afternoon we walk along towards the Sound of Harris, with the rock-strewn meadows or a darkening glen beloved by the deer upon our left and with the crumpled sea upon our right, ah well! we are invaded by the old enchantment of the Scandinavians. Those waters felt the keel of sea-kings who would never sleep below a sooty rafter, who would never drink beside the hearth. And when they landed on this narrow island it was but as if they leaped from one ship to another. Where is now the lonely burial-ground of Uig? In the rising meadow they would shake the white foam off their bodies, having run up thither

from the surf and with their swords held high above their heads. And it may be that where the little kirk is standing, by the shelf of creamy sand, there was a fisher settlement, a place in which the joyous pirates kissed the girls and sailed away—wherein they differed from our friend in Mexico, whose domesticity has almost risen to a vice; and as their children grew to manhood they were drawn towards the unseen fathers, drawn to battle like their fathers, with the distant wave, and on the other hand they felt a chain which bound them to the silken grasses of the motherland. Aye, through the generations which succeeded to the Norsemen's landing there has been a grievous conflict in the bosom of this people, hearing now the plaintive land-voice, now the surging water-voice: it is as on this afternoon when land and sea are intermingled with a net of driving mist. The foam clouds and the mist are swept across to landward, charging up the grey rocks of the shore, across the ragged road and up the meadows. Then the sea cloud falls behind his comrade, whom the wind blows up, blows up the emerald hill as if it were a curtain. And it is so closely drawn that one would think we mortals may not look upon the other side of it—and then a ray of sunlight shows that there is nothing—and the mist, once more impenetrable, thrown athwart this island, makes one feel that it is keeping from us a profounder mystery. And for a time the land on every side was blotted out; in place of it arose a magic house, a temple built by wind and water; as the furtive sunlight made an entrance by the roof it soon suspended on the pearl-grey walls a tapestry of unimaginable brilliance, just as if the turquoises and amethysts were strung upon a thread of laughter. Presently one saw, far off upon the

right, a darker, unilluminated wall, the promontory of Rudha Màs a' Chnuic which extends into the shadowy sea.

And so we come to Obbe with its scattered dwellings and its elementary small harbour on the Sound of Harris. Here they surely tell each other some such legends as prevail upon the outskirts of the land: here when the gloomy tide in rolling out between two islands bears upon its surface unaccountably a streak of white, not passing swifter than the shadow of a cormorant, they will relate that in the vessel which has just gone by there went the souls of foreign merchants and of sailors who were drowned in this lone region; here when sleet is driven up from the Atlantic and across the archipelago of desolation, it is said by some to be the pirates clad in surplices, for having mocked at holy Church; here when the moaning and the lamentations pierce the night it is the shipwrecked mariners who float up from the seas and ask for burial in the darkness where the dear delights of their old life will not disturb them. Surely now the people who give ear to these and other legends, surely they will not reject my story of the venerable pirate? Those two Scandinavian-looking fishermen who loiter on the quay—but over there, that large white building is the school, and near to such a place one cannot talk of pirates, no, not even of retired ones.

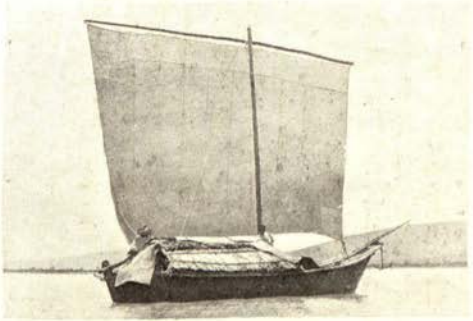
But whatever be the deadening effect of schools, it is absurd to throw this charge at every modern institution. The demure young lady of the wind-blown locks, for instance, who assists in the administration of the little wooden post-office of Obbe is a vestal at the shrine of strange romance. There you may learn how difficult it was to find a Pabbay

postman—Pabbay is that island which the ocean has enticed away from all the others—and how the courageous postman undertakes this voyage once a month, a futile journey very often till the shepherdess of that old couple on the island took unto herself a lover; you may learn how frequently the mail-boat does not stop at Rodel, which is certain miles away upon the outermost extremity of Harris, and the letters will be carried past you to the south, and on the morrow when the ship returns they will be carried past you to the north, and in the meantime, in the post-office of Obbe, Mrs. Galbraith, the demure young lady's mistress, is prepared to tell you savage stories of the deep. Her memory goes back for sixty years, when she was brought from Ireland to instruct the boys, 'and if you wish to go back further'—through her spectacles she blinked at me—'to go back further, is it? Then you need to go to Rodel and address the green old warrior. He's the oldest one of any of us. And you'll find him there upon his back,' she said.

I thought her tone of voice betokened an imperfect sympathy with the afflicted gentleman. Her eyes were positively dancing. But I was myself delighted when she told me that he throve before the school. . . . Well, on the gusty way to Rodel I was thinking of the pirate whom this uncontaminated islander would like to hear of. I would tell how the Canadian pirate—not that he admits he was a pirate—came to Mexico in 1856. 'No, before that,' said the pirate; 'I was up and down the coast for four or five years before that. I cut Brazil wood, dye-wood, and sent it to Europe. I made money round the Horn, with six or seven vessels at a time.' Then one might tell of the political adventures of the pirate, when the Liberal soldiers tried to shoot him; how on one

Luncheon at Guanajuato.

Travellers in the desert of San Luis Potosí.



Fishing-boat on Lake Chapala.

Tehuantepec, where the men are of no account.

occasion he was sending arms to Acapulco to the Church's soldiers—whom he thought would be successful—how the captain of a Liberal ship, a ship of Diaz, took his two large boats, which had a value of three thousand pesos each. 'And I accused the man of piracy. The consequence,' said he, 'was that my captain, an Italian, was arrested and brought back a prisoner. I told him that I had not anything against him, and that if he wanted to load dye-wood I would pay him well, and he was very glad. The other one said no, and then I had him four or five months in the prison; afterwards I let him out. . . . Those were the revolutionary times. Tehuantepec was fighting Juchitan; my name was prominent, but Matos saved my life. They had 800 or 1000 men, by God, and never took this place. We used to fight like devils. Very few of them are living now—yes, very few.' One would relate how an importer of the period contrived to get his goods, per s.s. 'El Mosquito,' to La Union, the port of Honduras, in which you had to pay no custom dues; it was a harbour of deposit where they charged you twelve centavos for a parcel; as the custom-house officials were unpaid you paid them and they went their way; from La Union the goods were fetched by little sailing ships. One day, though, Maximilian's Government had got possession of a ship of our particular importer; it was destined to bring arms from San José de Guatemala, and, the Liberals coming into power, a horseman was dispatched to San José to warn them not to bring these arms. And the importer put a boat behind a yellow cliff; the vessel came, but as the surf was bad one could not go aboard. For nearly two days there was no news from the captain. The importer went to see the military chief, Porfirio Diaz,

told him that his vessel might be bringing arms, and if the General paid for them and paid the freight then he could have them. 'We shall see to that,' said Diaz. Then the captain and four other men came off the ship at night and hid their little boat inside a wood. They were arrested, but the captain had not brought the arms, and then the Liberals were angry, and they let the vessel go upon the rocks. 'And I have never yet been paid for it,' said the importer. 'Well, I happened to have in my house about forty or fifty bottles of poisoned brandy and mescal, because a force was coming up from Juchitan. Another body under General Teran of Veracruz came to protect the house, and so I didn't like to leave the stuff about. I never killed a man,' he said. 'But poisoning is very rare. It was the only thing which I could do, you know. I lived here in a corner house, it's torn down now. And when the Empire caved in I was at Oaxaca, and they took at least 400 cartloads of stuff from me. When General Diaz came down to Tehuantepec, forty years later, to open the railway, he sent over somebody for me, because he said that all his other old acquaintances had called on him. I told the messenger that I would like to kick him, and they said I was unwell. Yes, yes, the Empire would have been successful but for the United States. My books and papers were destroyed. I was the only British subject; the American Consul came to my house, but he was summoned to the Civil War at home. He left his archives and his books, and they were all destroyed.'

The church of Rodel stands upon a rocky eminence beside the sea. The Norman tower has been lately struck by lightning, so that angels who may wish to enter at a distance from the ground are not required

to fold their wings completely. And within the tower, as we enter from a sudden fusillade of wind and rain, a bat swerves upward. In the church a broken window has admitted all the sea-birds, and the damp sea air has coated with a greenery of moss that ancient warrior who lies in his recess of curious and lovely carvings.

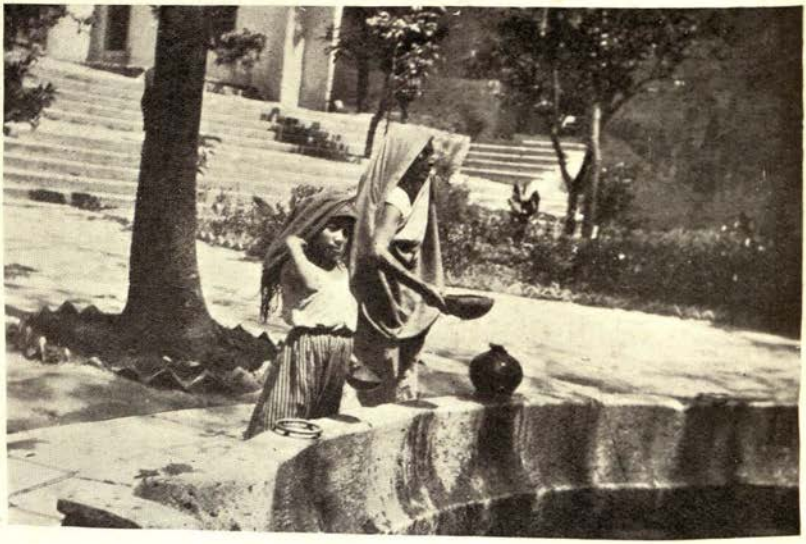
EPILOGUE

TO A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL

WHEN you begin to read, dear Isabella, it may be that you will read this book, and as you are a lady I must have your name upon the page you will be sure to look at. Once upon a time the Puebla postman did not bring me any letters, and you said—do you remember?—that I must have two of yours as you had six inside the cupboard. Well, now you must let me give this page, the epilogue, to you. The postman wouldn't come, and so we spent the time—you, John and I—in dancing up and down the *patio* of that old hospital of the Dominicans in which your parents used to live. We danced each morning round the mulberry, although there was no mulberry, we played a German game of Fräulein's which I never understood, we played at oranges and lemons which all people understand, for someone is a beautiful sweet orange and the other person is a bitter lemon, and the person whom they catch as he is walking in between their arms, he has to choose the orange or the lemon; and as I was going you were sad, because if John and you would have to play this by yourselves one person would be walking and the other would be standing still, and that one, so you said, would have to be an orange and a lemon, both of

"Mexico City has no intention of resting satisfied."

Terry's Guide, p. 256. This photograph was taken in February, 1913.



Beside the church of La Soledad in Oaxaca.

them, both sweet and sour, and that is difficult. But, Isabella, all you have to do is to be sweet.

I think a lot of people will be saying that there is no Isabella, and that I have made it up about her, and pretended that there is one, so that I could use the nice word 'Epilogue.' It isn't true, though, and to let them see that you are real I was wanting to put in your photograph. There are so many things, you know, that will make people angry when they read this book; I should have had one little thing to make them pleased.

GLOSSARY

[With a few exceptions there have not been put into this glossary such words as are found only once. These are translated in the text. When the word has several meanings in English, that one which it has in this book is usually given alone.]

aborto del infierno, *abortion of hell.*
alcaldía, *office of an alcalde or jailer.*
alcance, *balance of an account, an IOU.*
arroba, *Spanish weight of 25 lbs.*
atole (Mex. or Cuba), *a gruel made by boiling Indian corn or maize, pounded to flour, in water and also in milk.*
bartolina, *cell.*
bejuco, *pliable reed, rattan.* The bejuco tree grows on the mountain side. Its wood is like leather and with one of the long, lithe bejuco canes, that will bend but not break, it is said that forty men can be beaten to death.
cabo, *sergeant.*
calabozo, *cell.*
canasto, *large basket.* Canastos! int. denoting surprise or annoyance.
capellania, *pious foundation.*
carbonero, *charcoal-burner.*
caridad, *charity, alms.*
carta cuenta, *account of what a man owes.*
cecina, *dry, salt meat.*
chicle, *glutinous substance produced by the chicozapote tree and by the brown apple-shaped fruit of the zapote itself. Chewing gum.* In Colima it is used to make small statues and curious figures.
chile, *American red pepper* [capsicum annuum].
cohechador, lit. *briber.*

compadre, *co-godfather*, a relation of importance and scrupulously observed.[1]
compañero, *comrade, compeer.*
cuatro, *four.*
diez mil, *ten thousand.*
directivo, adj. *directive.*
domestica, *female house-servant.*
duque, *duke.*
encargado, *agent, attorney, commissioner.*
en fagina, *obligatory and unpaid labour.*
enganchado, *contract labourer.*
enganchador, *contractor of labourers.*
fabula, *fable, a feigned story, a legend, rumour.*
finca, *farm, landed property.*
floripondio, *magnolia.* A tree of great beauty with very large white fragrant flowers.
frijoles (Amer.), *kidney-beans* [phaseolus vulgaris].
granadita, *the fruit of the pomegranate tree.*
hacienda, *plantation, farm.*
hacendado, *owner of a hacienda.*
henequén, *fibre of the agave plant.*
inglés de marras, lit. *Englishman of long ago*, contemptuous expression: *that Englishman.*
interventor, *comptroller, supervisor.*
jefatura, *office (in both senses) of a jefe.*
jefe politico, *political head, chief; an officer subordinate to the State governor.*
juez auxiliar, *assistant judge.*
llano, adj. *plain.*
machete, *long knife, cutlass, cane-knife.*
manglar, *plantation of mangrove trees.*
mecate, *rope or cord made of the maguey or American agave.*
mescal, *intoxicating liquor made from the maguey.*
meson, *inn.*
mestizo, *half-breed* (though to be accurate it should only be

[1] 'As a mark of regard,' says Carl Lumholtz in 'Unknown Mexico,' 'one of the customs-officers invited me to be godfather of his child. I had to support the baby's head during the ceremony, while an elderly woman held the little body. According to custom I gave 25 centavos to every member of the party, and a more adequate present to the child. From now I was called "compadre" by most of those in the village, and that sacred relation was established between myself and the baby's family which is deemed of so much importance in Mexico.'

applied to a person whose father is white and whose mother is Indian).

milpa (Mex.), *maize-field, planted or unplanted.* Has come to mean the agricultural labourer's private patch of land, which he cultivates at certain seasons.

mozo, *youth, lad, man-servant.*

muera! *may he die!* an exclamation.

padrino, *godfather.*

papaito, *little father* (colloquial).

patio, *courtyard, open space in front of a house or behind it.*

pelado, lit. plucked (colloquial), *to be penniless, a nobody.*

peón, *day-labourer, peasant, foot-soldier, pawn.*

peso, *silver coin in value about 2s. and containing 100 centavos. Usually translated as dollar Mex.*

presidente del presidio, *head of the house of correction, prefect of the convicts.*

pues, *well then,* an interjection.

pulque, *native liquor* (see p. 88 n.).

revista de comisario, *examination by a delegate, a commissary.*

serape (Mex.), *a narrow blanket worn by men or thrown over the saddle.*

soga vaquera, *cowherd's rope.*

soldadera, *female companion of soldier, in various capacities.*

sorteos de hoy, *drawings of to-day* (at the lottery).

soy tambien, *I am also.*

suplente, *substitute.*

tienda de raya, lit. *shop within bounds; shop of the estate where purchase is obligatory.*

tortilla (Mex.), *pancake made of Indian corn, mashed and baked on an earthen pan.*

valiente, *gallant, champion.*

vara, *rod, staff, emblem of authority.*

vibora de sangre, *species of viper.*

vistador, *travelling registrar.*

viva! *may he live!* an exclamation.

volan, *a box on four wheels, a Yucatecan carriage.* The wheels on one side or on both may with impunity be climbing over boulders and making the box assume an angle of 45 or more degrees.

zopilote (or sopilote), *buzzard, a species of hawk* [vultur aura].

A FEW NOTES ON PRONUNCIATION

(*a*) THE SPANISH LANGUAGE IN MEXICO

THE pronunciation of Spanish is different in Mexico from what it is in Spain. 'Colombians and Mexicans do presume to speak in general terms and among educated people,' I am told by Don Federico Gamboa, the notable novelist, who has been for some time the Mexican Minister at Brussels, 'a better Spanish than the one spoken in Spain.' Nowadays one hears a good many people in the Motherland who go back to the old pronunciation of 'c' and 'z' before certain vowels; but the lisp with which the Emperor Charles V. was burdened, and which first the courtiers and then all the country imitated, is as yet considered by the Spanish-Americans to be the universal practice of the Spaniards, while they have themselves not swerved from the old method of pronouncing 'zarzuela' and 'Cervantes' just as they are spelled, instead of 'tharthuela' and 'Thervantes.' Also the 'll,' which generally in Spain has the sound of 'lli' in the English word 'million,' is in Mexico, as in Andalucia, pronounced like a double y, e.g. caballo = cabay'yo and pollo = poy'yo; and 'regarding the pronunciation,' says Señor Gamboa, 'of the letter "x," the dispute has not been settled yet, and we in Mexico insist on pronouncing it as in the olden times, i.e. like the "j" or your English "h," for instance Oaxaca, Xalapa. . . . There is another great difference,' he says: 'the far sweeter pronunciation of the language among us. The Spaniards speak more roughly and close. . . . Our local pronunciation differs between the States as in Spain between the Provinces. I think the reason of it is an ethnological one, on account of the various races and tribes which originally populated them.' In the State of Chiapas alone there may be heard, according to Manuel Orozco y Berra in his excellent 'Geografia de las Lenguas de Mexico' (Mexico, 1864), the Maya, the Lacandon, the Chañabal, the Chol, the

Punctunc, the Chiché, the Mamé, the Tzotzil, the Tzendal, the Zoque, the Mexican and the Chiapaneco languages, whereas the Casdal, the Trokeck, the Quelen and the Zotzlen have disappeared. Some of these are aboriginal, some were carried by invading hosts of Mayas, some—the Tzotzil and the Tzendal—were the fruit of the Toltec invasion from Mexico to Guatemala, which in Chiapas found the Quelen, and from that produced the other two, while the Mexican language was introduced by Ahuizotl's army and the Chiapaneco is perhaps the offspring of Toltec and Chiché, perhaps it is indeed the oldest language of the new world, the language of some colonising Nicaraguan tribes who were governed by two military men selected by the priests. It is apparent that the Spanish language, in so far as it is spoken by the natives of Indian blood, has been superimposed upon a great variety of languages, so that it will vary from district to district. On the one hand it is thus altered from the Spanish of the Motherland, while it is unaltered also from the mediæval and correcter Spanish. The variety of people who have, more or less, adopted this old Spanish will be understood if only from the vast divergence in development between their native tongues; at one end of the scale are those which have considerable stores of folk-songs and of sacred songs, whereas at the other end is that language of Oaxaca to which the Illustrious Bishop Lorenzana alludes in his pastoral of the year 1770. 'It can only be spoken,' he says, 'by day, for each word is helped out by gestures which cannot be observed when the light fails.'

(*b*) THE MAYA LANGUAGE

With regard to the pronunciation of this language, certain sounds occur that we, with the Latin alphabet, can scarcely reproduce. It is sufficient for the purpose of this book to note in the first place that, answering as closely as possible to the pronunciation, the form '*Dzitas*' is employed for that railway junction and not 'Ↄitas' with an inverted C, as in the local guide. The inversion of the letter 'e,' by the way, is used by Dr. Jakob Schœmbs of Dortmund in his monograph ('Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Mayasprachen,' 1906) in order to represent a sound which is midway between the German 'ö' and 'e.' Secondly, the 'x' in Maya is pronounced 'sh,' so that *Uxmal* becomes Ushmal, and *Xcumpich*,

Shcumpich. This allusion to the Maya language is, of course, no more than touching the fringe of a subject upon which I am not competent to write, but for those who wish to pursue it one may recommend the 'Chrestomatie Maya' by Comte H. de Charency (in the 'Actes de la Société Philologique,' Vols. XIX and XX, Paris, 1891). 'De toutes le langues,' he says, 'de l'Amérique Précolombienne il n'en est guère dont l'étude présente autant d'intérêt que le Maya.' It is only in Yucatan, where Maya prevails, that it is a general custom for the Spanish-speaking classes to acquaint themselves, usually in childhood, with the native language.

(c) MEXICAN PLACE-NAMES

As was noted on their first occurrence in this book, *Chihuahua* is pronounced as an Englishman would pronounce Che-wa-wa, and *Oaxaca* as he would pronounce Wa-hacca. With regard to other place-names mentioned here, the ordinary mediæval Spanish rule, whatever be the derivation of the name, is applicable. *Guanajuato,* for instance, is derived from Guanaxhuato, a Tarascan Indian word signifying 'Hill of the Frogs'; in a pronouncing handbook for English readers I suppose it would be spelled Gwanachato (the 'ch' being as in the Scottish 'loch'). It was the custom of Spaniards to convert the native names by catching rather at the sound than at the sense; thus with the Nahuatl word *Cuauhnahuac*—'place of the eagle,'—for they altered that to them unpronounceable name into *Cuernavaca,* which in Spanish means 'cow's horn.' The town is situated very picturesquely on a narrow ridge, so that neither of these names is inapposite. . . . The name of the whole country and of the capital is pronounced in accordance with the spelling 'Méjico,' that is to say what an Englishman would spell phonetically Mechikko, the 'ch' again being as in the word 'loch.'

A NOTE ON MEXICAN WORDS IN THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE

It may not be generally known that in the European languages a certain number, perhaps eighteen, fairly common words have come from Mexico. '*Tomatl*' is the origin of our tomato, while our word jalap is, of course, from the town Jalapa, or Xalapa. [White jalap from Michoacan, the root of the Convolvulus Michoacan, is usually called Michoacan.] And the most common of these words is chocolate, whose derivation can be found, with a great deal of other fascinating material, in the 'Diccionario de Aztequismos' by Cecilio A. Robelo (published by the author in 1904 at Cuernavaca). Chocolate comes from *xoco* = sour, acrid, and *atl* = water, because cocoa with water and without sweetness is very bitter, and thus the Mexicans take it. They also call it cacauatl = water of cocoa. The cocoa tree, whose origin is in tropical America, is itself derived from cacahua—cuahuitl: *cacahuatl* (*cuahuitl* = tree), in distinction from cacahuate = *tlacacahuatl* or cocoa of the ground.

STATES AND POPULATION OF MEXICO

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	STATE CAPITAL.	ELEVATION OVER SEA.	ABBREVIATIONS OF STATES.	POPULATION OF STATES 1910.
		feet		
Aguascalientes	Aguascalientes	6280	Ags.	118,978
Campeche	Campeche	sea-level	Camp.	85,795
Chiapas	Tuxtla Gutiérrez	1776	Chis.	436,817
Chihuahua	Chihuahua	4600	Chi.	405,265
Coahuila	Saltillo	5000	Coah.	367,652
Colima	Colima	1538	Col.	77,704
Durango	Durango	6207	Dgo.	436,147
Guanajuato	Guanajuato	7000	Gto.	1,075,270
Guerrero	Chilpancingo	3659	Gro.	605,437
Hidalgo	Pachuca	8000	Hgo.	641,895
Jalisco	Guadalajara	6100	Jal.	1,202,802
Mexico	Toluca	8761	Mex.	975,019
Michoacán	Morelia	6200	Mich.	991,649
Morelos	Cuernavaca	4500	Mor.	179,814
Nuevo León	Monterey	1500	N.L.	368,929
Oaxaca	Oaxaca	5067	Oax.	1,041,035
Puebla	Puebla	7100	Pueb.	1,092,456
Querétaro	Querétaro	5947	Qro.	243,515
San Luis Potosí	San Luis Potosí	6290	S.L.P.	624,748
Sinaloa	Culiacán	120	Sin.	323,499
Sonora	Hermosillo	675	Son.	262,545
Tabasco	San Juan Bautista	80	Tab.	183,708
Tamaulipas	Ciudad Victoria	1473	Tam.	249,253
Tepic (Ter.)	Tepic	3069	Tepic	171,837
Tlaxcala	Tlaxcala	7500	Tlax.	183,805
Veracruz	Jalapa	4609	Ver. (or V.C.)	1,124,368
Yucatan	Merida	25	Yuc.	337,020
Zacatecas	Zacatecas	7500	Zac.	475,863
Lower California (Ter.)	La Paz	sea-level	B.C.	52,244
Federal District	City of Mexico	7434	D.F.	719,052
Quintana Roo	Santa Cruz de Bravo	—	Q.R.	9,086
				15,063,207

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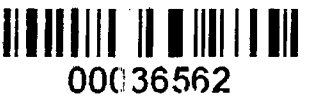

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